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NOVEMBER 8, 1919

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George Pattullo — Forrest Crissey — Holworthy Hall — George A. Chamberlain
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The Nash Perfected Valve-in-Head Motor

THE NASH SIX

PASSENGER CARS AND TRUCKS

THE Nash Six is an uncommonly good automobile in every particular. Note the design, finish, appointments, comfort and convenience of any one of the six beautiful cars in the Nash line.

Perfected Valve-in-Head Describes the Nash Alone

THAT is generally understood now when perfected valve-in-head is used in relation to automobile motors.

The perfecting of the valve-in-head motor, admittedly a superior type, is a distinct Nash achievement.

That it marks an important advance in motor engineering by furnishing greater power, economy and quietness is being demonstrated by Nash owners everywhere.

Nash Passenger Cars—5-Passenger Car, $1490; 4-Passenger Sport Model, $1595
2-Passenger Roadster, $1490; 7-Passenger Sedan, $2575
4-Passenger Coupé, $2350; 7-Passenger Car, $1640

Above prices F. O. B. Kenosha

In addition to Nash passenger cars there is a full line of Nash trucks, including the famous Nash Quad

The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin
Manufacturers of Passenger Cars and Trucks, Including the Famous Nash Quad

The Nash Motors Limited, Toronto, Ont., Distributors of Nash Cars and Trucks for the Dominion of Canada

NASH MOTORS

VALUE CARS AT VOLUME PRICES

The Ingersoll Times

20,000 a Day

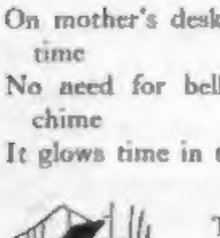
ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 315 Fourth Avenue, New York
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

5 Million a Year

WEATHER

Never Bothers the Ingersoll

The Ingersoll laughs at the elements. Rain or snow, heat or cold are nothing in its life. It will tick away on your wrist or in your pocket through a rainstorm that soaks you to the bone. You can wade neck-deep in snow and your Ingersoll will still be hitting on all four, when you come out. If you expect any weather, leave your thousand-dollar watch at home and wear your Ingersoll.



Our Poetry Corner

The RADIOLITE TWO-IN-ONE the Clock-Watch

On mother's desk it ticks the time
No need for bell or evening chime
It glows time in the dark.

There's one, too, in the music-room
You see it glowing through the gloom
The accurate hour mark.

On sister's dresser, white and trim,
Her gift, a Two-in-One, from Jim
Reminds her of each "date."

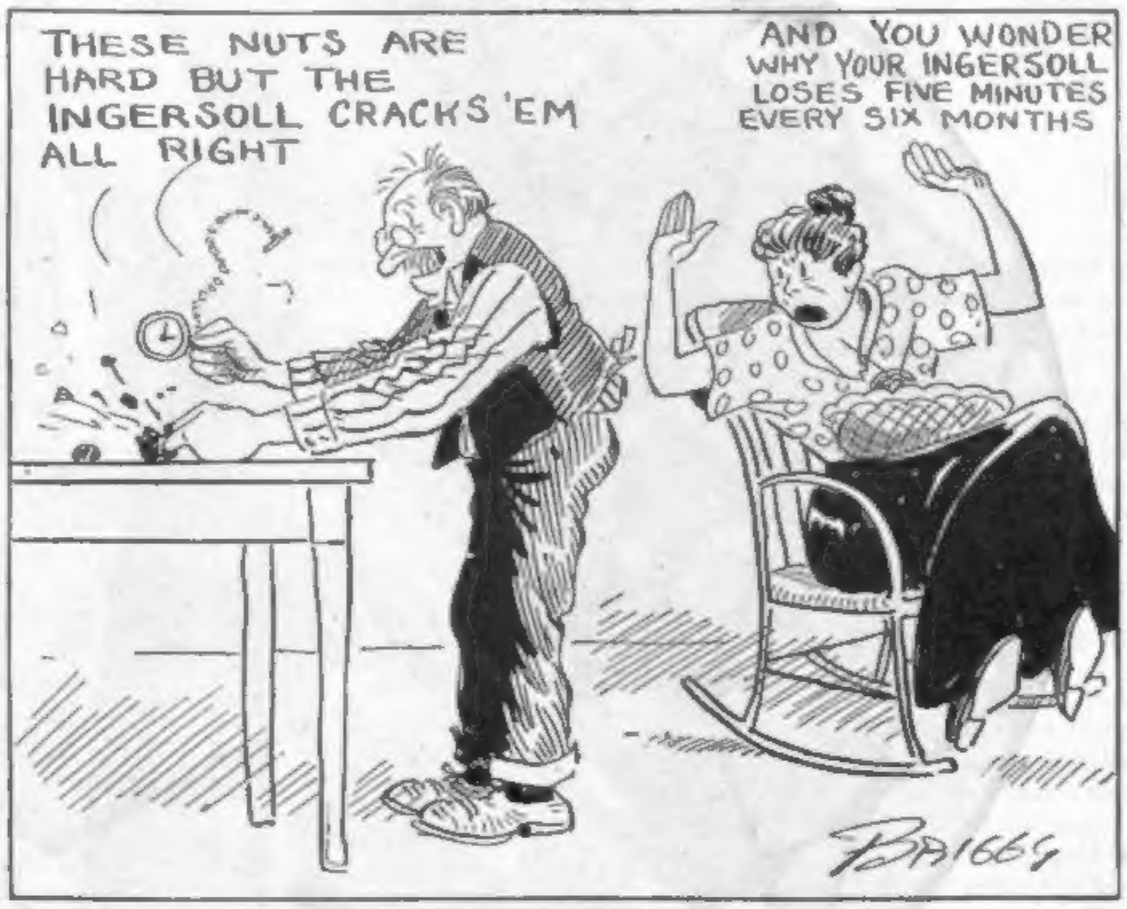
While on Dad's desk by night and day
His "clock-watch" ticks the hours away
So Dad is never late.

Beside the range a Two-in-One
Tells Norah when the cooking's done
Helping her roast or bake.

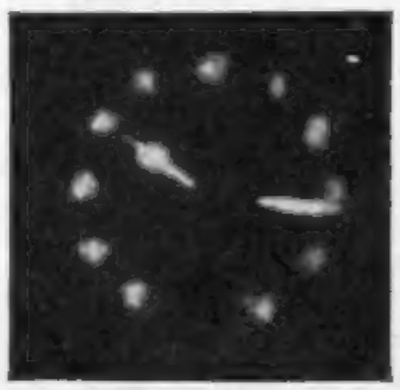
While, night-times, after I'm in bed
A Two-in-One glows by my head
And greets me when I wake.

In fact our folks—from Dad to Son—
Are Inger-sold on the Two-in-One.
It's our choice "for old Time's sake!"

Yes, Ingersolls are Sturdy, but Some People Expect A Bit too Much - - - By BRIGGS


THESE NUTS ARE HARD BUT THE INGERSOLL CRACKS 'EM ALL RIGHT
AND YOU WONDER WHY YOUR INGERSOLL LOSES FIVE MINUTES EVERY SIX MONTHS
BRIGGS

Only One "Radiolite," the Ingersoll Radiolite, High-Powered Night Watch



An Ingersoll Radiolite as it looks to a camera thru a sheet of steel one thirty-second of an inch thick. Exposure 24 hours. Proves the presence of radium.

You can tell a Radiolite by its "kick." Nothing lack-lustre about it. And it not only shines brighter in a naughty world, but it is permanent and will not have to be exposed to the light.

The hands and figures are coated with a substance containing honest-to-goodness radium. Before the war enough radium to cover the top of a pin would cost a man $120,000. Yet Ingersoll can use it because he does it scientifically.

Those are the reasons Ingersoll is so particular about the use of the word "Radiolite." The name belongs to Ingersoll. There's no Radiolite but an Ingersoll Radiolite. It is registered with the U. S. Government. And that's why you should be particular to see that INGERSOLL is on the dial.

The Radiolite is ideal as a "spare" watch, because a "spare" watch is especially apt to get caught out in the dark, and Radiolite is the nation's night watch.

ACCURACY

Soldier Gets New Idea of It

New York—"Pretty soon I discarded my high-priced watch and stuck to the Ingersoll. I found that the word accuracy has two dimensions: the ability (1) to keep time under ordinary conditions, and (2) to keep the same accurate time when you're roughing it and can't coddle your watch."

It was this way that Robert Brown, First Lieutenant, 2nd Division, told what Ingersoll Watch accuracy meant to American soldiers in France.

"Most of the boys have the same story to tell," continued Lieut. Brown, "and most of them were carrying Ingersolls when they came home."

Reliance, 5 Years Old Has Made History

People bought the Reliance first for Christmas 1914. It was the first 7-jewel bridge model watch to sell at anywhere near its price. It was the first jeweled watch to be made in a factory devoted entirely to one model.

Now after five years, one and a half millions of people are carrying it. You can have one in a solid nickel screw case for $8, or in a gold-filled case for $11.50.

"I'm Going to Give a Dozen Ingersolls This Christmas"

Said One Man

Most Christmas gifts are eaten up, put away, or entirely forgotten in two or three days. If you give an Ingersoll, however, it will tick your 1919 Christmas greetings for years to come.

NEXT July it will still be ticking Christmas greetings.

NEXT September, still ticking 'em.

And so on.

Give Ingersolls for Christmas. Give them right and left. Give them to everybody. Wouldn't you like to have somebody give YOU one? Well!

But you had better hurry, for Ingersolls are hard to get, near Christmas time. A million people give them every year.

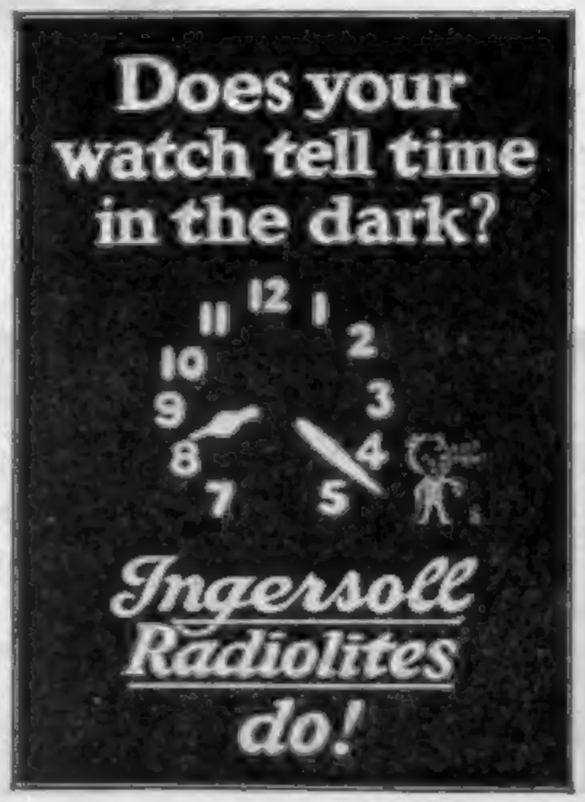
The Two-in-One, for table or pocket, is an especially good Ingersoll "for Christmas purposes."

Watch-Wiser Folks Own "Spare" Watches

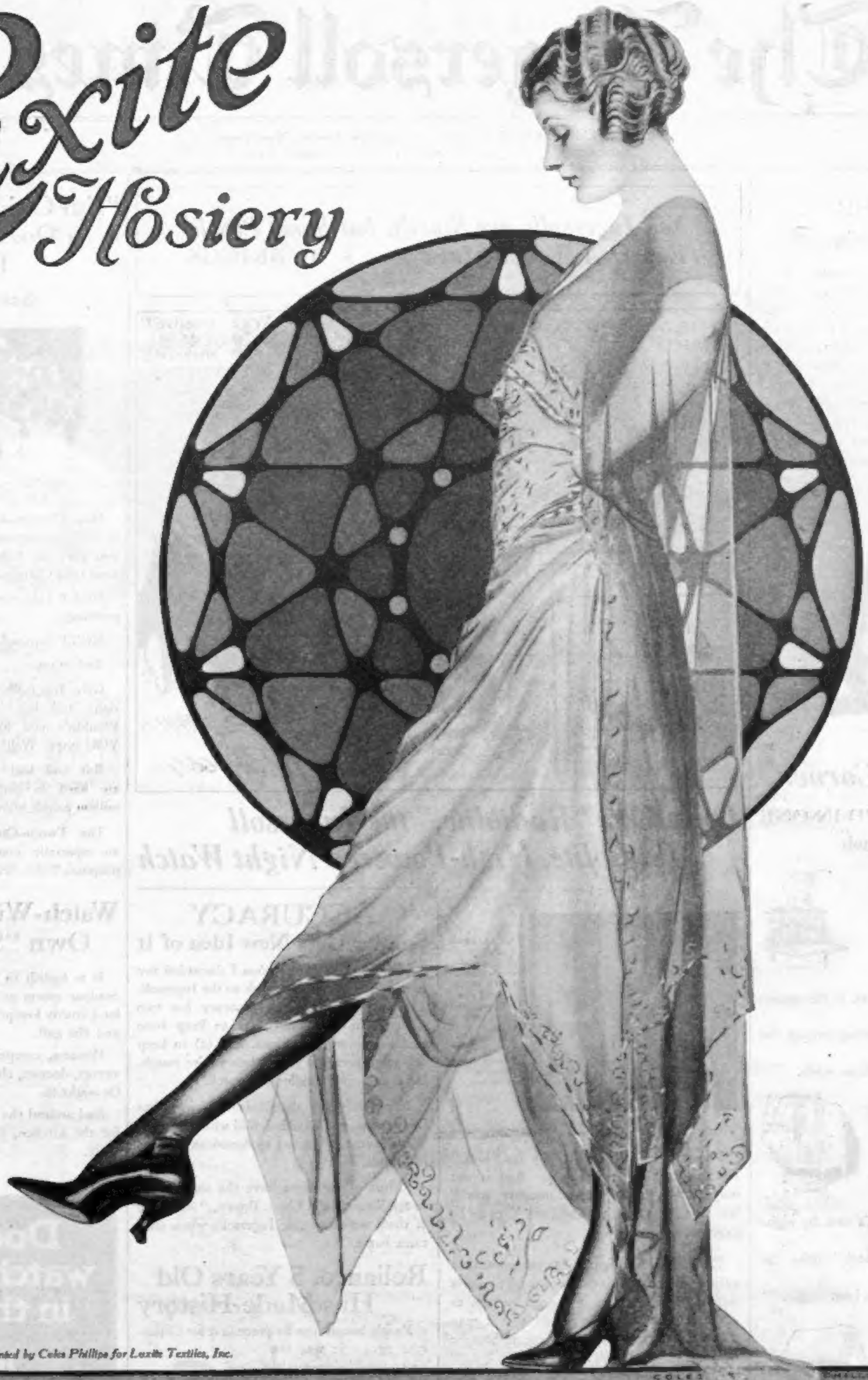
It is foolish to risk a high-priced watch for outdoor sports or outdoor work when you can let a sturdy low-priced Ingersoll take the chance and the gaff.

Hunters, campers, fishermen, motorists, surveyors, doctors, chauffeurs—all carry Ingersolls. Or ought to.

And around the house. An "extra" Ingersoll for the kitchen, for the bedroom, for here or there.



Luxite Hosiery



Painted by Coles Phillips for Luxite Textiles, Inc.

EYES besides yours are sure to admire your hosiery if it be this fairy-fine Luxite. Woven of the finest Japanese silk thread, and fitting every curve perfectly, Luxite is the silk hosiery supreme for both appearance and wear. Made for men, too, to emphasize "well groomed."

LUXITE TEXTILES, Inc., 678 Fowler Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

Makers of High Grade Hosiery Since 1875

Luxite Textiles of Canada, Limited, London, Ont.

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WHITE-COLLAR MEN

By Forrest Crissey

ONCE the red-flannel shirt was the symbol of hard toil, scant pay and a fierce and doubtful fight for the plainest creature comforts. To-day the laundry bag is still able to furnish a true symbol of struggling servitude—but it is no longer the red shirt! That scratchy undergarment has been supplanted by the white collar as a sign of economic distress.

The neat and genteel neckband of alleged linen—once commonly accepted as the hall-mark of higher earning capacity—is now the emblem of the submerged class, the tag of the under dog, the talisman of that tribe of hard-pushed toilers about whose doors the traditional wolf howls loudest. You cannot hit the trail of the H. C. of L. and track it a rod without running across a wilted but choking white collar and an exhausted checking account. The ragged edge of the frayed white collar has recently acquired a high degree of symbolism; it suggests with cutting irony the economic status of millions of its wearers.

A famous cartoonist recently caught the spirit of this situation with graphic cleverness when he depicted a dazed college professor gazing in amazement at a wage worker in shirt sleeves driving his high-power car along the boulevard.

Lately a professor in one of the foremost universities of America spoke with touching sympathy of the pinch which the soaring costs of living imposed upon the wage worker. A somewhat cynical young man with a passion for original research, a keen eye for contrasts and a disagreeable habit of digging for facts, subjected the professor's attitude to investigation and analysis. He turned up these interesting facts:

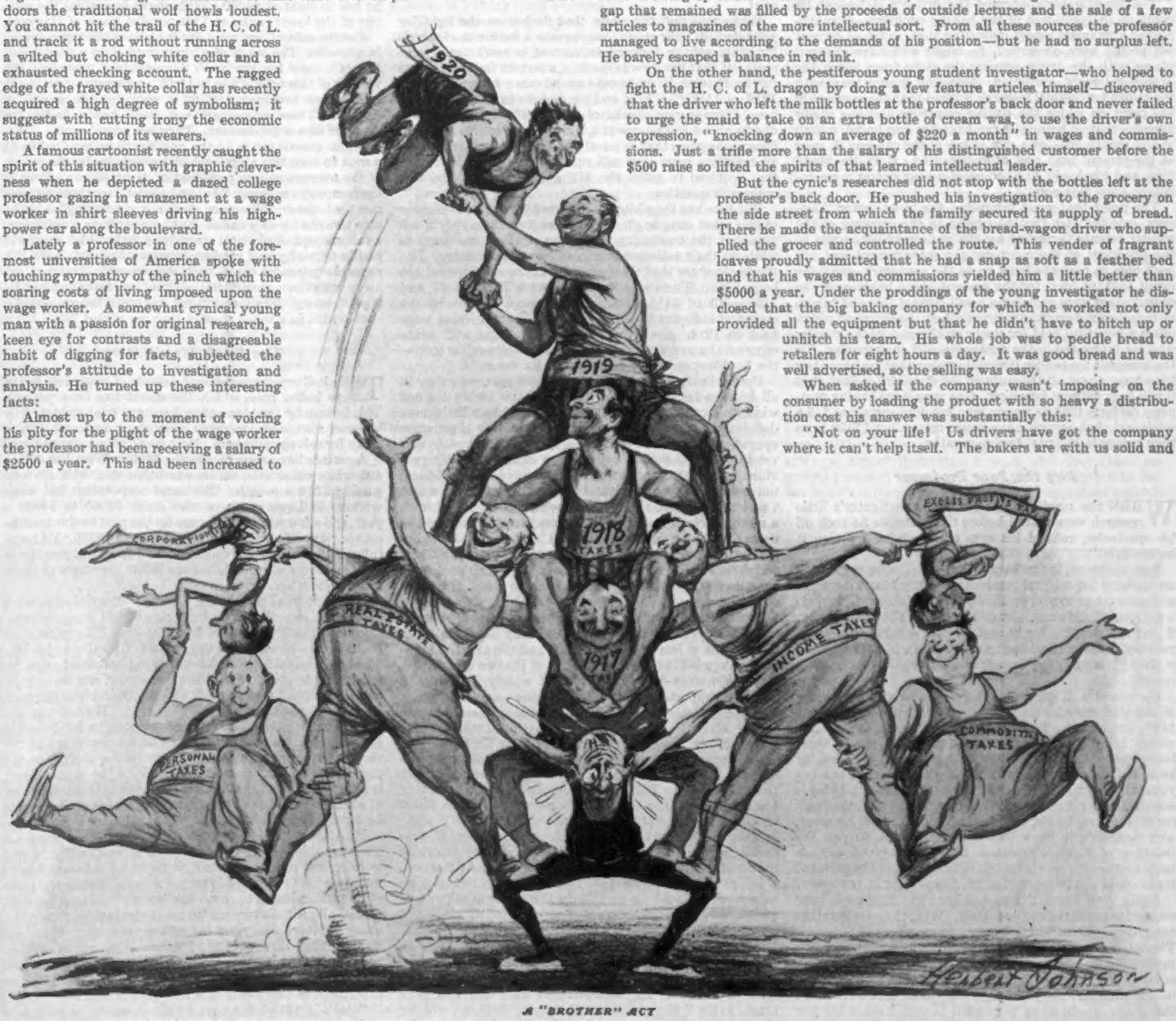
Almost up to the moment of voicing his pity for the plight of the wage worker the professor had been receiving a salary of $2500 a year. This had been increased to $3000 just before the sympathetic speech which started the investigation. Having a wife and four children, and being obliged to live on a scale befitting a member of the intellectual aristocracy of a great university, he would have been plunged deeply into debt had he not been provided with an income of $100 a month by an intimate and wealthy friend who was keenly interested in his career and fully determined that he should not be hampered or humiliated by a distressing lack of funds. Even this friendly subsidy was not wholly sufficient to keep the professor's scale of living up to an undiminished standard, under the climbing costs of living. The gap that remained was filled by the proceeds of outside lectures and the sale of a few articles to magazines of the more intellectual sort. From all these sources the professor managed to live according to the demands of his position—but he had no surplus left. He barely escaped a balance in red ink.

On the other hand, the pestiferous young student investigator—who helped to fight the H. C. of L. dragon by doing a few feature articles himself—discovered that the driver who left the milk bottles at the professor's back door and never failed to urge the maid to take on an extra bottle of cream was, to use the driver's own expression, "knocking down an average of $220 a month" in wages and commissions. Just a trifle more than the salary of his distinguished customer before the $500 raise so lifted the spirits of that learned intellectual leader.

But the cynic's researches did not stop with the bottles left at the professor's back door. He pushed his investigation to the grocery on the side street from which the family secured its supply of bread. There he made the acquaintance of the bread-wagon driver who supplied the grocer and controlled the route. This vender of fragrant loaves proudly admitted that he had a snap as soft as a feather bed and that his wages and commissions yielded him a little better than $5000 a year. Under the proddings of the young investigator he disclosed that the big baking company for which he worked not only provided all the equipment but that he didn't have to hitch up or unhitch his team. His whole job was to peddle bread to retailers for eight hours a day. It was good bread and was well advertised, so the selling was easy.

When asked if the company wasn't imposing on the consumer by loading the product with so heavy a distribution cost his answer was substantially this:

"Not on your life! Us drivers have got the company where it can't help itself. The bakers are with us solid and



A "BROTHER" ACT

when we hold up the hoop you bet the company hops through. They can't help themselves. All they can do is to pass the buck along to the retailer and consumer."

The investigator confirmed the driver's statement by going to the president of the baking company—who displayed a financial report indicating that, so far as current net profits were concerned, he might well have changed places with the driver serving the store from which the professor bought his bread. Also, the young man with the hunch for original research learned that there was only one point on which the baking company and the driver agreed—that no housewife can bake her own bread, month in and month out—at a cost so low as she can buy it, even at the present high cost of distribution. Both the bread king and his lowly five-thousand-a-year driver were insistent upon this point.

The point that most interested the investigator, however, was the fact that according to the showing of the regular reports furnished by the various bakery units to the president of the company the management had not been able to pass the buck on to the consumer—with the result that, at least for the present, some bakeries in the organization were showing a small current loss and others an infinitesimal profit. Apparently here is a situation which offers a beautiful field for study on the part of the drivers who are interested in the continuance of their profits. To the innocent bystander it would appear that perhaps they have hung about all the costs on the distribution limb that it will bear without breaking. One very large baking company declares that its wagon men are now averaging $48 a week and that several have made more than $5400 from their routes in the past twelve months.

Pity the Poor Professor

WHEN the results of the student investigator's little research were placed before the professor he took off his spectacles, rubbed his eyes and exclaimed: "Can it be possible!"

Yes, professor, it can be and it is—the young cynic with an appetite for original research certainly found the facts and gave them to you straight—for I've checked his findings from official sources and they are O. K. Incidentally, if you are wearing ready-mades—and I think you are—your self-appointed young research enthusiast might have pushed his inquiry to your apparel with equally interesting results.

For example, it may surprise you to learn that the wage of the workers who made your suit has increased about 140% since 1914. In some lines the increase is 135%, in others 145%. One garment worker in a Chicago shop lately drew $78.38 for his week's work of 45½ hours. If he held that pace throughout the year he would overlap your salary by $1075.76. But, of course, garment making is seasonal work; besides, this man might not hold that gait for all the time he did work. Admitting all this, however, why wouldn't it be a pleasant experiment to put the teaching of English literature or psychology on a piece basis and see if a rate about parallel to that in the garment trade could not be worked out? Are you for it, professor?

Again, you have, if I remember rightly, always been strong for equal rights for women. Well, they come rather near having them when it comes to making your clothes. The other day in a large Chicago garment factory a woman pocket maker lately pocketed $70 for her week's work. Of course these are top-notch earnings, but they are by no means unique. They simply show what deft workers in this trade can do when they want to pull down a big pay check and have all the work they can handle. The average weekly pay check for men in the shop where this score was made was $35.78 for men in June, 1919, and $26.28 for women. Some change from the old sweatshop days, I'll say!

When you pull the chain that flashes on the light for your desk in your study you operate a fixture that stands for quite a little forward movement in workmen's wage scale. If that device was made in a certain factory famous for its fixtures it represents an advance in wages, since 1914, of 115½%. Tool and die makers in that shop have been drawing pay checks of $65 to $72 a week. Those checks above $65 represent a few hours' overtime—but I'll hazard the guess that any active college professor can show an overtime score that will run considerably in excess of that required to reach the $72 weekly wage of the tool makers in question.

But how has the white-collar crowd fared in the employ of this same company? If you leave it to them they'll tell you that the treatment they have received has been as white as their collars when fresh from the laundry. But the books show that their advance in the same period has been 61%. There's quite a difference between 61 and 115½—all of 54½. Besides, the wage worker in the electrical industry had quite a start toward a living wage back in 1914. Even then he wasn't looking with acute envy on the average pay check of the white-collar man—the bookkeeper or the accountant, for example.

Before losing sight of the college professor, who may in all fairness be accepted as a type of the highly trained white-collar man, it may be well to locate him a little more definitely on the economic map. In these days of generous appropriations on the part of legislative bodies, state universities and technical colleges are rather liberally provided for by the commonwealths they serve. Most of these universities have agricultural and technical colleges and vocational schools, and are commonly believed to furnish a more practical brand of education than the universities depending upon endowments and donations. Probably for this reason they find it easier to get appropriations which permit them to pay better salaries to their professors than do the universities devoted to more classical lines of education.

From official information I find that the average maximum salary paid to professors in sixty of these state institutions of learning is $2881.67, and the average minimum salary is $1945.33. An average of the two is $2413.50. Take Wisconsin—one of the most widely known and liberally supported of state universities—as an example. For the first three years a full professor there receives $3000; after that he may be advanced from time to time to $4250. An associate professor starts at $2250 and has the opportunity to climb to $2750. Assistant professors begin at $1750 and have the right of way, if they can make the grade, up to $2000. Instructors—the hard-working top sergeants of the teaching troop—are started at $1000 and have a goal of $1500 to work toward.

How about the haughty intellectual temples of academic learning, the places to which the sons of American millionaires are sent for better or for worse? At Harvard a full professor receives $4000 at the outset, but may be advanced in five-year periods to the princely stipend of $5500. Associate professors there are started at $3500 and may be raised in five years to $4000—but five years seems like a long time to some of them! They freely admit it. Assistant professors at Harvard are started on their joyful journey upward at $2500 and may go to $3000 if they hold on long enough. Instructors begin at $1250 and may attain $1500 if they don't lose their grip. Is it any wonder that Harvard is now making a drive on Multimillionaire Row for some $15,000,000, largely as an endowment for the increase of professors' salaries?

The top notch at Yale for a full professor is $6000—but he has to start at $4000. With slight variations the salaries of the lower ranks at Yale parallel those of Harvard.

For the sake of contrast turn to some of the top-notchers in overalls. The wage of a skull cracker in a steel plant near Chicago for the week immediately preceding the writing of this article was $111.12. A hammer man in the same plant averaged $107.68 a week for the month of August. These scores are not those made under the pressure of war production. They are peace wages.

When questioned as to the qualifications required to fit a man to earn this wage—which exceeds by far the salary of the average college president in America—an officer of the company answered: "As to education there is no requirement whatever. The man need not speak English or be able to write his own name. But he must have a quick eye, a fair amount of physical strength, a rather high degree of bodily dexterity and good endurance. Any man with this natural equipment could, with three months' training, get away with the more difficult of these two tasks and handle it proficiently. The less difficult one could be mastered by such a man in a much shorter training period."

The Bank Man's Story

THE skull cracker mashes the skulls of metal left in the huge ladles from which the metal has been poured. This is done by the blows of an immense triphammer. The hammer man is also engaged in crushing various forms of scrap for salvage purposes. Both work on a tonnage basis.

A certain large company in the Middle West has 300 to 400 white-collar men on its executive staff who are now getting $200 a month. The same corporation has wage workers in large numbers who make $3000 to $4000 a year, and a few whose total wage for the past twelve months set the pay roll back to the merry tune of $8000. I'd painfully dislike to buy the dinners for all the bank presidents in the country whose salaries are below the wages of these top-notch toilers.

Going at random in the Chicago financial district I entered an imposing bank building and fell into conversation with the first attaché I encountered. He refused an invitation to luncheon on the ground of loyalty to his job. The bank, he said, had treated him so handsomely that he felt bound to give it the fullest measure of service in him, and this implied that he stick on duty from eight-thirty in the morning until five in the afternoon. He had cut out luncheon altogether, he explained, because he felt he could be of especial value to the bank and its customers at the time of day when many officials were taking their noonday meal. His especial cause of gratitude to the management is based on the fact that his salary has been increased from $1500 in 1914 to $2400 a year, and that he is probably the best-paid man in his position in any Chicago bank.

He doesn't attempt to explain how those in similar positions are able to get past the H. C. of L. wolf on their lower salaries, but simply admits that he found it impossible to maintain his family on his former stipend. When the costs of necessities began to climb like Rohlf's triplane that outsoared all altitude records he faced the fact that he must either get more salary, set his children at work or drop into a calling that did not require the scale of living and appearance demanded by his present employment. But let him tell the story in his own words—for it is paralleled by the experience of thousands of white-collar men:

"Back in 1914 I felt that I had no reason to complain and that we were well provided for on $1500 a year.

And I'll confess that I did not indulge in dreams of any startling advancement. I had happened to land in one of those positions that do not seem to lead naturally to other positions of higher rank and pay. Perhaps you might call it a blind-alley position. There are thousands of that sort. They are rather out of the direct line of promotion. This is especially true when they are held by men at the threshold of middle life, as I am. The very young man may use them as stepping-stones, but older men are likely to stick in them—and be thankful to remain undisturbed. It seemed to me that about the best I could count on was the moderate increase of pay that a high-class management gives as a recognition of continued service. Looking at the future in this way I was fairly well content when the war broke. We figured—my wife and I—that if we could manage to play even and rear and educate our four children on an $1800-income basis we would trust to the future to furnish, in the form of increased pay, anything to be put aside as a surplus. The idea of saving whatever I might receive above $1500 now seems absurd.

"Just as soon as prices began to advance even slightly I began to feel the pinch. Our boy was at the age of fifteen and the three girls were younger. It was soon clear that I must either go in debt or allow the boy to get a job—or both! But we are not different from millions of parents of the more thoughtful sort in that we feel the education of our children to be the most important thing on the parental calendar. Therefore we held our son in school as long as possible—even when obliged to take on a little debt in order to do so; this on the theory that he could help out in its payment by vacation work."

More Pay and Less Comfort

"BUT with steadily increasing costs for the necessities of life the hopelessness and folly of this policy soon became painfully apparent, and the boy was taken out of school to fill a position as office boy at $35 a month. We were then paying $26 rent, as against $40 now, and his clothes then cost $12 to $15 a suit, instead of $30 to $35, their present cost. Shoes were then one-half their cost to-day and were of better material.

"You wouldn't believe how we had to scheme and turn and twist to keep up a respectable appearance and make both ends meet—even with our son's wages of $35 a month to help. And we are doing it just as feverishly to-day. Our accounts go to show that our living costs are now at least twice what they were then, all things considered—and that in most respects we are not living in any more comfort on my present salary of $2400 than we were in 1914 and early 1915 on $1500. If there is any difference we have greater difficulty in keeping within our income than we did then.

"Perhaps I can suggest something of the restraint we are called upon to exercise by saying that I have not taken my family to a movie theater but once in a year—nor have the children been furnished the money with which to go themselves. We simply can't do it without falling behind with our bills. If there is a wage worker in Chicago whose children do not have money to attend the movies more than once a year I'd like to learn his address!

"The matter of clothing expense has to be considered now with greater care than ever before. When the war was on the boy was a member of the cadet corps and had his uniform furnished. That was a decided help—as I realized when it came time to buy him a new civilian suit to take the place of the uniform. To do this I was obliged to sell a Liberty Bond, for the suit cost $35.

"It has been necessary for us to work out a definite purchasing policy, and that is this: It is poor economy to buy inferior quality. In the prewar days it was often possible to find satisfactory quality in goods offered at relatively a low price. In other words, real bargains were then available among low-priced goods. We have found that quality of merchandise has almost universally degenerated as prices have soared. Therefore to-day we do not dare to put our money into anything but goods of known standard quality.

"This applies to foodstuffs as well as to apparel. In 1918, when the pressure was greatest, we attempted to beat the H. C. of L. by hunting meat bargains—buying cheap cuts at cheap places. My wife happens to be an uncommonly good cook. I'm warranted in saying that if anyone can prepare a cheap cut of meat so that it will taste good and deliver all its natural nourishment she can. But our experiment in shopping for meat bargains was a disappointment. The meats secured in this way did not taste right and they didn't seem to be nourishing. This brought us back to buying at a market that did not specialize in bargains and cheap stuff. We paid a higher price per pound, bought less, and felt that we secured more satisfaction and more actual nourishment for our money.

"I'm not suggesting that the more expensive cuts of meat are cheapest. We buy what is technically known as cheap cuts. The point I make is that we get better value in buying where the general quality or grade of meat handled is relatively high, where cheapness is not urged as a means of getting more business.

"The other evening we went over a sheaf of old 1914 and 1915 cash-purchase tickets and compared them with recent ones. The gap between them made us gasp in spite of the fact that we knew it must be wide. Shoes for our girls now cost us more than twice what they did in 1914 and I'm sure the quality of the new ones is a little inferior. Ginghams are costing us three times what they did five years ago. Stockings for the girls were then twenty-five cents a pair. Those supposed to be of the same grade now cost sixty-five cents. Undergarments are now two and a half to three times what they were in 1914.

"I'm ashamed to admit that I'm the best-dressed member of the family. But this is not from choice but necessity. It is a demand of my white-collar position. My work absolutely requires a neat, not to say immaculate, appearance. It is not enough that my clothes be clean and whole; they must also be within reasonable range of the prevailing styles. In a word, the requirement is that I must be well dressed in the strictest sense of the term. My only offset to this expense is to take the most painstaking care of my clothes, hats and shoes. I do not spend a dollar a year for cleaning or pressing or for the polishing of shoes. All that is done at home.

"My wife makes her own dresses and those for the girls. They wear both their house and street clothes for several seasons. Mending in our family is not a hit-and-miss occupation; it's a system. Holes are darned when they first appear and rents and tears are attended to immediately. Planning clothes for a change of season is not delayed to the eleventh hour, but is carefully considered weeks and months in advance.

"Perhaps nothing I could tell you of our struggle to make a salary of $2400 cover the expenses of a white-collar family of six in these days would give quite so intimate a view of how close a game we are playing as would this incident: Until my salary was raised to $2400 and that income had been available long enough to allow us to recover some lost ground it seemed impossible to think of the matter of dental work. We were simply forced to let that go. But the time came a little while ago when in the case of my wife it could not be neglected any longer. Something had to be done at once. She had her teeth examined and learned that to put them in proper condition would demand the expenditure of several hundred dollars. Most of them could be saved, she was told.

"Did she have them filled? No! On her own initiative she had them drawn instead—because that would be much cheaper. A temporary set of false teeth will cost at least $50—but that is far different from $300 for filling. She is paying the price, in the sacrifice of her natural teeth, of being the wife of a white-collar man in these strange days. How many wives of machinists, garment workers, bread-wagon men, milk-wagon drivers or steel workers do you imagine are having their teeth drawn as means of saving the greater expense of filling?

"I can sum up our family situation by saying that until living costs decline all we ask is to be able to keep out of debt and not be forced to take our older girl out of school in order that she may add something to the family income. It is a sharp and constant fight to do this—a much harder struggle than it was to play even, back in 1914, on a salary of $1500."

The Bank Runner's Story

DID you ever chance to notice the neat appearance of the typical bank messenger? Take a look at the next one you happen to meet. If he is delivering more than $10,000 in currency or in securities that are the equivalent of so much money he will be accompanied by one guard; if more than $20,000, by two guards. Such a man attracted my attention the other day. He belonged to the white-collar crowd and so I looked him up. Here is his story:

Before he could secure his position he had to pass a character examination to which few ministers of the gospel are subjected before being accepted in new charges. His family tree had to be proved free of taint from root to topmost twig. Besides, he had to carry the proof of intelligence, courage and general high character in his face.

Back in 1914 this man was drawing a salary of about $800—a trifle less, in fact. He is working for a bank that is known to be exceptionally fair and liberal with its employees. Its salary scale is higher than that of several other banks of equal size in the same city. Since 1914 he has been raised at least twice, and on the initiative of the management. To-day he is drawing $95 a month.

A few weeks ago he went to a minor official of the bank who had shown him especial friendliness and said:

"I've never asked for a raise before, but I guess I've got to this time. I'm up against it hard. Personally I have just thirty cents on which to run until pay day. Five cents a day with seven-cent street-car fares means walking both to and from home. Only the two kids get milk at our house. The wife and I don't get a spoonful of it and we don't know the taste of butter. In fact, butterine is a luxury with us now, and most of the time we take our bread straight. If we have a little meat for Sundays we're in luck. If I can't get a raise I've simply got to quit and hunt a job on a milk wagon or in a shop. I'm quick, strong for my size, and I can outwalk any milk driver that I know. The driver that brings our bottles tells me he averages better than fifty a week and that there are several routes in town fatter than his. We don't take ice, but there's a machinist in our building who does, and his

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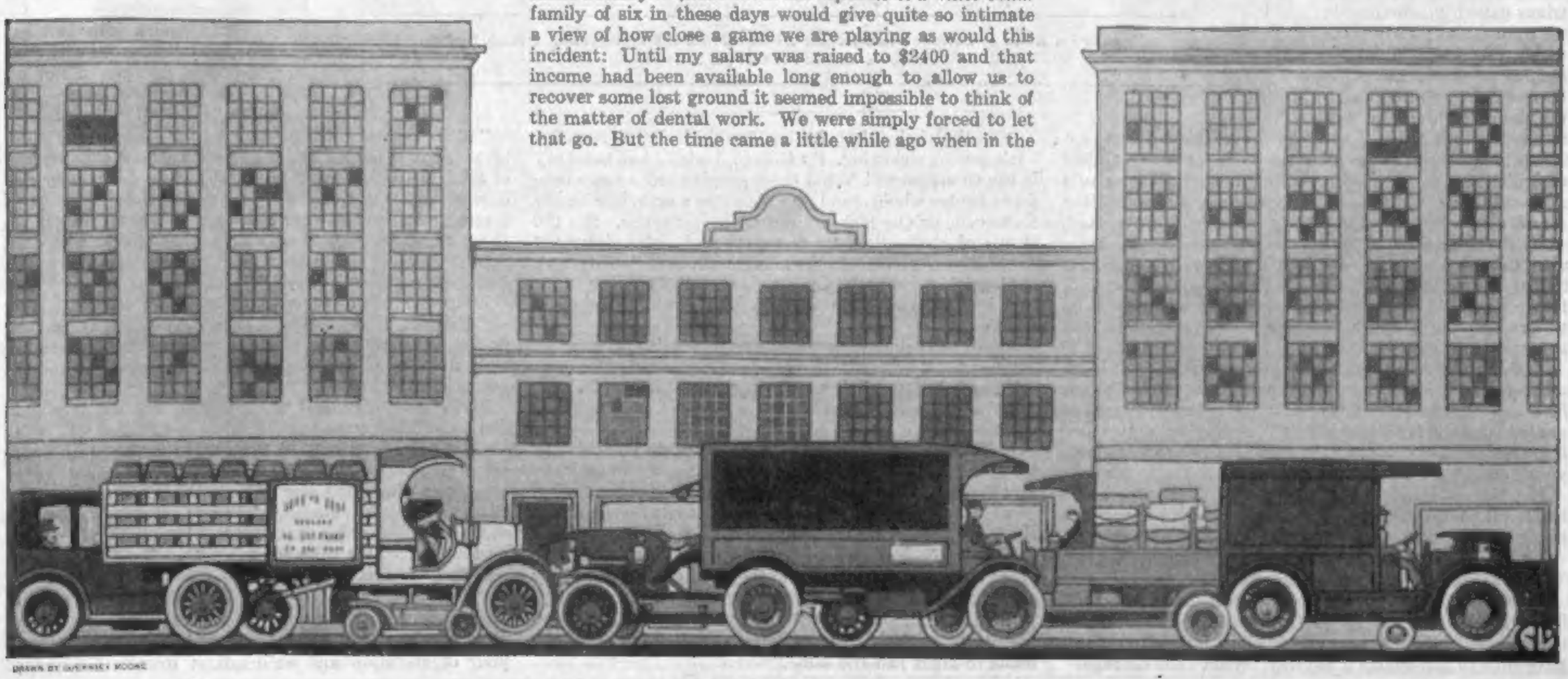

THE LEAGUE OF NOTIONS

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

MR. SAMUEL J. BOWKER—who saw no inconsistency in smoking a four-cent stogy while he was rolling home in a seven-thousand-dollar touring car—Mr. Samuel J. Bowker broke off his serene meditation upon his own greatness, leaned forward from the hips, and spoke in his colorless, slightly metallic voice to his new chauffeur.

"See that man who's walking so fast up ahead there? Stop a little bit the other side of him. And, by the way, I've noticed you don't quite cut off all the gas when I tell you to stop, just for a minute or so. Please cut it off, after this, as far as it goes. You'll find she idles down very well; and if she doesn't, you can put in some of your spare time adjusting the carburetor."

The chauffeur said no word; he made no sign; but his shoulders and the back of his shaven neck seemed almost blessed with the power of speech. Mr. Bowker sensed this miracle, and knew that it was time to sing his favorite canticle.

"To waste—to waste—even as little as a quart of gasoline a day," he said, "is like throwing away three hundred and sixty-five dollars into that gutter over there. My three hundred and sixty-five dollars. Because, when a quart of gasoline costs six cents or more, that represents the interest on One Dollar for One Year. So even if it sounds to you like a small thing—remember it's my money that's being wasted."

By now the unresponsible chauffeur had swung the car in close to the curb, and Mr. Bowker was lifting his hand, in a lukewarm gesture of invitation, to the young man who had walked, and was still walking, so swiftly. The footfalls of this young man were almost as rapid and staccato as his name, which was John Huntington Bangs. Pedestrians gave him, voluntarily, the right of way; his impetus, with a hundred and seventy pounds of energy behind it; his eyes, always intent on the world before him; his jaw, suggesting that he had just made a quick resolution to get somewhere as soon as he could—all these factors combined won him the ready precedence which generally goes to a man who acts as though he expects it. People often stared at him on the street as he went by; but to-day, when the thermometer was still hovering round par, there were twenty heads turned in a single block. It made one hotter, and perhaps a trifle resentful, simply to look at him; for he possessed that rare physique which permitted him to live through these sultry days at high speed without becoming deliquescent.

"There's a Head of Lettuce Fallen Clear Down Behind the Ice, Bruno. I Wish You'd Come and Get It Out for Me"

"John," said Mr. Bowker, as the young man came hammering abreast of him, "John, you're a fool to walk that fast on a day like this. It's bad for the heart. And you've melted your collar. I'd wear soft shirts in the summertime if I were you. Get in, and I'll drop you two squares from your house."

Mr. Bangs, who had a tightly folded newspaper in his hand, climbed briskly into the tonneau and threw the newspaper over into the trolley tracks.

"It's an outrage!" said Mr. Bangs, his eyes snapping. "It's getting darned near unendurable!"

"Go ahead—er—go ahead, chauffeur, and don't drive in the tracks. It's bad for the tires." Mr. Bowker turned to his guest. "I'd offer you a cigar, John, but you wouldn't have time to half smoke it anyway. What's the outrage?"

"Oh, the whole infernal thing!" said Mr. Bangs roundly. "It's getting sickening. By George, I wish I had some say in the Government! What these people need is some two-fisted fighter who'll stand up to 'em like a man, like Teddy Roosevelt, or Ole Hanson, out there in Seattle. It's the shame of civilization, by George! And we're either too cowardly or too lazy to lift a finger about it." He shook his head vigorously, as though to stop the buzzing in his ears. "Have you seen the newsboys to-night?"

"Yes."

"Seen the celluloid buttons they're wearing?"

"Yes."

"Those buttons half as big as a soup plate—'I Don't Sell the Wellington Journal!'"

"Yes."

Mr. Bangs glared at him. "Well, what do you think of it? The newsboys have struck! It's some row of theirs to buy their papers fifteen for ten cents instead of ten for ten cents. And it isn't going to affect us, anyway—not unless the Journal goes to three cents, which I suppose they'll say they have to—but we have to suffer until it's settled. I've got my Journal at the stand in the Bowker Building every evening for four years. Never missed it till to-night."

"Why didn't you subscribe and save money?" inquired Mr. Bowker calmly. "Then you'd have had your paper at home to-night just the same."

Mr. Bangs gestured impatiently, but took pains to restrain himself, for Mr. Bowker was almost old enough to be his father. And in addition, Mr. Bowker was a landowner, and a holder of mortgages, and a director of many industrial corporations and two banks; and his wife was regent of the set which called itself exclusive, and was really quite as exclusive as any of them. The best people—to quote Mrs. Bowker. And Mr. Bangs was thoroughly married.

"That isn't the point. I tried every stand and every boy for a quarter of a mile. It's concerted action, that's what it is; and it ought to be stopped. And then some smart Aleck sold me what I thought was a Journal, and he charged me a nickel for it because he said he was risking a fight with the Newsboys' Association to sell it at all, and when I opened it it was a Herald, anyway."

"I'd have gone back," said Mr. Bowker presently.

"I did—but he'd gone. And that isn't the point, either. The point is that we consumers are letting ourselves be held up right and left by these infernal unions. It's going too far; by George, it is! There's a trolley strike, and an express strike, and a machinists' strike, and Lord knows what else, right in this one town; and now the newsboys have got the fever and started a boycott, and I suppose the Journal'll use it as an excuse to boost their price, and then make more money than they did before! You can't turn round without stepping on some union or other. And we consumers have to sit still and wait until they get through bickering, and then pay higher prices than ever. Striking ought to be a criminal offense, by George! I've had enough of it. The time to talk has gone by; it's time to do something!"

"What'll you do?" asked Mr. Bowker, cocking his head dispassionately.

Mr. Bangs, who had expected to be agreed with—on financial grounds, if not on ethical considerations—Mr. Bangs looked rather blank.

"Well," he said, "I haven't altogether made my mind up yet, but I'll be hanged if I intend to stand for this sort of thing much longer. And I don't believe anybody else does, either. I don't believe you do. What we've got to do is to take matters into our own hands. We certainly have. If we consumers would ever once get together and do a little organizing on our own hook—why, why we'd cut the cost of living down thirty per cent."

Mr. Bowker bent forward to the chauffeur.

"Stop at the next corner. . . . Well, John, maybe you're right, and maybe you're wrong. But I guess nobody'll ever get up that organization unless you do it yourself."

Mr. Bangs, dismounting, flicked up his jaw in a final display of belligerence.

"Well, maybe I will, at that." He ventured an audacious challenge—audacious because Mr. Bowker was a personage who didn't like to commit himself to anything. That was why Mr. Bangs, who was partly serious, smiled as he said it, in order that Mr. Bowker could take it as a passing pleasantry if he chose. "When I do, can I count on you as a member?"

"You can count on me," said Mr. Bowker, with slightly more enthusiasm, "to do anything that'll save money, John. That's why I'm where I am to-day. Get up your organization and we'll talk it over." He nodded

for good night, but had an afterthought. "I wish you'd told me what paper it was you were throwing away, though, back there. My wife sort of likes the Herald every once in a while—but I don't subscribe. It ain't hardly worth it."

II

MRS. BANGS, who was an understanding woman, once said of her husband that he had a nature like platinum wire. He bent to the smallest pressure, but he didn't break. And he also had a great readiness to glow into cherry heat when there was only a little blaze to warm him; but he cooled as swiftly. So that when he turned into his own brick pathway three minutes after he had waved to Mr. Bowker in farewell, his mood was seraphic again, and he was looking forward with eagerness to the joy of renewed acquaintanceship with his wife.

They had been married now for more than half a dozen years, and all the wives of the neighborhood, when their own husbands forgot little incidents, such as birthdays or wedding anniversaries, or when they dashed off after breakfast with a flourish of the napkin as a valedictory, used Mr. Bangs as an illustration of male fidelity to romance. Mr. Bangs, in leaving the house in the morning, always and invariably halted at the first oak tree, again at the hydrant, and finally at the letter box, to wigwag his regrets at being compelled to depart and earn an honest living. And his halts were no superficial performances either, for he came to a sincere standstill, and cast brave glances astern to Sylvia and the baby on the veranda. And at night when he returned in weariness, Sylvia often came flying down the walk to meet him; or, at the worst, was just over the threshold; and she was always fresh and cheerful and affectionate. And the husbands of the neighborhood sometimes countered with these illustrations, too.

It is no discredit to the romance that when Mr. Bangs, from a short distance, perceived no Sylvia in ambush for him, he consciously shortened his stride. She claimed the ability to detect his footfall half a block away, and he was giving her time to get downstairs. In going up the bricked pathway he scuffed his feet loudly, heedless of the cold chills that promptly brushed up and down his spine. He trod the steps with the stamp of a milkman, and produced heavy reverberations on the veranda. All these were additional signals to Sylvia, in case her watch had misled her, or her ears had gone temporarily out of tune. There was still sufficient latitude for her to take her station just over the threshold.

But as Mr. Bangs fumbled tardily for his keys he was aware that no wife was on the other side of the glass door. Not yet distressed, but merely contemplative, he went over to the shoe scraper, which was loose enough to rattle pleasantly, and he scraped the soles of both shoes free from the imaginary mud of pavements on which no rain had fallen for the past five weeks. There was still no Sylvia in the hallway.

Mr. Bangs let himself in very noisily, and began to hum in a lugubrious barytone. His attention wandered before him to the stairs; he expected every instant to see a contrite Sylvia come dashing down them, freighted with welcome and consolation. He hummed as though the duke would say: "Let him hum again! Let him hum again!" He stood posed at the foot of the stairs and called, softly and tenderly: "Sylvia!" Then, less softly, and with tenderness somewhat diluted: "Oh, Sylvia, dear!" Then, with frank intent to be heard and answered—and the rest of it could come later: "Hi! Sylvia!"

Mr. Bangs said "Humph!" and stood for a moment scratching his nose. No one, to observe his present helplessness in the emergency of a mislaid wife, would have pictured him as an avenger of the rights of man. His eyes had positive consternation in them, and he was deeply aggrieved. This failure of reception had happened only twice before in all his married history.

Reason returned to him, and he started for the kitchen to interview Ingred, the tall and stately blonde who would probably know where Mrs. Bangs had gone, whether or not Mrs. Bangs had told her. The kitchen was redolent with dinner, but empty of personnel. But from the back porch, where the ice box was located, vague murmurs floated to him, and then a stifled voice saying "Oh, sugar!" Mr. Bangs put out an ear, and was rewarded by a larger and more heartfelt exclamation: "Oh, ding!" And the voice wasn't the voice of Ingred, and Ingred had a different and a more convincing set of expletives anyway.

Mr. Bangs sprang to the porch. "Sylvia!"

From her knees the wife of his romance looked up at him; and it was a tribute to his constancy that he adored her then as much as ever. To be sure, no mere warmth of atmosphere could destroy her permanent charms, and a vivid color became her well; but something had tried her temper, and a looping strand of her hair was acting as impediment to her vision.

"Sylvia!" said Mr. Bangs. "What on earth are you doing here?"

It was evident that she had to make an effort to control herself, but she did it beautifully. She even managed to produce a very narrow smile for him. Nevertheless, the style of her greeting created a brand-new precedent:

"There's a head of lettuce fallen clear down behind the ice, Bruno. I wish you'd come and get it out for me."

As he helped her up Mr. Bangs' orderly mind clamped itself round the fact that this was only Tuesday.

"What's the matter with Ingred? Is she sick?"

"No. I'm the one who's sick," said Sylvia, just a trifle brusquely; and as she struggled up from her cramped position there was a sound of ripping.

"Oh, darn! Everything—— Oh, it's only my apron. Why, I'm sick of the whole servant problem, Bruno. I guess we've got pretty nearly to the limit. I'm sick and tired of it, and I don't care what happens any more. Ingred's left."

"Left?" repeated Mr. Bangs incredulously. "Left?" He knew from long experience what woe was in the announcement, and what inconvenience in store for Sylvia.

Sylvia nodded, and put her hair back.

"And without any notice." She regarded her hands with great esteem. "I'm not sure, but I think I've frozen

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"We Might Start an Antistrike Strike," Said Helen Everson Cheerfully. "Only I Don't Exactly See How We Could Do It. Does Anybody Else?"

THE CAPTAIN

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

Kibbey Went—and Alone. How He Managed to Cross the Field Without Drawing Fire They Never Learned

SOME regiments brag of officers who have risen to command divisions and corps and armies, but the proudest boast of the Blank Infantry is a captain who was demoted to the ranks. Kibbey has become an object of such idolatry to them that 'twere safer to speak slightingly of their wives than to hint that possibly Kibbey was really pickled on the occasion which led to his disgrace.

Yet the evidence in his case was indisputable. That he was a teetotaler all his life renders his misfortune more tragic, but does not—as the Blanks profanely argue—prove that the charges against him were impossible. The top sergeant swore to them and every man of the patrol substantiated his story. What else could the court have done?

Kibbey had been a teacher in a boys' school somewhere in New England. He ought to have been an army chaplain, because his every inclination ran that way and the Army needs more of his caliber. Instead he went through a training camp and received a captain's commission in the infantry, and came over in command of Company F in the Blanks.

To hear the boys talk now, you would suppose he had been the finest company commander that ever stepped, but I recall that in those early days Kibbey was variously known to his men as Rosy and Fathead and Holy Joe. Which is not to say they did not like him; every officer receives a nickname, and a hero to the public may pass as Dopey Dick to his own command.

As a matter of fact, the majority of Company F would have taken off their shirts for Kibbey. A few hated him with a deep and malignant hatred, but those few would have hated anybody, and their only complaint was his discipline. However, the average American doughboy is so constituted that he doesn't give a hoot how strict an officer may be, provided he is impartial and just, and Kibbey had bowels; so his hold on the loyalty of Company F was secure.

"Wait till we git up to the front," declared Private Oskowitz, who had been detailed to K.P. for malingering, as he whittled savagely on a spud, "an' I'll fix the —— I'll put a bullet through him if they croak me for it."

Ike O'Brien, *né* Roberto Pasquale, the wop cook, straightened from an inspection of the contents of an oven and picked up a pothook.

"You quitta that right now," he warned Oskowitz, "or I bumpa you with this."

Kibbey got along well enough with the other officers of the battalion. True, they always grinned when he hove in sight or even when his name was mentioned, but that was because Kibbey looked so absurdly innocent and was so mightily serious and earnest. He had a round face, blue eyes and a baby stare, and he believed everything anybody told him with a straight countenance.

"The hungriest I ever got," declared Lieutenant Dougherty one afternoon in the mess while a group of officers were discussing the effect of slum on morale, "was during a summer in Michigan. My uncle and I were marooned on an island in a lake—boat floated off—and there we were for a week without a bite to eat or so much as a fishhook. Guess how we got along?"

A curious silence fell. Only Kibbey rose to the bait.

"How?" he inquired.

"Well, we noticed how a gull that had a nest up on a rock used to fly over our heads every afternoon about four o'clock with a fish in its mouth. So uncle would up and holler 'Boo!' at him, and it scared him so he always dropped the fish."

Nobody offered any comment; but after he had gone out Kibbey grew thoughtful.

"Do you know," he said at last, "I believe Dougherty draws on his imagination sometimes. Yesterday he told me his uncle owned a bottle mine in Wales, but traded it off for a cheese swamp in Switzerland."

A credulous individual is always made the butt, and Dougherty rather overdid his practical jokes; I never met a practical joker who didn't. For instance, he proposed a wild-boar hunt while the regiment was in the training area near Gondrecourt, and narrated so many hair-raising tales of the chase that he had Kibbey half crazy to take part.

A few boar roamed a forest between Neufchâteau and Gondrecourt, and Dougherty's plan was to form a line of armed beaters and drive them into an open space where one of the officers could kill them.

"Yes, but who gets that job?" they demanded.

"We'll draw lots."

"But why not have more than one man there to kill them?" suggested a shavetail.

They squelched him instantly by a pressure of silence.

"Probably we won't find more'n one boar," explained Dougherty, "and to avoid an argument we 'll leave only one man there. The question is, who'll do the dirty work? It'll be taking a chance, of course."

Volunteers instantly raised a clamor. Kibbey was too modest to push his claims, but he was fairly shaking with eagerness.

"To make it all fair and square," Dougherty proposed, "let's draw lots."

Kibbey won, of course; and the hunt was scheduled for the following Sunday afternoon. How they ever persuaded the captain of Company F to rig himself up as he did, I don't know, but Kibbey appeared on the scene with three pairs of spirals wrapped round his legs, to prevent the ferocious creature gnawing at his calves; a helmet on his head; a fur coat to protect his body; and in his hands an automatic revolver, a trench knife and a heavy club.

"Hi, wait a minute!" cried Dougherty. "How're you going to save your face? Get a mask, somebody!"

So they hung a baseball mask on him, and the hunter was equipped for the fray. They stationed Kibbey in a glade and blithely departed to round up the quarry.

In half an hour or thereabouts the captain heard the shouts and huzzas of the beaters and presently the worried grunting of a hog. Next moment the animal broke cover directly opposite him and halted, eying Kibbey with a suspicion tinged with a great wonder. The captain sighted carefully and fired; and the pig scampered away into the woods, squealing.

Hardly had the noise died away when an old peasant burst into sight, waving his hands and crying that the American captain had ruined him utterly—*mais oui*, had blighted his life beyond redemption! What did he mean by shooting their only pig, the prop and mainstay and joy of their old age? Then the beaters appeared, with a precision strongly suggestive of the chorus in a comic opera, and a long wrangle ensued. It ended in Kibbey paying the farmer a hundred francs for injury to the porker. To be sure, he would not die, but he would inevitably lose weight from the wound because his feelings had been so grievously hurt.

Kibbey could take a joke on himself, additional proof that he was devoid of a real sense of humor; and he bore no grudge against Dougherty for the incident. Neither did he flare up or show rancor when the lieutenant played a scurvy trick on him at La Folie.

It happened that the Blanks were going into the line for the first time, and after a long day's hike Company F rested for the night in a ramshackle group of farm buildings about twelve kilometers from the front. The billeting accommodations were scant: One bedroom for the four officers; the men slept with the cows and sheep in the barn, and up in the haymows.

It had been a punishing day, and Kibbey slept like a log—slept so hard that the outfit was about ready to move before he dragged himself out from under the warm feather quilt. Consequently he had no time to wash or make any sort of toilet—simply grabbed his blouse and ran into the yard.

When he appeared a titter rippled through the ranks. The sleepiest doughboy there grew wide awake. Gales of laughter; for the captain's face was as black as the ace of spades. Dougherty had worked on him with a burnt cork during the night.

It might have gone hard with Dougherty, of Company M, had not the Old Man begun to snigger when that youth was brought up on the carpet. But the colonel could not forget the glimpse of Kibbey he caught in passing La Folie. So: "Get out of here, Quick! I'll attend to your case later." And next day the Old Man had too many matters of importance to worry over, to bother with the pranks of a shavetail.

The Blanks got their first taste of war in the Toul sector. It was very quiet. They didn't know it then; they learned that later. To the untried Blanks, going into the line opposite frowning St.-Mihiel was like plunging into the jaws of hell. They had been reading about carnage for three years; they had listened to the tales of the French who had been through it; a thousand times they had talked over what might happen. As a consequence everybody was jumpy.

Especially taut were the nerves of the officers and all those who had to shoulder responsibility. Major Biggar, in command of the battalion to which Company F belonged, displayed a hair-trigger temper during the whole tour.

"What's the matter with Kibbey, anyhow?" he snapped, while discussing patrols with two other company commanders in the battalion P.C.

"Why, I didn't know there was anything the matter with him, sir."

"Something's on his mind. Mopes round like a pup with the mange."

There was a discreet silence. If the Front worries an officer—or should one break under the strain—the others don't care to talk about it.

The major went questing for information. He walked through every foot of the trenches his battalion occupied and stopped for lunch and most of the afternoon

in the salient held by Company F. He found Kibbey asleep in his dugout, after being up all night, and did not wake him.

Wandering back to the company kitchen, located under the ruins of a house, the major opened up a conversation with Ike O'Brien, whilst he drank a cup of coffee.

"How's the captain?" he inquired casually.

"Well, sir, I don't believe the capatin isa feelin' good," answered the wop, always ready to talk frankly on any subject.

"Is that so? What's the matter?"

A peculiar whine, rising to a shriek, delayed the cook's reply. They heard a scurry of feet as the doughboys loafing near the kitchen ducked for cover, and then the crash of a shrapnel shell above the door. "Where did that baby go?" "Keep count on 'em, Dan." "Watch me when one of them G-I cans comes over. Oo, là là! Ten yards in one-fifth flat."

Ike waited until the usual salvo had burst. "Does the major want to know what I think?" he demanded, placidly poking the fire.

"Shoot."

"Well, sir, I think it's a skoit," said the cook, from the depths of dark experience.

And there the conversation ended, because a battalion commander can't talk over a captain's affairs with the cook; it simply isn't done. However, O'Brien had given him a new angle.

"You'll have to rig up some other way of carrying off your smoke," the major cautioned before departure. "Anybody could see that five miles." Then he made a dash for the trench, because a kitchen is about the unsafest spot in the line to loiter near, and it was the hour in the afternoon when Heinie was wont to open up.

"A skirt, hey?" he muttered as he sloshed through the mud. "I wouldn't be surprised. Unless a man's sick it's safe to figure there's a girl in it when he loses interest. And Kibbey's health's all right."

On the day before they were to be relieved the top sergeant of Company F came to his dugout to see him. And when he had told his story Biggar didn't know whether to send for a medico to examine the sergeant or to put him under arrest on the spot for deliberate, malicious lying. Had somebody mentioned casually to the major that the Archbishop of Canterbury was being talked about for having done the shimmy in Trafalgar Square he could not have been more amazed.

"It's the truth, sir. The captain was so drunk he couldn't walk good. And he kept talking and making a noise. It's a wonder they didn't hear him and get the whole patrol."

"Of course. Of course," answered the major kindly, for it was plain that the top sergeant had gone out of his head. "Sit down, sergeant. You're worn out."

With some warmth: "If you don't believe me ask any of the men, sir. Or just send for the captain himself, major. He's still stewed."

"I suppose you know," remarked the battalion commander, "that Captain Kibbey was never known to take a drink. He's a teetotaler."

This information appeared to jolt the sergeant, but he immediately recovered. "Maybe so, sir. But if he wasn't soused last night, then we've throwed a lot of birds in the jug for nothing. Why not send for him before he sobers up?"

The merest child reared in a prohibition state could have seen from Kibbey's demeanor that the sergeant was right. To be sure, he stood very straight and saluted smartly, but he leaned much too far back, and it was obvious that the rich hue of his face owed as much to moonshine as to sunshine.

"The complaint is that you were drunk on night patrol, Captain Kibbey."

"No, sir. Perf'ly sober."

"Had you been drinking?"

The captain pondered this question long and carefully, but it wasn't in him to lie. "Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"Just some out of bottle. Coupla drinks."

"And where did you get a bottle?" the major continued, stern now.

"Rather not say, sir. No fair."

"We'll see about that later. You know the orders. Why did you take those drinks?"

"That," responded Kibbey solemnly, teetering on his feet—"personal matter."

The battalion commander stared at him a while. He hated to do it, but there was no alternative.

"You're under arrest," he said. "Lieutenant Cooper will take over the company. Report at regimental headquarters in two hours."

"Yes, sir," answered Kibbey, dazed. He saluted and went out.

In due time a court tried Kibbey. The evidence against him was overwhelming. Not a man on the patrol but tried to soften the story, and several of them lied nobly; but the captain himself admitted that he had drunk an unknown quantity of cognac, because he was wretched and worried over a personal matter, and it was proved beyond a doubt that his behavior had been reckless and criminally careless in No Man's Land, thereby endangering the lives of the men under his command.

As character witnesses his counsel, Lieutenant Dougherty, called Major Biggar and the Old Man himself; but though they gave him a spotless reputation the offense with which he was charged could not be overlooked or glossed in war. Kibbey was sentenced to loss of his commission and ten years in Leavenworth. You see, sometimes an individual has to be sacrificed as a warning to others.

Then the members of the court did a curious thing. They about-faced and unanimously signed a recommendation for clemency, pointing out his previous exemplary conduct and character. And Kibbey did not go to prison.

(Continued on Page 81)

Not by Any Act of Congress Was He "Officer and Gentleman," But by Gift of the Men He Had Led

DOWN TO CONSTANTINOPLE

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

JUST for your information, in case you should happen not to know, I would assure you that the Black Sea is black. It is rightly named. And it is not beautiful either. Its rugged and mountainous shores may be beautiful, but itself is not—at least not often. I have seen it in a spectacular sunset which lit its far horizons with flame and capped its somber waves with color, and then perhaps it was beautiful. But even then it had a sinister look. Its depths are peculiarly forbidding. It never smiles; it gleams grandly at times, but it never smiles. It has none of the friendliness in its heart that one feels on other seas and oceans.

This may be the rankest imagination on my part, but I think it is not. Nearly everybody gets the same impression of it; nearly everybody recognizes its austerity—vaguely no doubt, but unmistakably—and the hostility that is expressed in its darkness and its depths. It is the deepest of the deep, deep seas.

No, the Black Sea is not alluring at any time; but I do not mind telling you that when the little French destroyer on which I was making the trip from Constantza to Constantinople wallowed out into it in the teeth of a lightning-illumined tempest I felt as though I were saying good-by to the world, and I got a vision of myself being received away-way down somewhere in a black coral palace where an Othellolike Neptune held court in the midst of darkly iridescent Ethiopian mermen and mermaids. With a fine old gray-bearded Neptune and with blond and blue-eyed sea folk—children of the sun—it may be that one would feel more or less at home. But the idea of landing among creatures of an unfathomable dark filled me with a kind of fear. I did not want to drown in the Black Sea.

We were all sitting in the tiny cabin amidships—the messy little place where the officers get their meals. We were battened down; every crack and crevice was closed and the atmosphere was suffocating. We braced ourselves and clung to anything that offered a handhold in order that we might not be hurled against the bulkheads. The little craft stood on her beam ends every so often, then rolled so far over that it seemed impossible that she could ever right herself. I thought of the great mine field we were skirting. Nobody has ever yet had time to sweep up the mines. Was it not possible that one of them would break loose from its cable in such a storm and float across our bows? Bang! Zoo-roo-o-of! And then what?

I was on a French destroyer because there was nothing else in the Black Sea at the moment that I could travel on. There were American food ships coming and going, but the next one was scheduled to sail from Constantza a week later, and a week in Constantza was not to be thought of. A small Rumanian mail boat was plying between Constantza and Constantinople semioccasionally, but aside from the fact that it was Rumanianly ill-kept it was thought to be exceedingly unsafe. I was told that I would be merely foolhardy to venture on it. The French officers invited me to go with them, and as they were sailing under orders they put out at their appointed hour regardless of the weather. It was pretty awful!

The Beauties of the Bosporus

THE gallant French captain smiled at my vagaries about the denizens of the deep—which were smilingly expressed, of course—and said he was surprised to find that I was such an excellent sailor. In the sense he meant, I am. A ship may do any blessed thing it likes, I am never seasick. But just the same I prefer an even keel. There is no discomfort I can think of to be compared with the discomfort of being tossed about by the sea. And how the boys in the navies—on the torpedo boats, the destroyers, the patrols and all the little craft—live through it year in and year out passes my understanding.

The captain let all holds go in order to light another cigarette, and just as he was tossing the burnt match away a big wave struck us and he was thrown violently across the table. He picked himself up, looked at the glowing and uninjured tip of his fresh smoke and said: *"Bon! Très bon!"*

"Bon?" said I. "Wha-d'ye mean—*bon?*" He was collecting American phrases and the slipshoddier they were the better he liked them.

He laughed and repeated: "Wha-d'ye mean—*bon?*"

"I wish we were a submarine and could get down under all this and be quiet," said I.

"My dear madame," he replied, "we are a submarine. This little brute of a boat is convinced that she's a submarine. And I assure you she is more successfully submersible than many a real submarine I have sailed on. Please to be entirely reassured."

Mrs. Egan on a French Destroyer in the Black Sea

I needed no reassurance. My confidence in the nonchalant French sailors was sublime, but I glanced with increasing frequency out through the sea-washed port, hoping to catch a glimpse of the headlands that are the pillars of the gate of the Bosporus.

It was earliest morning when we gathered together in the cabin, and we had been tossed about and tormented for something like fifteen hours. But even so we were nearly on time. She was a sturdy little vessel and her engines never missed a beat. The sun was just spreading a mantle of morning rose over a very wonderful world when we passed the lighthouse rock which guards the entrance to the Bosporus and steamed into quiet waters. Outside as an aftermath of storm the monstrous seas were climbing the great black cliffs in walls of wind-blown foam and spray into which the sun sent level rays. It was thrilling to look at, but not at all nice to be out in.

It is commonly conceded, I believe, that the Bosporus is the most beautiful stretch of water on earth, and to its natural grandeur the Turks have added an Eastern charm that is beyond anyone's power to describe. Not that I have any wish to describe it. Descriptions are supposed to be tiresome. I read somewhere recently that no one enjoys a description except the person who writes it. Or was it that no one enjoys a description of a sunset except the person who writes it? Yes, that was it. In any case I shall not attempt to describe the Bosporus, though it would please me to gather up all the world that loves sublimity in God's handiwork and enchantment in man's to companion me through that amazing waterway the existence of which, as it exists, is said by those who analyze events to have been the basic cause of mankind's most self-ruinous upheaval.

In 1915, when the British guns were hammering at Gallipoli and the Turkish guns were hammering at them, I was in Constantinople, and I remember climbing the heights of Ayub one afternoon at a point just below where the Sweet Waters of Europe pour down to freshen the salt that is freshened, too, by the Sweet Waters of Asia afar off on the opposite shore. These sweet waters of East and West come near together in the vast sweep of the Bosporus, but it is said they never meet. The swift currents carry them their separate ways and the eternal strife between them is made manifest by a kind of broad No Man's Land of underwhirl that is as dangerous as a maelstrom. It roils and boils beneath a smooth shining surface—an opalescently oily, grinning, coaxing surface—and hurls its elements eventually into the heaven-blue depths of the Sea of Marmora.

From the heights of Ayub I looked out over a scene that surpasses all others for sheer charm and spectacular magnificence: the splendid reaches of dividing waters and the great glowing city fringing the edges of two worlds, its divisions as distinctive as the eternally irreconcilable civilizations that created them. And as I gazed upon this scene I talked with the friend who was with me about the war. I asked the question that nobody ever yet has answered, though he thought he answered it then. He had in mind, no doubt, the long-cherished ambition of Russia.

"What are the Turks fighting for?"

"For this," he replied, making an all-embracing gesture with his gray-green-clad arm to indicate the wide-spreading city. "They are fighting to save this!"

"In that case," said I, "they are fighting on the wrong side. If they were with the Entente they not only would stand a chance of saving this but they would be on the way toward rehabilitation among the people of the earth."

Turkey's Fatal Mistake

I DID not then realize how true this was. In the light of what the Peace Conference has done, just what would you say would be Turkey's position to-day if she had been an ally instead of an enemy? The British thought of their inability to attach her to the Allied side as a failure in diplomacy and roundly berated their diplomatists. But what do you suppose British diplomacy would do with a Turkey whose interests had to be regarded as the interests of a friend; a Turkey claiming aggrandizement and reward instead of a Turkey submitting to dismemberment and punishment? Is it not an interesting question?

"You seem to be pretty confident that the Allies will win," said my friend.

"Eventually. I have never doubted it."

He laughed scornfully.

"And even if they don't," I continued, "what good will a German victory do the Turks? Do they think for one moment that a victorious Germany will give them back their Constantinople?"

Again he laughed—scornfully. And well he might, too—just then. Germany was for the time being conqueror in many zones; it was the eve of a terrible British disaster at Gallipoli and the city had draped itself in its triumphant colors. The Turkish flag predominated in all such celebrations, but from the roof of the German Embassy—huge and isolated on the heights of Pera—the German flag stretched its folds always in the breeze with what seemed to me to be a consciously masterful and lordly air. I hated it. So did many others in Constantinople. It was the year of Germany's utmost ruthlessness and there was no question in anybody's mind as to what the Germans were fighting for. I remember a week-end party at Prinkipo that was arranged in order that we might escape for a little while from Germans and the German flag—at least that was what we said; and we felt it too. It was an American Embassy party, with one poor little English girl who had lived all her life in Constantinople and who had to get permission from the Germans to join us.

We enjoyed every hour. There was not a German or a German flag on the island. The Germans were busy fighting the war and keeping the Turks on the move. They had no time for Prinkipoing. And they had no inclination perhaps. The atmosphere of the island of Prinkipo is peculiarly soothing and not what one would expect a German in those days to long for. The suggestion that the Bolsheviki meet their enemies for a conference at Prinkipo seemed to me to be a good one. I thought the needle-carpeted softness of the great pine forest through which one looks, as through a million-pillared twilit temple, out into the blue of the Sea of Marmora would subdue them if anything could.

The sun went down while I sat on the heights of Ayub with my German-American friend. The flags were furled and saluting cannon boomed. The gray of a summer's evening settled upon the city and was made grayer by a myriad gleams from lighted windows and street lamps. Constantinople was never darkened. Precautions were taken in certain areas perhaps, but in general there was no fear of aëroplanes. The British jolly well hadn't got them, as they would say. What the Germans and Turks did fear, however, was the British submarines that came up from Gallipoli—at what risk who can imagine!—looking for the Goeben and the Breslau and the Turkish ships that carried men and munitions down through the Dardanelles. They never did get the Goeben or the Breslau, but they finished the Turks. It was along about this time that the Barbarossa was sunk in the Sea of Marmora. It was the Barbarossa, was it not, that was the last of the Turkish fleet? There were a lot of battered old hulks lying at all angles and leaning against each other up in the Golden

Horn and the Turks referred to them smilingly as being "sick—ver' ver' sick!"

The sweet gray of the evening began to be cut across by long white shafts from searchlights playing upon the surface of the Bosporus, in and out among the weather-browned houses, the heaven-kissing minarets of a hundred mosques and the white waterside palaces of the elect of Stamboul and Scutari. A long luminant ray fastened itself upon the massive and magnificent pile of St. Sofia—among the first of Christ's princely temples on earth and for nearly a half millennium a Moslem mosque—and I heaved a sigh that came up from deep depths of depression within me. I could not bear the report we got that day that the British landing at Suvla Bay had resulted in the slaughter of twenty thousand Englishmen, the capture of ten thousand more and a tremendous Turkish victory. This was a great exaggeration, but it was what they told us. Why should I not have been depressed?

"Well, so far as the Germans are concerned," said I, "they say to the Turks: 'Heads we win, tails you lose.'"

And my German-American companion responded: "Kismet!"

This man was the "Fritz" who figured rather conspicuously in my stories from Constantinople in 1915 and I have often been asked what became of him. I did not know, and I, too, wondered. I know now. Only about a week ago he floated back into my circle of observation. I had known him from his student days. His father and mother were both born in Germany, and German had always been the home language of his family in the Western city where he was born. But he went to public school and was as staunchly American as any boy could be. And he was very ambitious. He had to work his way through school because his people were poor, and he did it with a display of determined energy and sustained purpose that won for him the admiration of everybody who knew him. He worked in restaurants as a dishwasher during school terms and in summer he went to lake-side resorts as a waiter and all-round handy man.

He went through the medical and surgical courses at the University of Chicago and becoming an extraordinary operator won an opportunity to work for a while with the Mayo brothers. Then he passed the necessary examinations and got himself taken on by the Government for service in the Philippines. By that time he was all of twenty-three years old and six feet of very promising Teutonic manhood.

Fritz Comes Home

HE CAME back from the Philippines with a proud record and went to Harvard. He took post-graduate work in one department of the medical college and taught in another, and in the course of a year or so he was sent to Germany as an exchange professor. There the war caught him. He was thoroughly German in his sympathies, naturally, and in a nest of German scientists he was not likely to hear anything that would tend to change his sentiments. He joined up immediately and was sent to Constantinople to take charge of a military hospital, and it was there—to my very great astonishment—that I found him. He was getting all the operating that any surgeon could possibly desire, and my frequent suggestions that he get out and line up on the right side of the conflict were met with good-natured assurances that I didn't know what I was talking about.

He saw the light eventually, however, and when his own country went to war with Germany he made a brave effort to get out in order that he might join an American hospital unit. And I know him well enough to be perfectly sure that he was sincere. But it was too late. By that time he had been transferred from Constantinople and was operating in an evacuation hospital just behind the German lines. He had no American passport because he went to Germany at a time when passports were not necessary, and even his request for permission to go to Berlin for the purpose of registering as an American at the Spanish Embassy was denied. Then one dark night he made an attempt to escape. He was caught and sent to prison, where he stayed for several months. He was finally let out on parole within a restricted area, but was compelled to report to the authorities every few hours. At the beginning of the armistice he went to Berlin, but he was not permitted to leave the country until after peace was signed.

Penniless and somewhat shabby, after more than two years without work of any kind, he landed in the United States late in July; and having been with the Germans for six years and speaking nothing but German he came home speaking the American language with a marked Teutonic accent. He took his courage in his hands and went back to his native city to meet the inquiries of his American brethren who have known him always, and there is no doubt in my mind that they will make everything just as difficult and unpleasant for him as they can.

Poor old Fritz! I thought of him as my little French destroyer steamed up the Bosporus and as the city of domes and minarets, of towers and terraced hill slopes, of ancient grandeurs and fascinations came into view. I thought also of the flag that had been so long my pet abomination. The too boldly dominating German Embassy on the heights of Pera had a barren and deserted look. The imperial eagle still spread its wings on the corners of the roof, but from the tall flagstaff no flag was flying and the windows were all shuttered and blank. This seemed to me to change the look of the whole city.

I missed also the comfortable emptiness of the harbor. The outbreak of the war did not catch many vessels in port at Constantinople, and afterward, of course, none could get in. There was one big German passenger ship from Hamburg called General, which lay always up alongside the Galata bridge and was used as a kind of club by German sailors. Then there were a number of submarines that were operating in the Mediterranean. The U-57 I remember particularly, because she was so big and had such a bad reputation; a good reputation from the German viewpoint. I got caught on Galata bridge one day when it opened to let her pass out on a mission of destruction, and I thought to myself: "Oh, if I only had a bomb!"

And there were a few old cargo tramps. The fine white yacht of the ex-Khedive of Egypt lay out in midstream in the Golden Horn and was supposed to be a rendezvous for certain persons who reveled in unseemly ways at unseemly hours and held secret meetings, while our naval yacht Scorpion was tied up on the Stamboul side of the Golden Horn between a couple of Turkish revenue cutters. Sedate she was, merely sedate and unquestioning. The wrecked remnant of the Turkish Navy stood close in against the shore under the cliffs of Pera. That was all; and the harbor, being very large, looked curiously empty. To keep them safe from British submarines the Goeben and the Breslau were hidden away in a tiny bay a mile or so up the Bosporus, while all their guns had been sent down to Gallipoli.

Looking Down the Bosp[illegible] A Building of Robert College Next to the Ancient Wall Tower

Breakfast on the Scorpion

BUT what a difference now! We could hardly find a place to drop our anchor! And when we did it was in the shadow of the great hulk of a British superdreadnought—the Iron Duke. And besides the Iron Duke there were battleships and cruisers, torpedo boats and destroyers, patrols and mine sweepers—a whole British fleet. And there were many Frenchmen, too, and Italians and Greeks of all kinds, to say nothing of cargo vessels, troop ships and dozens of very busy-looking tugs and launches moving laboriously or swiftly hither and thither.

The only American in sight was still the old Scorpion, but that was because Admiral Bristol had taken the Nahma and the Nohma—small converted yachts—and a destroyer or two for a cruise down the coast of Asia Minor. The Greeks were going in at Smyrna and it was desirable that our admiral should be on hand with the rest of the world's representatives for a look-see, as our Chinese friends would express it. As the only friendly enemy the Turks have, we should have been represented by a more formidable naval force perhaps. I thought we should. If there had been a mate for the Iron Duke, for instance, taking up Iron Duke space in the harbor under the Stars and Stripes it would have given the Americans present a better chance to feel that they were just as good as anybody. But we don't seem to care much for display.

I left my French destroyer and went aboard the Scorpion for breakfast and to get the news of the day. The principal news item, so far as I was concerned at the moment, was that they had been holding a room for me at the Pera Palace Hotel for four days at ten dollars a day.

"And lucky for you too!" said the captain. "There hasn't been a vacant room in Constantinople since Odessa was evacuated. But we got your wire and went up and demanded a room as a right and they turned somebody out. We thought you would be in that evening, of course, else we'd have waited. But once we got it we didn't dare give it up."

I expressed my heartfelt gratitude and tried to act as if forty dollars meant nothing to me.

"But why the grand and glorious price?" I asked. "I didn't know there were any ten-dollar rooms in the Pera Palace."

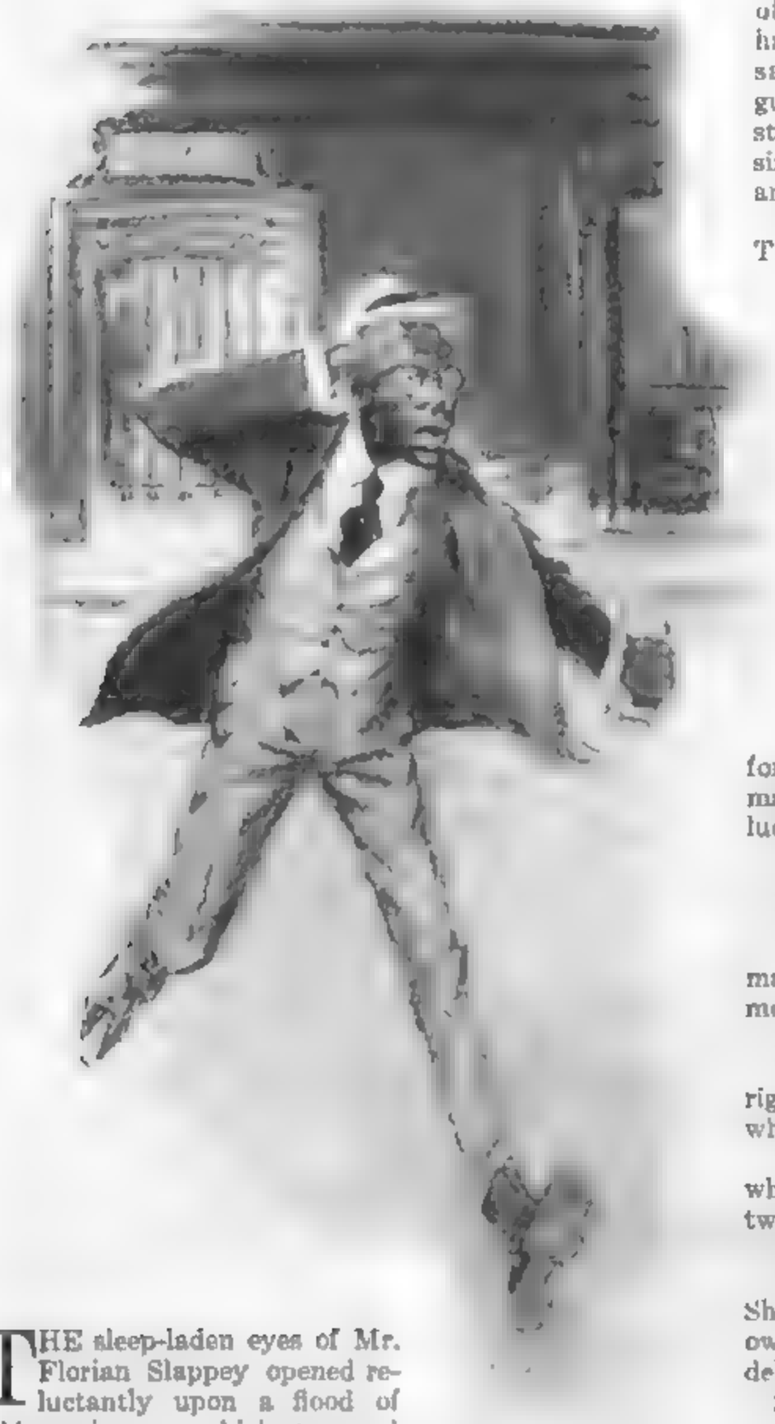
"There aren't, but that's what they make you pay. And it's nothing but a dinky little room at that. The town is full of Russians and they have run the cost of living up until it beats anything the world has ever seen. A great many of

(Continued on Page 165)

All's Swell That Ends Swell

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR



THE sleep-laden eyes of Mr. Florian Slappey opened reluctantly upon a flood of midmorning sun which streamed in through the uncurtained window and made terribly visible the worn spots of the rug which partially covered the floor. Mr. Slappey yawned, shook his head and sent forth inquiring fingers to a chair which stood by the side of his bed. They closed about a package of Turkish cigarettes and a match. Mr. Slappey lighted one of the cigarettes, inhaled luxuriously and lay back upon his pillow.

Christopher Traveled in High With the Accelerator Depressed to the Limit

But Florian was not happy—at any rate not to the point of inconvenience. His worldly assets consisted of the best wardrobe boasted by any colored man in the city of Birmingham, an overdue account for the room which he occupied, nine dollars in cash and an insistent yearning for the fleshpots.

Florian was up against a proposition. From a nebulous background a form was emerging and the form was labeled "Job." Florian was not personally opposed to work—provided it was the other fellow who was working. As for himself, he considered it beneath his dignity to labor at regular hours for someone else. Much of his social preëminence was due to the fact that he was looked upon as being a man of means, one to whom work might be a delight but certainly not a necessity. And Florian cared no more for his social prestige than a one-eyed man cares for his sole surviving optic.

The cigarette burned down to the chocolate fingers which clutched it and was flipped through the window. And then Florian sniffed. He sat up in bed and sniffed again. The odor was unmistakable—he had smelled similar smells before. He knew that it was bacon in the process of broiling. He had become poignantly aware of the fact that a rapidly depreciating cash balance had carried with it the necessity for gustatorial retrenchment. His meals of the past three days had been scanty and unnourishing. And now—he rose quickly and made a dive to swap his lavendar pajamas for a union suit.

"You is in the house with fresh broilin' bacon," he soliloquized. "I think you both needs a intraduction to each other."

He broke all records for quick dressing, despite the extra half minute which pride of place forced him to devote to the knot of his four-in-hand. Then he sauntered languidly down the steps of the rambling house and made his way with well-simulated indifference toward the kitchen, the bacon and his landlady.

Mrs. Lorelie Shoots smiled in a most friendly manner. The picture presented by Florian as he lounged consciously in the doorway was one which demanded tribute. Into the breast of Mrs. Lorelie Shoots there came afresh a surge of pride in owning Mr. Slappey as one of her three roomers.

"Mawnin', Mistuh Slappey."

"Mawnin', Missis Shoots. How you is makin' it this fine day?"

"Tol'able, thank the Lawd! An' you?"

"Oh, kind of! Where yo' husban' is at?"

"He's done been down to the barber shop sence seven-thutty. He's a workin' man, Christopher is. It's jes' a shame that a man which is got his education an' 'bility is got to be a barber."

Florian nodded sympathetically.

"Times is boun' to change, Missis Shoots. With all them swell pieces Christopher is writin' for the papers they is boun' to reckernize him as a great man some day soon. Yas'm, Missis Shoots, you sho' was lucky when Christopher puck you out to get ma'ied to."

"Wa'n't I jes'?"

Florian glanced round.

"Semore Mashby is went out too, ain't he?"

"He's been gone sence seven o'clock. He's the workines' man. But he pays his room rent—in adwance, which is mo' than some of my roomers does."

Florian affected not to notice the personal barb.

"Does you mean to infohm me," he inquired with righteous indignation, "that Spokane G. Washington, which has the room next to me, owes you fo' his rent?"

"Yeh, I does. N'r neither that ain't all. The man which has the room next to him owes me fo' two months—twen'y dollars altogether."

Florian smiled genially.

"The room nex' to him? I 'clare to goodness, Missis Shoots, you is got the jokines' way of reminding me that I owes you a triflin' sum. It takes a ginuwine lady to be delicate like'n to that."

She was pitifully insistent. It was plain that she did not wish to jangle Mr. Slappey's high-strung nerves or offend his obvious gentility.

"You is gwine pay me real soon, ain't you, Mistuh Slappey?"

He waved his hand airily.

"Co'se I is. Ain't I tol' you that befo'?"

"You is been tellin' me that fo' two months. Co'se you un'erstan's, Mistuh Slappey, that I don't noways question that you is got the money, an' I is shuah that you ain't paid it on'y 'count of the fac' that you hates to bother with such small 'mounts, but my husban' is kinder worryin' me lately—Ise consid'able skeered he's gwine fin' out ——"

"Fin' out which?"

She seated herself at the kitchen table and happened to intercept a longing glance which Florian cast upon the platter of broiled bacon and the pan of new white biscuits.

'He'p yo'se'f, Mistuh Slappey. I'll bet you ain't et no breakfas' ontil yet."

"No-o, I ain't hahdly b'lieve I has."

She rose and poured for him a cup of steaming coffee. Florian went at the meal delicately, with the air of a connoisseur.

"Hm! You is some swell cook, Missis Shoots. Now, reegahdin' yo' husban'?"

"It's thisaway," said Mrs. Shoots, immensely relieved at the prospect of unbosoming her troubles. "From the fust go-off when I wanted to rent this heah house on a yeah's least at thutty dollars a month Christopher was 'posed against it. He said we should keep the li'l house what we had on Avenue F ontil the future shaped itse'f mo' definite an' suttin.

"But I an' Christopher ain't be'n ma'ied fo' so long an' I soht of argied him out of hisse'f. I splained that I could git me th'ee roomers at ten dollars a month each which would pay the rent an' we could save up the rent which we was payin' in the other house.

"Livin' in a house like'n to what this is, Mistuh Slappey, makes us as swell as any cullud folks in town, an' then I puck my boarders careful. Fust off I got Semore Mashby, which while mebbe he's a ol' skinflint is sho' nuff the riches' cullud man in Bummin'ham. Then I got you, which is the swellest young feller in the city."

"You sho' called 'em that time, Missis Shoots."

"An' then I got Mistuh Spokane G. Washin'ton, which I thought was a respectful an' sickseful business man. An' so far fo' the two months I is been heah, Mistuh Slappey, you ain't paid me nothin' an' Mistuh Washin'ton is on'y paid fo' the fust month. Semore Mashby is the on'ies' man which has paid in full what he owes."

Florian leaned confidingly across the table and delivered himself of sage and sympathetic advice.

"Lis'en heah at what I is sayin', Missis Shoots. Don' you never let no money troubles git yo' goat. It don' take you nowhere."

"But," she wailed, "I is had to skimp on the housekeepin' to pay the rent an' I ain't even been able to make a fust paymint on the set of mahogamy fu'niture I was plannin' to git fo' mine an' Christopher's room."

Florian tchk'd commiseratingly.

"Ain't that too bad? An' all because that wuthless Spokane Washin'ton is dead-beatin' you."

"N'r neither you ain't paid me nothin', Mistuh Slappey."

"Me? Don' you worry none 'bout me payin' you. You is as suttin to git my money real soon as you is that I is got it."

"An' I is fallin' behime ev'y minute, an' Christopher knows that you an' Mistuh Washin'ton ain't paid up, an' I ain't got my mahogamy bedroom set."

"You wants that set a heap, don' you?"

"You know I does."

"An' you an' Christopher is got a joint checkin' 'count down to the Fust National Bank, ain't you?"

"Yeh."

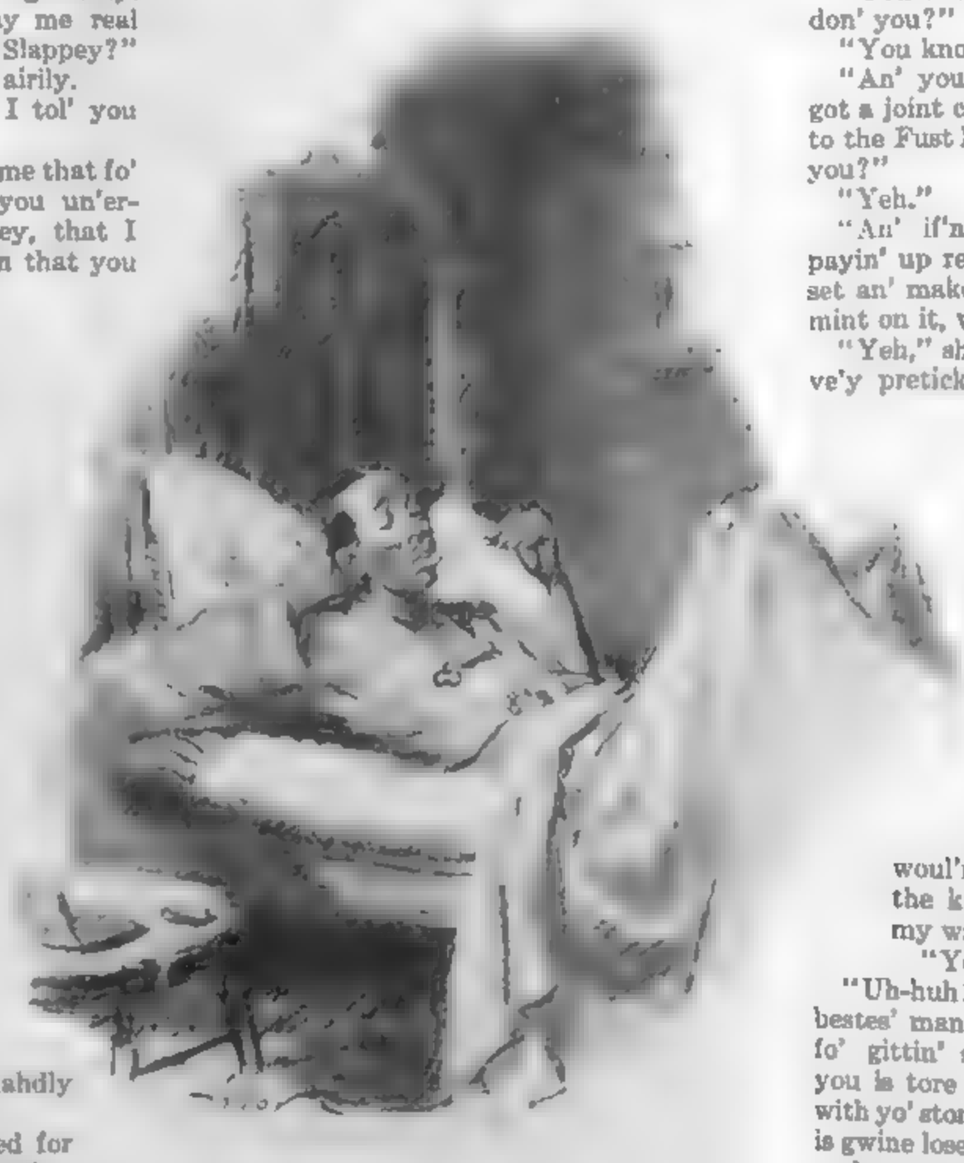
"An' if'n yo' boa'ders was payin' up regalar yo'd buy that set an' make yo' fust cash paymint on it, woul'n't you?"

"Yeh," she moaned, "an' the ve'y pretickeler set which I is done puck out is gwine be sol' ve'y soon an' promp'ly. An' if'n I was to buy it now Christopher would ast where the money come from an' then he'd learn I had gone into debt some mo' an' ——"

"Huh! Missis Shoots, he woul'n't learn nothin' of the kin' if'n you done it my way."

"Yo' way?"

"Uh-huh! You see, I is the bestes' man in this heah town fo' gittin' swell schemes, an' you is tore at my heartstrings with yo' story of how mebbe you is gwine lose the ve'y pretickeler mahogamy set which you wants, so I sigges's that you draw the fust paymint outen the bank an' buy the set. Then when you



Florian Was Up Against a Proposition. From a Nebulous Background a Form Was Emerging and the Form Was Labeled "Job"

gits it heah put it in my bedroom ontil I an' Spokane is paid up in full an' a few months in adwance. Ontil that time yo' husban' c'n think that I is bought the furniture an' when ev'ything is straightened out he c'n learn that it is yourn. An' if'n things ain't go right I is willin' to 'sume full 'sponsibility fo' the paymints on same."

Lorelie was dazzled. There was no gainsaying the fact that Florian was a mighty persuasive talker, and Lorelie was weak in pride of house. She had set her heart on that particular set and was willing to mortgage her future to know that it was positively to be hers. She hesitated.

"I c'n git that soot fo' a hund'ed an' ten dollars—ten dollars down an' five dollars a week."

"An' thutty dollars drawed outen the bank would make you all safe an' you could buy the fu'niture an' put it in my room an' not tell Christopher anythin' bouten it ontil all the deal was straightened out."

"Mn!" Lorelie rose and prepared to wash dishes. Florian was right with her.

"Lemme he'p you, Missis Shoots."

"You he'p me wash dishes?"

"Why suttinly," he came back, seeing in the future many more succulent breakfasts to be paid for by this slight manual labor. "Washin' dishes is the fondest thing I'm of."

She gave in, thrilled with the glory of being assisted in post-culinary labors by this masculine social light.

"You is the democratickest feller, Mistuh Slappey."

He donned a gingham apron over his suit of checkered gray and pitched in with a will and an eye to future reward. And as he worked he talked—and Florian was considerable talker. Somewhere in the back part of his head there had been born the very germ of an idea which promised big things for Mr. Florian Slappey, Esquire. It had come rather suddenly and he didn't know just exactly what he intended doing, but Florian had too long lived by his wits to fail in sowing seed for a crop which might be needed.

And so he extolled the glories which would come to Mr. and Mrs. Christopher P. S. Shoots by the possession of a seven-room house and a suite of mahogany furniture. He explained to her that the withdrawal of a small amount from the joint fund maintained at the bank by man and wife would merely be in the nature of a loan returnable in the immediate future when he—Florian Slappey—would pay the two months' rent already due and six months in advance, and that meanwhile the suspicions of Mr. Shoots would be lulled by the claim that the furniture belonged to Florian.

"An' anyway," reflected Mr. Slappey, "even if it don' wuk out I ain't riskin' my money, an' I is gwine sleep on ginuwine mahogamy fo' a month."

If Mrs. Shoots had fancied that she entertained a passion for the furniture in question she learned now that her previous desire was as nothing to that which Florian Slappey deliberately implanted in her breast. And Florian being by nature a man who lightly assumed liabilities and sweated his way out of them was honestly unconscious of the fact that he was sowing seeds of discord in the heretofore happy Shoots household.

And Florian was still dilating upon the prestige inevitably attendant upon the ownership of ginuwine mahogamy furniture in conjunction with a seven-room house with the advantage, as Lorelie explained: "You is got yo' bath right heah. You don' have to bring it!" when Sis Callie Flukers appeared.

Sis Callie Flukers, dressed in the very excrescence of style, skinny beyond belief, occurred upon the back porch while Florian was wiping off the erstwhile container of the broiled bacon. She tapped lightly and slipped into the kitchen, narrow-set eyes darting suspiciously from Florian to Lorelie and then back again to Florian.

For a brief instant Florian's poise deserted him. He ripped off the domestic apron, flung it into a chair and started for the door. Sis Callie Flukers' nasal voice punctured the intense silence:

"Looks like I was int'ruptin' sumthin'."

"You ain't int'rupted nothin'," flashed Florian. "I is done finished."

"You ac's right at home," commented Sis Callie.

"Why not? I rooms heah."

"In the kitchen?"

"He—he on'y jes' been he'pin' me," commented Lorelie weakly.

"Tha's it, Sis Callie—I on'y jes' been he'pin' her."

"Fo' a man which never hol's no job you is got fon' of wuk right suddint. We-e-ll, I ain't blamin' you so much. Lorelie is a pretty gal."

"Sis Callie!"

"Don' you min' her, Missis Shoots," interjected Florian hotly. "She don' do nothin' with her mouth on'y talk."

And then Florian fled. He walked downtown at top speed and came to a halt at his favorite lounging place in front of the Champion Moving Picture Theater. He leaned against a telephone post, readjusted his necktie, took notice that his trousers were wrinkleless and idly surveyed the seethe of midday traffic.

Sis Callie Flukers, Dressed in the Very Excrescence of Style, Slipped Into the Kitchen, Narrow-Set Eyes Darting Suspiciously From Florian to Lorelie

"'Lo, Brother Slappey."

Florian turned to face a tall emaciated negro who wore baggy clothes and a worried look. A smile of welcome decorated Florian's face and his hand clasped that of the other man.

"Well, well! If'n 'tain't Editor Vanguard Collins of The Weekly Sponsor! How you is, Editor Collins?"

"Tol'able fine, thank you, Brother Slappey," rumbled the other. "How you is?"

"Prosp'rous. Ve'y prosp'rous." It was not written in Florian's book that others should know of temporary financial embarrassment. "An' how The Sponsor is gittin' on, Editor Collins?"

Vanguard Collins appeared enthusiastic.

"Mos' elegant. Entirely elegant, I might say, Brother Slappey."

"Ain't thinkin' of sellin', is you?" questioned Florian indifferently for want of something better to say. And because he was indifferent he didn't notice the eyes of Vanguard Collins narrow to speculating slits.

"Why you asts that?"

Florian shrugged.

"Jes' int'rusted—tha's all."

Editor Collins pressed the point.

"Int'rusted how?"

"Dunno," laughed Florian. "Mebbe I is consid'rin' goin' into the newspaper game. It's easy an' they's lots of money in it, ain't they?"

"Yeh," retorted Vanguard with a significant nuance, which was unnoticed by Florian. "You said it."

"An' I reckon yo'd be makin' mo' money than what you is if they wa'n't no competition, woul'n't you?"

Vanguard nodded his enormous head.

"Yassuh, you reemahked a wise reemahk that time, Brother Slappey. Co'se my paper is makin' a heap of money, but I is let Brother Crispus Breech, which owns an' edits The Weekly Epoch, know that I stan's ready to pay him a thousan' dollars spot cash fo' his newspaper."

"On'y a thousan' dollars?" exclaimed Mr. Slappey. "That ain't sech a big price fo' a newspaper, is it?"

"We ain't got no mechanical 'quipment," explained the editor. "We runs our 'counts from month to month an' has the printin' done at a job plant."

"I see! I see!" said Florian vaguely. "An' you wants to buy out Editor Breech's paper fo' a thousan' dollars?"

"Uh-huh."

"Why won't he sell?"

"I an' him ain't ve'y good frien's, an' it makes him so' to know that my paper is makin' so much money it wan's to buy his'n out. His pride is ag'in sellin'. He's jes' on'y spitin' his nose to cut off his face."

"How come that?"

"'Cause his paper ain't wuth five hund'ed dollars."

"Then why," queried Florian craftily, "is you willin' to pay a thousan' fo' same?"

Editor Vanguard Collins snapped his fingers.

"A thousan' dollars is a mere baggytelle to me, Brother Slappey. An' it'd be wuth that in col' cash to have a clear fiel' an' no rival. I is tellin' you, Brother Slappey, if'n you is thinkin' of enterin' into the newspaper business don' you go foolin' with Brother Breech. His paper ain't wuth nothin', or even less'n that."

"An' you is willin' to pay a thousan' dollars?"

"Cash money." He paused, and then: "Lemme heah from you an' give you a few advices when you gits to thinkin' serious bouten the newspaper business, will you, Brother Slappey? On'y jes' cause'n I an' you is feller members of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise."

"I is gwine do that ve'y same thing, Brother Collins. You is sho'ly stahted me thinkin'."

They parted. But the languid expression which had rested on the face of Florian Slappey had also departed. He was having another thought. And to a brain constantly alert for a method by which nothing could be made into something the possibilities developed by the casual dialogue with Editor Collins were limitless.

The thing was plain as two and two. Editor Breech's Weekly Epoch was in a bad way, but it was still strong enough to injure as a piece of business property the flourishing Weekly Sponsor as owned and edited by Vanguard Collins. Editor Breech would probably accept five hundred dollars from an outsider for his decrepit journalistic venture, provided he was kept in ignorance of the fact that it was designed to become the property of his nearest and dearest enemy.

It was all good reasoning on Florian's part, considering that he was not a mind reader. Had he been able to see the workings of Editor Collins' mind he might not have thought as he did think or plan as he planned.

For contrary to his words Editor Vanguard Collins' Weekly Sponsor was in an exceeding bad way. Its bills were far overdue and its creditors insistent.

Vanguard, in common with about ninety-nine per cent of Darktown's population, was victim to the delusion that Florian Slappey was a man of exceeding affluence. Certainly he was a natural recruit to the Afro-American Fourth Estate. Vanguard had come to the belief that Florian was contemplating buying a newspaper and proceeded to press-agent The Weekly Sponsor. It never entered Vanguard's head that Florian was planning to sell him The Weekly Epoch for a thousand dollars. In fact it couldn't have entered his head that anybody was planning to sell him anything. He wasn't in the market for anything but his next meal.

And so Florian stumbled. He had taken Vanguard's hectically optimistic statements at par and in his breast had been born the desire to purchase from Editor Breech The Weekly Epoch for five hundred dollars and then sell it to Editor Collins for a thousand—a clear profit of five hundred dollars without the risk of a penny.

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The Anthology of Another Town

By E. W. HOWE

Though Apparently the Daughter of George Hart and His Wife Margaret, The Princess Was Very Superior to Her Surroundings

Sammy Hemingway

AMONG the children in the school I attended in the country when a boy were the five Hemingway boys, particular friends of mine. Their father was killed at Shiloh, and when I went to their house to stay all night and found their mother in bad humor I forgave it, as people said the death of Mr. Hemingway had ruined her disposition. Besides, she had seven children, and only one of them was a girl and she was married and lived in a distant state.

One of the Hemingway boys, Sammy, the oldest one, didn't go to school. He was simple-minded, owing to the doctor giving him strong medicine when he was a baby, it was said, so he remained at home and made boots. His father had been a bootmaker before he went away to the war, and Sammy had assisted him. When the father went away it was discovered that Sammy knew the trade, and after that he made the boots for the men and boys in the neighborhood. Most of the men and boys in our section wore rough boots made by Sammy Hemingway. When a man became a little more prosperous than the others he ordered kip boots, with red tops, and Sammy Hemingway made these too.

When I needed new boots I was sent to Mrs. Hemingway's, where Sammy measured me; when my old boots needed repairing I was also sent there, where I took off my boots and sat in the room with Sammy until the repairs were completed.

I therefore knew Sammy pretty well, but never knew his mother very well until I began going there to stay all night with her boys, two of whom were near my own age. When we arrived from school we always found Mrs. Hemingway fretful, but the boys would whisper to me that she would be all right after a while, so we kept out of her way and did the evening chores. By the time supper was ready she would usually be a little better natured, but not always; sometimes she would give us all a slap, including Sammy.

Sammy was twenty-five years old, and had black whiskers all over his face, which his mother trimmed occasionally. She also cut his hair and made his clothes. When supper was ready Mrs. Hemingway would put food on his plate, and he would eat it, but he never asked for more. Indeed, he couldn't talk very well, and it was necessary to lead him to the table, and to his room upstairs.

When there were no boots to make or shoes to mend Sammy was led to his room and locked up. When a customer came his mother went for Sammy, and he seemed to understand what was wanted; he had learned it from his father, and measured, and pegged, and sewed, until the work was done. Then he was locked up again.

But though Mrs. Hemingway was always in a bad humor when I went there to stay all night she gradually became better natured toward evening; and when all the work was done she would sit about the fire with us and tell about the people she used to know in Indiana, where she came from. By eight o'clock she was as good-natured a woman as I ever knew, and said she was glad I came, and insisted that I come often.

Sammy never paid any attention to me; when we children played in the evening he pegged away at his bootmaking without looking up. His workbench was in the main sitting room at one end of the fireplace, and we paid no more attention to Sammy than he paid to us. If he ran out of work he would go over to his mother, tug at her dress and indicate that he was ready to go to his room and be locked up. Occasionally at night when we children went upstairs to bed Mrs. Hemingway would give us the key to Sammy's room, that we might go in and see that he was all right. If he were awake we found him convulsively working his hands, as he always did when not mending or making boots; if he were asleep his right hand was always lying across his forehead, as though he had a pain there. If Sammy ever disturbed anyone it was his mother, for no one else ever took any care of him or knew much about him.

One day when I asked permission of my mother to stay all night with the Hemingway boys she refused, saying Mrs. Hemingway was poorly. After that Mrs. Hemingway's sickness became the topic of conversation for months, and I learned that her fretfulness was due to the fact that she had long been a sufferer from some serious malady. She grew gradually worse, and had no one to help her. The neighbor women took turn about calling on her every day, straightening up, but finally it became apparent that someone must remain with her all the time, which the women could ill afford as they had big families of their own.

About this time I heard that Mrs. Hemingway's married daughter in Indiana had been sent for. It was the custom when anyone went to town to bring home mail for the entire neighborhood, which was distributed by the children. After that when we met anyone coming from town we asked if Mrs. Hemingway's letter had come, for Mrs. Hemingway was growing weaker and greatly needed her daughter.

At last the long-expected letter came; father brought it from town one afternoon, and while I hurried over to her house with it the other children went to the houses of other neighbors, and told them the good news—that Mrs. Hemingway's letter had at last arrived.

When I arrived at the Hemingway house and knocked, Sammy was sitting near the door making boots, but paid no attention to me, but his mother, who was lying in a bed in the same room, told me to come in. She looked dreadfully pale and weak, and asked me to read the letter. It was full of affection, and the writer said she would start three days later. Mrs. Hemingway told me to carry the letter at once to my father, which I did, and he decided that it would be necessary for him to start for the railroad that night in order to meet her.

When I took the letter to Mrs. Hemingway's I noticed that Sammy, though he was simple-minded, seemed to realize that something was wrong with his mother. My bringing the letter excited him, and he quit his bootmaking and went over to his mother and put his hand on her forehead, and moaned like a child in pain. When he returned to his chair he swayed to and fro and forgot about his bootmaking for a time, and I was compelled to hurry out of the room, to keep from crying, it was so pitiful.

After that we watched the road for signs of the visitor, for Mrs. Hemingway was very bad off; but when the visitor did arrive, bringing two little girls with her, things seemed to go better at the Hemingways'. The daughter, whose name was Latimer, straightened things out, and made her mother more comfortable. Mrs. Latimer was one of the nicest women we had ever seen, and the manner in which she was up with her mother night and day won us all.

After Mrs. Latimer had been there a month people began to wonder how Mr. Latimer took it; there were predictions that he wouldn't like doing the milking and the cooking, and one day when Mr. Latimer arrived we thought he had come after his wife, and to make a fuss. But he hadn't; he had come to help his wife and Mrs. Hemingway. We heard of his going to town after delicacies for Mrs. Hemingway, and on returning from these trips he always brought things for the Hemingway boys too.

Soon after his arrival I was sent over to ask how Mrs. Hemingway was. She wasn't any better; in fact she was a great deal worse, and didn't know me. Even Sammy had noticed some great change, for while I was there he rose from his bench, went over to his mother's bed and tried to induce her to get up.

Mr. Latimer was in the room, and his patience and gentleness greatly attracted me; I had not been accustomed to that sort of thing. His fondness for his wife and her fondness for him also surprised me. I was sent to Mrs. Hemingway's many times after that to inquire how she was, and Mr. and Mrs. Latimer's devotion to each other was a wonderful thing; I had never before seen wives and husbands who seemed to think a great deal of each other.

One night word came to our house that Mrs. Hemingway was dead, and I went with my father to ring the bell. It was the custom in our neighborhood to toll the church bell when there was a death, one ring for each year of the deceased's age. I sat shivering in the church until my father tolled the bell fifty-seven times, and then we went home. As we walked along through the darkness, returning home from tolling the bell, my father told me that one day during Mrs. Hemingway's illness she asked that all leave the room except Mr. Latimer. When she was alone with him she asked as her dying request that he be good to Sammy. And Mr. Latimer promised, and my father seemed much moved by the incident, and I think all the people in the neighborhood were. The gentleness and kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Latimer did us all good.

The day after the funeral Mr. Latimer announced that he intended taking the family back to his home in Indiana. Mrs. Hemingway had requested it, and he thought it was as little as he could do; so on the fourth morning after the death they started, Sammy sitting on his shoemaker's bench and the boys climbing all over the wagon.

And then, after saying good-by, about the only good husband ever known in our neighborhood drove away.

Joe Stevens

WE HAVEN'T a daily paper in our town, but really don't greatly miss one, owing to Mr. Stevens, the milkman. In summer he delivers morning and evening,

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STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

Tombstone—By Frederick R. Bechdolt

DECORATION BY JAMES H. PRESTON

JUST about forty years ago a raw young mining camp down in Southeastern Arizona was preparing to assume the functions of a duly organized municipality, and its population—at that period nearly everyone in the place was a male of voting age—was considering the important question of a name.

The camp stood out against the sky line at the crest of a ridge in the foothills of the Mule Mountains not far from the Mexican boundary. For the most part it consisted of tents, but there were a few adobe buildings and some marvelous creations from goods boxes and tin cans. Facing one end of its single brief street you looked out upon a dump of high-grade silver ore, and if you turned the other way you surveyed a sprouting little graveyard hard by a large corral. From almost any point you had a good view of the Dragoon Mountains across a wide stretch of mesquite-covered lowlands, and at almost any hour of the day you were apt to see the smoke of at least one Apache signal fire rising from those frowning granite ramparts.

The men in the camp were nearly all of them old-timers in the West—miners from the Comstock lode whose boom was then on the wane, teamsters who had been freighting all over the blazing deserts of the Southwest, investors and merchants from Tucson, buffalo hunters from Western Kansas and Colorado, gamblers from Dodge, El Paso and Santa Fe, Indian fighters, cattle rustlers, professional claim jumpers and some gentle-voiced desperadoes of the real breed, equally willing to slay from behind or take a long chance in front according to the way the play came up. Few of these men wore coats; a great many of them carried single-action revolvers in holsters beside the thigh; the old-fashioned cattleman's boot was the predominant footgear; and, excepting among the faro dealers, there was a pretty general carelessness in sartorial matters. Nicknames were even more common than surnames and it was dangerously bad form to ask a man about his antecedents until he had volunteered some information on that point.

In such a crowd it is easy to see there would be many ideas on any given subject, and the question of the new town's name had evoked a multitude of suggestions. Amusements were still few; the purveyors of hectic pleasure had thus far succeeded in bringing only one piano and a half dozen dance-hall girls—all decidedly the worse for wear—into the camp; and even faro or whisky has its limitations as a steady means of relaxation, so it came about that any advocate could usually find an audience to hearken to his arguments for his pet selection.

At intervals when they were not toiling at assessment work in the shafts, which pocked the hillsides, or dodging Apaches in the outlying country, the citizens found diversion in discussing the ideas thus submitted. And the merits of these propositions were debated by groups in the brief street, by players seated before the tables in the gambling halls, by members of the never-absent lines before the bars and by dust-mantled travelers within the Concord stages which came tossing over the weary road from Tucson.

Gradually public opinion began to crystallize. One name was spoken more often as the days went by until it became evident that the great majority favored it, and it was chosen.

They called the town Tombstone and placed one more tradition on the Western map.

The old-timers always showed a pretty fine sense of the fitness of things when they christened a river, mountain range or town. If one were to devote his time to studying the map of our country west of the Mississippi and resuscitating the dying traditions whose titles are printed thereupon he could produce a large volume of marvelous stories. But the entire compilation would contain nothing more characteristic of the days when men carried rifles to protect their lives than the story of that name—Tombstone.

It deals with a period when Southeastern Arizona was Apacheland. Geronimo, Victorio and Nachez were constantly leading their naked warriors into the mountain ranges, which rise from those mesquite-covered plains, to lurk among the rocks watching the lower country for travelers, and when these came to descend upon them for the sake of loot and the love of murder. A few bold cattlemen like John Slaughter had established ranches in this region. These held their homes by constant vigilance and force of arms. Escorts of soldiers frequently guarded the stages on their way to and from Tucson, and there was hardly a month in the year when driver, guard and passengers did not make a running fight of it somewhere along this portion of the route.

Such were conditions during the summer of 1877, when the tale begins, in the dry wash which comes down from the Tombstone hills into the valley of the San Pedro, near where the hamlet of Fairbank stands to-day.

Fragments of horn silver lay scattered among the cactus and dagger plants in the bed of the dry wash. There was a point where the stony slope above the bank was strewn with them. A little farther up an outcropping of high-grade ore showed plainly in the hard white sunshine. The flank of the hill was leaking precious metal like a rotting treasure chest.

A solitary Apache stood on a mesa ten miles away. He had cut a fresh trail down in the valley at dawn and had dogged it, reading every minute sign—a displaced rock, a broken twig, a smudge of disturbed earth—until he had the fullness of its meaning: two prospectors leading a pack mule, both men armed and keeping sharp lookout against attack. Then he had climbed to this remote vantage point and caught sight of them as they turned from the river bottom up the wash. They were traveling straight toward that outcropping.

The Apache stood at the edge of the mesa facing the newly risen sun, a savage vision in a savage land. His narrow turban, shred of loin cloth and knee-high moccasins merely accentuated his nakedness. They held no more suggestion of clothing than his mass of rusty-black hair and the ugly smear of paint across his cheeks. A tiny

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THE WATER'S FINE

"But You're Goin' to Be Miss Lolita Somebody. I'm Goin' to Drop You Right Into the Direct Center of the Front Page of Every Paper in the U. S. A."

By John Peter Toohey

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

JIMMY MARTIN'S heart persisted in acting like the well-known eyes of the young lady in the song. He just couldn't make it behave. Up to the third week of his summer season as press agent at Jollyland, the big summer amusement park near New York, it had always been a fairly well-mannered and dependable organ, which performed its physiological functions with becoming regularity and which was not accustomed to respond to any external stimuli with anything beyond an occasional slight flutter. To be sure it had acted up a little three years back in connection with a certain dark-eyed beauty who presided over the destinies of the cigar counter up in the Grand Hotel in New Haven, but that had been only a slight attack and it had resumed the even tenor of its ways after a brief interval and had been unobtrusively going through its routine activities ever since.

A most prepossessing young person whose parents had inflicted upon her the name of Miss Lolita Murphy was directly responsible for the alarming symptoms already hinted at. From the precise moment that Lolita came within his ken Jimmy ceased to be a rational being in full control of his faculties; and his heart, in sympathetic accord with the agitated condition of its owner, began to put on an antic disposition and indulged in curious palpitations of a most annoying nature on the slightest pretext. The usual provocation at first was the sight of Lolita herself, but after a day or two even the thought of her produced a cardiac rataplan that would have done credit to the trap drummer of a jazz band.

Lolita, it may be mentioned in passing, lived up to all the implications of the somewhat picturesque cognomen given her by McClintock, the park manager, when Jimmy first pointed her out to his superior.

"She sure is Miss Lulu Looker," McClintock had remarked emphatically.

Lolita was all of that and a little more. Jimmy was not a poet, and he was therefore unable properly to voice the feelings he had about her beauty. Had he been one he might have justly said that her cheeks seemed to have been kissed by the rosy flush of dawn; that in her sable eyes there lurked the eternal mystery of night beneath tropic skies; that her dark hair was as fragrant as the spices of Araby and that her lithe figure had all the gracile curves of a bounding antelope. As it was, he contented himself with the frequent repetition of the decidedly unpoetic expression "some gal," but this represented to him all the ideas noted above and a liberal assortment of others equally glamorous.

Lolita hailed from a small city in Iowa, and ever since the memorable occasion when Maude Adams played Peter Pan in that city for one night only she had cherished a great and overwhelming ambition. Her father ran the drug store next door to the opera house and was a great crony of the manager's. A number of boys and girls were picked up in each town to play the children in the Never Never Land scene and Lolita's fond parent had inveigled the manager into selecting her as one of the group. It was a step that father was to regret vainly for many years, but on the night of her début he was blissfully unconscious of the possibility of any bitter repining in the future and enjoyed the proceedings almost as much as Lolita did.

From that time on Lolita felt the call of the footlights and became convinced that, given the proper opportunities for the externalization of the emotional feelings that lay dormant within her, she was destined to become an international celebrity and the queen regnant of the English-speaking stage. Chauncey Olcott came to town a few weeks later and she persuaded father to work her in as one of the youngsters to whom he sang a lullaby in a high tenor voice down in the "glen," which is always the setting for the third act of an Irish play.

After that there was no holding her. She became a student at Miss Amanda Holliday's School of Dramatic Expression, which occupied three rooms on the second floor of the Turner Block on Main Street, and she participated in the semiannual entertainments given by the budding geniuses who were under the tutelage of that small-town preceptress of the arts. Versatility was her middle name. At one time she would play Ophelia in the mad scene from Hamlet, and appear later on the program in a Spanish dance with castanets, a lace mantilla and all the other necessary properties. Six months later she would combine the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet with an imitation of an imitation of Eddie Foy she had heard given by a monologue artist at the Orpheum Theater.

At the age of nineteen she was the town wonder. The dramatic editor of the Democrat-Chronicle predicted that within a short time "this talented daughter of our esteemed fellow townsman, Henry P. Murphy, seems destined to occupy one of the stellar places in the front ranks of the worth-while artists of our fair country."

Lolita moved on to New York armed with a letter of commendation from Miss Amanda Holliday setting forth that she was "worthy of consideration for any rôle no matter what its importance" and urging theatrical managers "not to neglect this opportunity of obtaining the services of one who is a mistress of the mimetic art in all of its manifold manifestations." She also carried a full set of clippings from the Democrat-Chronicle, one half of her male parent's attenuated account in the First National Bank and an overabundant supply of cheery optimism.

The metropolitan managers' office boys were decidedly cold to the advances of this gifted daughter of the Middle West. They treated her with that air of careless indifference so characteristic of their profession. With one accord all the big and little producers decided to take a big chance and neglect the opportunity which Fate was offering them. They were unmoved by the clippings from the Democrat-Chronicle with which Lolita bombarded them through the mails, and they were callous to the eulogistic outpourings of Miss Amanda Holliday, copies of which accompanied each written request for an interview. Lolita's cash reserve grew perilously low and disaster threatened. Then on a morning when disillusionment and despair moved in and took lodgings in her soul she saw an advertisement in a newspaper which was like a life buoy tossed to a drowning man.

"Ambitious Young Women Wanted for Stage Work," it read. "Opportunity Afforded Ambitious Amateurs to Perfect Themselves in Dramatic Technic—Apply Immediately at Manager's Office, Jollyland."

Lolita, filled with high hopes, took a trolley to the great playground by the sea. There Destiny handed her one of those cold douches that are sometimes held in reserve for those whose ambitions o'erleap themselves. The dramatic opportunity promised in the advertisement proved to be what might be vulgarly termed a job.

A great free open-air spectacle was in process of preparation at Jollyland under the supervision of a famous moving-picture director who specialized in that form of animated art technically known as serials. He had personally conducted a gazelle-eyed cinema celebrity known as June Delight through four fifteen-reel affairs of this sort, in which she had been threatened with mayhem, aggravated assault and battery, felonious wounding, and total and complete annihilation at the hands of numerous bands of cutthroats, bandits, thieves and white slavers. In the course of these proceedings she had performed every breath-catching feat that the festive imagination of the director had been capable of conjuring up, and had succeeded by a miracle in keeping out of both the hospital and the obituary columns of the daily press.

Now it was proposed to let the public have a close-up view of this death-defying marvel in the flesh in the act of performing one of her most famous exploits "before your very eyes and for your attention," as the circus announcer would put it. To permit of this the director had evolved something which he called a dramatic spectacle and had persuaded the management of Jollyland to arrange for its production in a huge, specially constructed open-air auditorium as a special added attraction intended to put a final quietus on the presumptuous efforts of a rival group of showmen who were endeavoring to rouse interest in a new park just opened that summer.

Lolita found herself in a long line of applicants, many of whom were pathetically peaked and undernourished looking, and when her turn came to meet the director she made up her mind to pocket her pride and accept whatever fate offered rather than run the risk of finding herself in like straits. Ambition still fired her soul and she was determined not to return to the little old home town until she

could enter it in something at least closely akin to a spirit of triumph. To be sure the opportunity offered her was not particularly roseate. It did not hold forth much promise of either pecuniary reward or even of passing fame, but it meant that Lolita would not have to telegraph home for funds and there was a faint glimmer of hope in a remark made by the director.

"You can mingle in the front ranks of the crowd," he said. "We'll pay you eighteen a week. There'll be only two shows a day." Then he had looked at her critically. "You're almost a ringer for Miss Delight," he concluded. "Maybe if you're a good little girl I might take a notion to try you out as understudy."

So Lolita Murphy, the pride of her home city, became a small and almost infinitesimal part of the great outdoor spectacle entitled Secret Service Sally, which was the big sensation of the Jollyland season.

In the rôle of an agent of the United States Secret Service the charming and fascinating June Delight was swept through a series of thrilling adventures set against spectacular backgrounds depicting scenes in Berlin, Tokio, Rio de Janeiro and other world capitals, and as a culminating feature she was pursued to the roof of a building in London by a howling mob which suspected her of being a spy in the employ of the Central Powers. She was saved from its hands, in the proverbial nick of time, by her fiancé, dashing Lieut. Thurston Turner, commander of the United States Dirigible N-24, who happened to be cruising about the neighborhood at the moment and who effected a rescue by circling his ship round the roof and deftly lifting the young woman into the shelter of the gondola which hung from the great gas balloon just as she was about to be beaten to death by the crowd.

Inasmuch as the spectacle was given in the open air it was possible to use for the purposes of this scene a real dirigible, which was manned by a crew commanded by one Bobby Wilkins, a personable young gentleman from Chicago who had come back from France with a major's commission, a reputation for dare-devilry as an aviator surpassed by no other ace in the American service, and a collection of a half dozen assorted war medals bestowed by three grateful nations. Bobby had left a snug berth as assistant to the president of a big varnish company to go into the Army, the said president being a somewhat indulgent parent who had sanguine expectations concerning his son's commercial and industrial future and who was even now sending him daily wires to the Ritz-Carlton urging him to "cut the cabarets and get down to a solid rock foundation."

Father labored under the delusion that Bobby was simply vacationing in New York. Had he had an inkling of just what his son was doing he would have—to use the young major's own expression—"tried for a new altitude record himself." He couldn't be expected to know that dictating fool business letters and checking up the new efficiency expert's monthly report of economies effected at the Dayton plant wouldn't exactly appeal any more to an adventuresome young man who had been skyhooting through the upper reaches of the atmosphere for nearly two years and dodging German machine-gun bullets.

Bobby had overheard the general who commanded the aviation camp at which he was demobilized remarking about a request made by the moving-picture director that he recommend some aviator for the task of piloting the dirigible which was to play such an important rôle in the spectacle, and he had offered himself for the sacrifice just as a lark. He found the experience rare sport and until something giving greater promise of adventure appeared in the offing he was determined to go on with it. Twice a day he reached down and plucked up the beautiful Miss Delight as lightly as if she were a fragile doll while the assembled thousands, on the qui vive with excitement, burst into rapturous applause. In order to insure the peace of mind of Robert Wilkins, Sr., Jimmy Martin had consented · · rather reluctantly, it must be admitted—to respect the wishes of the impersonator of Lieut. Thurston Turner, U. S. N., who had expressed a desire to remain incognito. Otherwise the consequences might have been lurid.

Jimmy itched to give out a story concerning the social and business connections of the young soldier, but he had given his word and, being an ex-newspaper man, that was sacred. He temporarily forgot about Bobby and devoted his spare moments to figuring out ways and means for the sensational exploitation of Lolita Murphy, to whose charms, as previously recorded, he had become a shackled slave from the moment he first glimpsed her at rehearsal.

Lolita, it may be mentioned in passing, was a trifle discouraged at the comparatively slight opportunities for uplifting and otherwise ennobling the American stage offered by her participation in Secret Service Sally. Her name wasn't even mentioned on the program. She figured under an impersonal heading at the bottom, together with a couple of hundred other young women who were listed as "Berlin citizens, Japanese geisha girls, South Americans, Londoners, etc., etc."

It needed all the soaring optimism of Jimmy to keep her from slipping into a nervous decline. The press agent had obtained an introduction through the stage director, and his sympathetic interest in her temporarily sidetracked ambitions had won him her esteem and high regard from the beginning. Jimmy was a rapid worker and within three days from the time of their first meeting he had vowed his ardent and palpitating devotion, and though Lolita had not completely committed herself to a reciprocal affirmation she had succeeded, nevertheless, by devious and subtle devices not unknown to her sex, in conveying the distinct impression that the star of hope was visible in the eastern sky.

There came a night when Lolita's disappointment was past all bearing and when she sobbed out on Jimmy's shoulders a bitter protest against the fate that had driven her into believing that she was destined to be a great actress. They were sitting on the beach in the moonlight after the show, and off in the murky distance the great Sandy Hook light was blinking like some monster firefly.

"Jimmy," she said half chokingly, "I just don't belong. I wish I was back in Iowa."

"Gosh, that's an awful wish, girlie," responded the press agent with a foolish attempt at a pleasantry which he instantly regretted. Lolita drew away from him quickly and flared up

"Iowa's all right," she retorted. "It's better than this lonesome place." She lapsed almost immediately into a wistful mood. "It's just ten o'clock there now and the movies are letting out and there's a crowd in dad's store and the fellows are treating the girls to sundaes or just plain ice cream and dad is fussing round and yelling to poor Porky Brooks to get a move on and keep the orders filled, and like as not he's helping out himself. I want to go back, Jimmy; I want to go back."

Jimmy touched her gently on the hand and then squeezed it softly.

"Listen, girlie," he said comfortingly. "I know just how you feel—the cards ain't runnin' right and you want to quit the game, but I'm goin' to cut in with a clean deck and start a new deal. I'm goin' to fix things so that when you do go back for a visit to the little old home town and the old folks the Peerless Silver Cornet Band is goin' to be down at the station, and the Mayor is goin' to speak a few well-chosen words of welcome in the presence of a cheering crowd of friends and well-wishers. Leave it to me."

Lolita laughed a little in spite of her mood.

"You're a great little jollier, Jimmy," she said, "and I'd like to believe you, but somehow I can't. I'm a nobody, a small-town nobody."

"But you're goin' to be a little Miss Lolita Somebody of the well-known world," he responded cheerily, "before I get through with you. I'm goin' to drop you right into the direct center of the front page of every paper in the U. S. A. from the New York Gazette

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Lolita Was Getting Ready for the Performance of Secret Service Sally and Making a Brave Effort to Control Herself

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

IN BRINGING these desultory—perhaps too fragmentary—recollections to a close the writer may not be denied his final word. This shall neither be self-confident nor overstated; the rather a confession of faith somewhat in rejection of political and religious pragmatism. In both his experience has been ample if not exhaustive.

I was born in the Presbyterian Church, baptized in the Roman Catholic Church, educated in the Church of England in America and married into the Church of the Disciples. The Roman Catholic baptism happened in this way: It was my second summer; my parents were sojourning in the household of a devout Catholic family; my nurse was a fond, affectionate Irish Catholic; the little life was almost despaired of, so one sunny day, to rescue me from that form of theologic controversy known as infant damnation, the baby carriage was trundled round the corner to Saint Matthew's Church—it was in the national capital—and the baby brow was touched with holy water out of a font blessed of the Virgin Mary. Surely I have never felt or have been the worse for it.

Whilst I was yet too young to understand I witnessed an old-fashioned baptism of the countryside. A person who had borne a very bad character in the neighborhood was being immersed. Someone, more humorous than reverent, standing near me, said as the man came to the surface, "There go his sins, men and brethren, there go his sins"; and having but poor eyes I thought I saw them passing down the stream never to trouble him, or anybody, more. I can see them still floating, floating down the stream, out and away from the sight of men. Does this make me a Baptist, I wonder?

I fear not, I fear not; because I am unable to rid myself of the impression that there are many roads leading to heaven and I have never believed in what is called close communion. I have not hated and am unable to hate any man because either in political or in religious opinion he differs from me and insists upon voting his party ticket and worshiping his Creator according to his conscience.

I suppose I must have been born an insurrecto. Pursuing the story of the Dark Ages when men were burnt at the stake for the heresy of refusing to bow to the will of the majority, it is not the voice of the Protestant or the Catholic that issues from the flames and reaches my heart, but the cry of suffering man, my brother. To me a saint is a saint whether he wears wooden shoes or goes barefoot, whether he gets his baptism silently out of a font of consecrated water or comes dripping from the depth of the nearest brook, shouting "Hallelujah!" From my boyhood the persecution of man for opinion's sake—and no matter for what opinion's sake—has roused within me the only devil I have ever personally known.

My reading has embraced not a few works which seek or which affect to deal with the mystery of life and death. Each and every one of them leaves a mystery still. For all their learning and research—their positivity and contradiction—none of the writers know more than I think I know myself, and all that I think I know myself may be abridged to the simple rescript, I know nothing. The wisest of us reck not whence we came or whither we go; the human mind, unable to conceive the eternal in either direction; the soul of man inscrutable even to himself.

The Night has a thousand eyes,
And the Day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

Mrs. Henry Watterson

All that there is to religion, therefore, is faith; not much more in politics. We are variously told that the church is losing its hold upon men. If it be true it is either that it gives itself over to theology—the pride of opinion—or yields itself to the celebration of the mammon of unrighteousness.

I do not believe that it is true. Never in the history of the world was Jesus of Nazareth so interesting and predominant. Between Buddha, teaching the blessing of eternal sleep, and Christ, teaching the blessing of eternal life, mankind has been long divided; but slowly, surely the influence of the Christ has overtaken that of the Buddha until that portion of the world which has advanced most by process of evolution from the primal state of man now worships at the shrine of Christ and him risen from the dead, not at the sign of Buddha and total oblivion.

II

THE blessed birthright from God, the glory of heaven, the teaching and example of the Prince of Peace, have been engulfed beneath oceans of ignorance and superstition through two thousand years of embittered controversy. During the Dark Ages coming down even to our own time the very light of truth was shut out from the eyes and hearts and minds of men.

Partyism—churchism—will ever stick to its fetish. Too many churches—or shall I say, church fabrics—breeding controversy where there should be agreement, each sect and subdivision fighting phantoms of its fancy.

In the city that once proclaimed itself eternal there is war between the Quirinal and the Vatican, the government of Italy and the papal hierarchy. In France the government of the republic and the Church of Rome are at daggers drawn. Before the world war England and Germany—each claiming to be Protestant were looking on askance, irresolute, not as to which side might be right and which wrong, but "on which side is my bread to be buttered?"

In America, where it was said by the witty Frenchmen we have fifty religions and only one soup, there are people who think we should begin to organize to stop the threatened coming of the Pope, and such like!

"O Liberty," cried Madame Roland, "how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

"O Churchism," may I not say, "how much nonsense is trolled off in thy name!"

I would think twice before trusting the wisest and best of men with absolute power; but I would trust never any body of men—never any Sanhedrin, consistory, church congress or party convention—with absolute power. Honest men are often led to do or to assent, in association, to what they would disdain upon their conscience and responsibility as individuals. En masse extremism always prevails, and extremism is generally wrong; it is the more wrong and the more dangerous because it is rarely wanting for plausible sophistries, furnishing congenial and convincing argument to the mind of the unthinking for whatever it has to propose.

III

TOO many churches and too much partyism! It is love—love through grace of God—truth where we can find it—which shall irradiate the life that is. If when we have prepared ourselves for the life to come love be wanting nothing else is much worth while. Not alone the love of man for woman, but the love of woman for woman and of man for man; the divine fraternity taught us by the Sermon on the Mount; the religion of giving, not of getting; of whole-hearted giving; of joy in the love and the joy of others.

Who giveth himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and Me.

For myself I can truthfully subscribe to the formula: "I believe in God the Father Almighty; Maker of heaven and earth. And in Jesus Christ, his only-begotten Son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

That is my faith. It is my religion. It was my cradle song. It may not be, dear ones of contrariwise beliefs, your cradle song or your belief or your religion. What boots it? Can you discover another in word and deed, in luminous, far-reaching power of speech and example, to walk by the side of this the Christ of my belief who yet was a Jew?

I would not inveigh against either the church or its ministry; I would not stigmatize temporal preaching; I would have ministers of religion as free to discuss the things of this world as the statesmen and the journalists; but with this difference: That the objective point with them shall be

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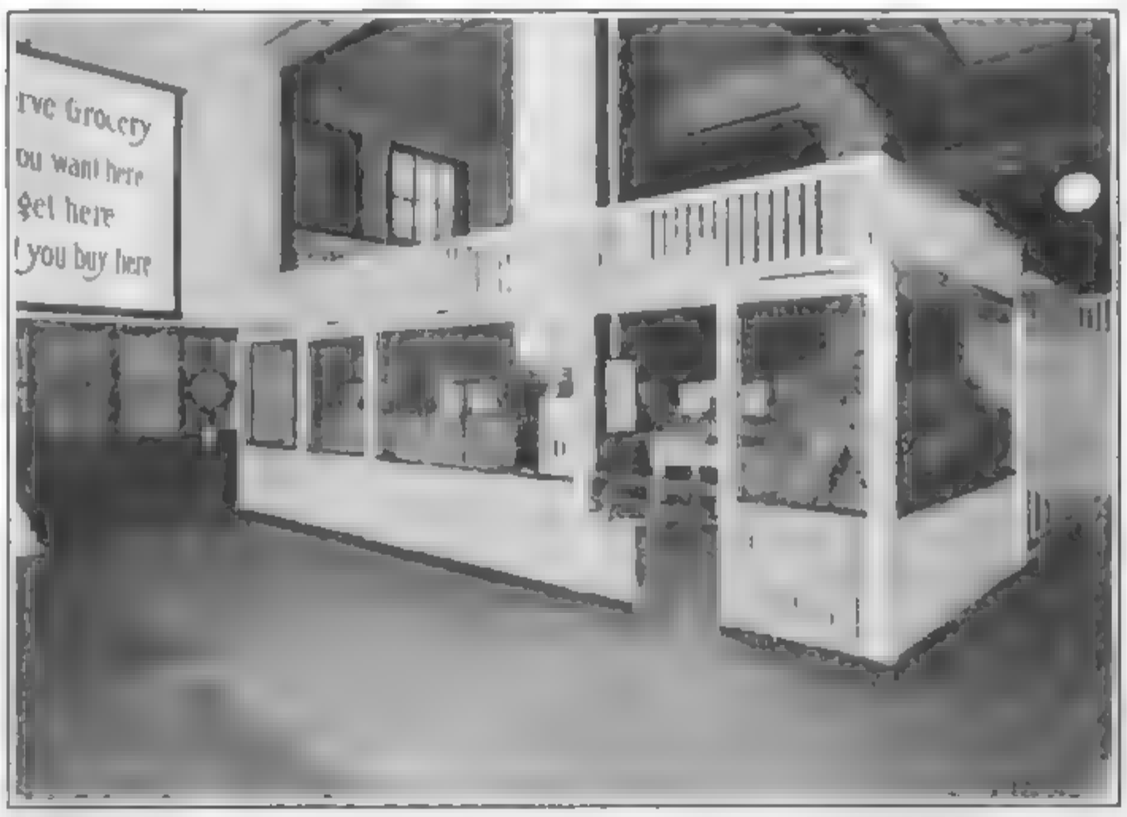
Self-Serve Knocks the H Out of H. C. L.—By Mary R. Reynolds

OLETHA is a Middle West county seat. A stranger would find difficulty in distinguishing it from a thousand other such towns that enshrine courthouses on their bosoms, in Indiana, Illinois and Michigan. According to the last census it numbers 2142 men, women and children within its city limits. It is located in the center of a rich farming country and has a large rural trade that Saturday nights parks Main Street solid with its machines.

Main Street, five blocks in length, is asphalted, and that stretch of smooth pavement is the pride of every loyal son and daughter of Oletha. The schoolhouse, eight churches of assorted kinds in a community that could adequately support two, a movie theater, and the courthouse in a weedy square surrounded by hitching posts well carved by the teeth of dead and gone dobbins, constitute Oletha's public buildings.

On Main Street of this town of a little more than two thousand inhabitants, in the spring of 1918, were to be found three drug stores, dispensing ice-cream sodas to the well and medicine to the sick; four dry-goods emporiums; two hardware shops and seven grocery stores. Besides the seven regular groceries Mike Kapulas sold fruit and some vegetables, Houser's bakery sold factory-baked as well as fresh goods, and there was a mill from which many, especially the farm people, bought their flour.

How could seven groceries make money in a town of two thousand, even one like Oletha, which had a good country trade? The answer is that they could not, and those in question changed hands with great regularity.



Entrance to Self-Serve Grocery

Losing Ventures Easy to Sell

ONE grocer and one only was to be found there in 1918 who had been selling sugar and spice and everything nice as far back as 1908. Oletha had always had six to eight groceries during that decade, but with the one exception the turnover in their owners had been rapid.

The strange thing was, however, that every time a grocer decided he couldn't keep his head above water much longer and that the only thing to do was to sell out, he always found someone ready to buy the good will, lease and few staples the wholesaler had been willing to extend credit for when he saw how things were going. Apparently the world is full of those who think selling groceries is an easy and lucrative job, requiring only sufficient ability to make change. In spite of its record a grocery store is seldom long on the market.

In a town of Oletha's size the retired-farmer class is the one that furnishes the majority of its embryo grocers. The farmer who has rented his place and moved into the nearest town after a few months grows tired of doing nothing and is lonesome. He has a little money to invest, and in a grocery store he figures out he would have work to fill his days and the opportunity of meeting his old friends, so it doesn't need much of an argument to induce him to buy a defunct grocery.

MacGregor, who ran the one prosperous and paying grocery in the town, was a Scotsman who had worked up from the bottom. He possessed, besides long practical experience, natural business acumen. The cream of Oletha's trade was his. The skim milk went to his six competitors.

The wives of the prosperous business and professional men of the town patronized MacGregor, as did also the more prosperous farmers. His prices were a shade higher than those quoted in the other stores, but his goods were reliable and his store was neater and more attractively arranged than were those of his competitors. He gave credit, but was too wise a business man and too canny a Scot to extend it long to any about whose ability to pay there was any doubt. He gave delivery service, as did the other six, the only difference being that he numbered among his customers practically everyone in Oletha who really needed the service or could afford to pay for it in groceries priced high enough to cover its cost. Unless it was a bag of flour or some other heavy commodity the rest of the town were rather glad of an excuse to go over on Main Street and to carry home the wherewithals for the next meal.

Three of Oletha's groceries still delivered with a horse and wagon. The others used flivver runabouts with trailers for delivery work. Not one of the seven knew whether his delivery outfit was an asset or a liability. They just took it for granted that a grocery store couldn't run without one.

In the spring of 1918, Jones, one of the seven, unable to obtain more credit or to collect his outstanding bills, sold out and found himself after four years of hard work, long hours and much anxiety, six thousand dollars poorer than when he tried to break into the grocery game.

Jones' failure, like every previous local-grocery failure, caused the rest, excepting MacGregor, to shiver in their shoes and to speculate on how long it would be before they followed suit. Four shivered at the handwriting on the wall and did nothing to head off the inevitable. The other, a shrewd New Englander named Stephen Todd, shivered, but while shaking decided that if there was any way out of his present predicament he was going to find it before it was too late. During the past year his store had just made expenses, minus pay for his own time and work. Money sufficient for him and his family to live on had had to come out of his fast-dwindling account at the savings bank. Six months at the outside would find him broke.

Todd Takes a Chance

TODD had been a railroad engineer for many years. After a prolonged nervous breakdown he had been ordered by his doctor to get into something less nerve-racking than running an express-train engine unless he wished to repeat the performance. While convalescing up in the country he had heard of a grocery store which was for sale in Oletha, the nearest town. The one thing he really wanted to do was to get into his greasy overalls and run an engine. Barred from that, keeping a grocery looked as good as anything else to him. Then, too, it required no experience. Two years had changed his mind regarding that particular bid which the grocery-store business had made for his favor. It seemed to need a blamed lot of experience to make a go of it.

His stock was lower than when he had started out, his delivery car might be tinkered up so it would go another year, but no more, and unless he could make larger monthly payments to the wholesaler than he had found it possible to do in the past, autumn would find him with his supply cut off.

Jones' failure depressed him and that night to an old friend from his home city he confessed that the grocery business wasn't all that his rosy fancy had pictured it. Though he hated to admit that he had failed in anything he had undertaken, Todd, feeling the need

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Practically All Staples are Sold in Bulk and are Classified in Sections

THE GOLDEN NAME

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

YOUNG CHRIS VANDALAER was a boy of high spirits—handsome, impatient and self-willed. He had been in the great war, and had seen life and death and strange lands. But now he was back again exactly where he started—back in the deep country, where men came up and lived and died, like corn, in the same field where they took root; and days were long and empty; and nights with no lights outdoors but the stars and, in summer, the fireflies. And he would often say that he would give his soul and body to get out and away to some city.

Some nights, in fact, when he grew desperate, he would almost decide that he would make a break, take a chance and show himself at the great offices of his powerful namesake—the great Christian Vandalaer—in New York. For it was a singular fact, and one he could never quite forget, that he, so far as he could learn, was the only other bearer of that feared and famous and unusual name, in the entire world. However, he never ventured—being in the first place too proud to do so, and in the next knowing in advance how useless it would be. For the great Vandalaer, as is not entirely unknown, is in general a man of dominant, driving and almost savage humor; and in particular his relations with the other branches of the family would make an identity of name much more certainly a matter of offense than of liking. So the visit to his great offices was never made by his young kinsman; nor was there any advantage from his great name to come to the latter in any way that he ever could have dreamed.

She Called Him That Most Terrible of All Names in the Great City

Young Vandalaer was turning away one evening from the dim-lighted post office after the coming of the evening train, and was going home, discouraged, without mail. The only sound was the inspired monotony of the whippoorwills in the dark wall of woods; the only street lights the fireflies sliding down the pale mauve road. He had gone some little way when he marked the sounds of footsteps hurrying behind him, and turned to hear a stranger calling out his name.

"Mr. Vandalaer! Oh, Mr. Vandalaer!" cried the strange voice in the twilight.

"What?" he called back.

"One minute, please!" the stranger called; and in less than that much time was beside him.

"How are you?" he said, and shook hands with him in a spirited way.

He was a dark man, with a rather foreign voice, and a smile very white in the dusk. And after some brief explanation he stated that he desired to talk business with young Vandalaer; and then sat down by the roadside with him and offered him a long and fragrant cigar.

"My name," he said, "is Poco—David Poco. I am of foreign descent—my parents coming to this country when I was a boy. Yet in spite of this I have prospered and done well. When I was no bigger than nothing I went into a Broad Street brokerage house and worked up till, in the last two years, I have been in business for myself. And I've made a big thing out of it—done a business as big as anybody there, if I do say so!

"What's that?" he broke off with a start, and almost an oath—and a sudden apprehensive look close behind him.

"Just a whippoorwill," said young Chris Vandalaer; "go on."

"Oh! A bird, huh?" said the stranger. "It sounds more like a murderer." And he puffed twice nervously at his cigar, and went along.

"I got another man—a friend of mine," he said, "only older, who's come along about the same as me. Built up a big brokerage business, with plenty of profit in it." He named the motor car that he owned—all nickel-plated from radiator to gas tank. "Money's no object," he explained, "to him to-day. His name is Grabstein—Abram Grabstein."

And young Chris Vandalaer made mental note of this.

"But just the same we ain't satisfied, neither one of us. We got to go on—that's us both! And so to-day we are going in together into a new business, bigger yet, that'll make us one of the biggest on Broad Street, without exception."

"I get you," said young Chris Vandalaer, carefully husbanding and drinking in the fragrance of his long cigar; watching him, and wondering meanwhile why he was there telling to him his personal fortunes on that country road.

"We got everything," the black stranger went on telling him. "We got money, we got political pull, we got the greatest stocks to sell in this whole country. All we want to-day is just one thing!"

"What's that?" asked young Chris Vandalaer, when he stopped.

"That's what I'm up here now to see you for," the stranger answered him.

"What is it?" young Vandalaer reiterated, staring at him through the dusk.

"A name," said Mr. Poco.

"A name!" Chris Vandalaer said after him.

"Yes," he repeated; and then explained himself. "You've got no idea," he said, "what names mean in business in this country—unless you are, like us, foreigners; of the difference between a good name and a bad one; an old name and a new one. It's thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars. It might be millions, probably, when you get once going."

And he again flinched slightly at the curt loud liquid cry of the whippoorwill, close behind his head.

"New names are rotten," he reiterated then, with something very like an oath. "You look at ours, for instance. Alone we were bad enough, yes. Together we are all wrong. Grabstein and Poco!" he said with a high hard laugh. "What boob would buy a stock from that? Oh, we know it," he said. "We are wise," he said, and stopped.

"So that," he continued, "is why I'm up here seeing you to-night." And he stopped again, regarding him.

But young Chris Vandalaer did not reply. To say he was astonished would be much too mild.

"You've got a name; we ain't," the stranger then went on. "You've got a name—one of the oldest and best known in the country. And ours is, now, to laugh! I'll tell the truth to start with, because you'd learn it anyhow. We want your name, to use it in our business. There was a lot of others—other big names that we were thinking of that we might have had. But Vandalaer we like best, if we can get it anyways reasonable; because it's one of the oldest and best known in the country, without doubt; especially in our line of business. So we come to you," he said, speaking up more briskly now; "we give you the first chance. I'm up here to-night to get your decision. I'm up here now, and I'll make you my proposition. And you'll give me yours, and we'll settle it up right now, agreeable to everybody. For I've got to go back again on the midnight train, and get some sleep."

"How did you find out about me?" asked young Chris Vandalaer, curiosity coloring his words as he rose on his elbow from where he lay.

"We seen it somewhere, I guess; your name in the papers."

"When I got my service medal, maybe," said young Vandalaer, remembering when it must have been.

"Probably—I guess so," said Mr. Poco, proceeding: "Now, what do you say? How would you like to get down to little old New York and enjoy yourself and make a barrel or two of money at the same time?

"Or would you rather stay up here and spend your days working like a convict and your nights with the whippoorwills?" he inquired when his companion did not answer immediately.

"For we ain't no pikers," he said again. "We'll pay you right for what you've got. That's my idea, and my partner's. He's a good fellow, just the same as I am," said Mr. Poco. "Good and liberal. And we want you to be satisfied. For for us it won't be an expense exactly; it will be an investment."

But still young Chris Vandalaer did not answer him, not yet feeling competent to do so. And after looking sharply at him through the dusk the stranger, Mr. Poco, took up the conversation once again, apparently to urge him.

"You can stay here all your life," he said, "and where'd you be in the end? Feeding chickens for your board in your old age! But if you come with us you'd live while you're living; and when you died you'd have something more besides to die on.

"Are you afraid? Is that it?" the man now inquired with a slight show of temper, after another wait.

"Afraid of what?"

"To give us a price on your name?"

"Why would I be?" asked young Chris Vandalaer. "It's my name, isn't it?"

"Sure," the other answered. "Then what is it you've got on your mind?"

"How much? How much would you pay me?" replied young Vandalaer; and his voice sounded gruff to himself, even as he said it. For he could not make out what this thing could be. He had never before heard of going round buying other persons' names.

And again the stranger looked sharply at him through the dusk, studying his face.

"How would ten thousand dollars a year suit you?" he said. "To begin with," he went on when young Vandalaer did not answer. For, to tell the truth, he had not breath enough to do so.

"Besides the profits from the stock we would give you," the New York stranger said, in the other's still continued silence. "What do you want?" he asked finally, evidently misinterpreting young Chris' inability to speak. "Ain't that enough for you to start on? Do you want me," he said, making a start at getting up, "to go off and get somebody else with another name? Because there's plenty of them that will want it—if you don't."

"All right," said young Chris Vandalaer, swallowing hastily, and finding his voice at last. "All right," he said detaining him, "I'll go!"

He was dazed by the thing. He did not know how to take it—or whether it was real or he was dreaming it. And

then a new thought struck him: Suppose this thing were all a fraud, a trick? And at once, of course, the idea came of testing this.

"I'll go—that is," he told him then—"if I can fix it!"

"If you can fix it?" the stranger answered, staring once again suspiciously.

"If I can get the money to get there with," young Vandalaer said bluntly.

"How much?" the other asked at once.

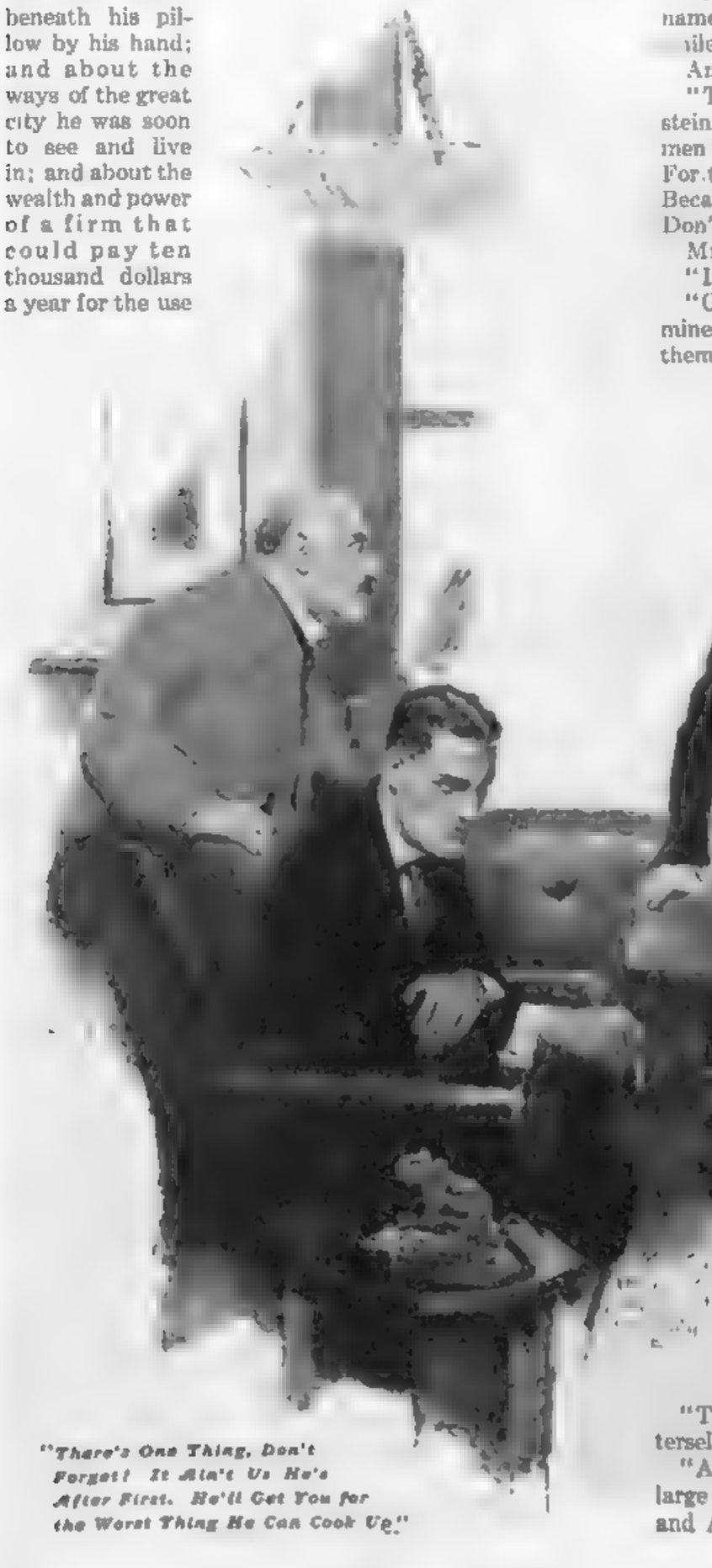
"One hundred dollars maybe," said young Chris Vandalaer, making it good and big.

"I should worry," said the other. And taking out his purse he opened it and handed the sum to him in one yellow bill. "You can sign for it over at the station when we get there," he said, and got up again.

And they went along down the railroad to the station, for there was now quite a heavy dew, and the mosquitoes were not inactive where they were; and they thought it would be better on the station platform.

So young Chris Vandalaer signed his receipt and his engagement to come to New York and to let them use his name; and then he waited on the platform, listening to Mr. Poco telling of New York and the lights at night, so different from this; and the money that would be made with the combination, such as they would have—with their money and their experience, and his famous name.

They said good-by when the one o'clock train that carries the milk into the city rolled in, having already appointed the time when young Vandalaer would come into the city. And when he had watched the tail light of the train round the curve young Chris went home at last and went to bed. But he did not sleep; and the night was practically gone and the whippoorwills had started singing again, as they do in the hours before the dawn, before any sleep at all came to him. For he lay there, half stunned by good fortune—wondering about that night's adventure—which he might in fact easily have thought a dream but for that yellow bill he still had beneath his pillow by his hand; and about the ways of the great city he was soon to see and live in; and about the wealth and power of a firm that could pay ten thousand dollars a year for the use of a mere name. It was like finding money; or like the story in a child's book, of a common man suddenly made prince—because they found out at last his real name; that he possessed unknown the golden name of a prince.



"There's One Thing, Don't Forget! It Ain't Us He's After First. He'll Get You for the Worst Thing He Can Cook Up."

There was still doubt in the mind of young Chris Vandalaer when he woke again—even of that yellow bill in his hand. And the first thing he did that next day was to assure himself that this was genuine. Such it proved to be. Yet the man whom he visited and confided his story in—the keeper of the general store—still doubted. For there must be, he claimed, some trick somewhere. No man alive could pay ten thousand dollars a year for just a name.

Nevertheless on Tuesday young Chris Vandalaer took his hundred-dollar bill and bought his ticket to New York City, as agreed. And, as agreed, the black Mr. Poco with his black cigar was there to meet him and carried him at once in a public automobile, whose hire cost him a laborer's daily pay, through swarming, noisy streets southward to a tall building; and then up to high spacious rooms, where Chris saw, with some surprise, his own name upon the doors in golden letters.

"The Great Vandalaer Exploration Syndicate," he read as he was passing in, and he saw the costly furniture and the handsome company of stenographers inside, and the other names in golden letters on still other doors—out of one of which appeared a small baldheaded somewhat leering man to greet him.

"This is Mr. Grabstein," said Mr. Poco, introducing them to each other. "Abe, meet your president."

And Mr. Grabstein leered a rather pleasant and good-natured leer and took young Chris Vandalaer by the hand and drew him inside the glass door with Mr. Grabstein's name in golden letters on it. He closed it, and they then sat down and smoked three long fragrant black cigars, while Mr. Grabstein talked.

"How do you like it?" asked Mr. Grabstein. "Your name upon the door? Good? . . . Good," he said, and smiled. "We're glad you do."

And then he explained everything to him.

"These here exploration companies," said Mr. Grabstein, "are all the thing to-day—very, very fine! The big men with the big money to put up are all in them to-day! For there's big money in there—sure and big! And why? Because big money should make big money, always. Don't it? Sure."

Mr. Poco, who sat black and silent, smoking, echoed: "It does, sure thing."

"Once, in the old days, all us poor boobs bought gold mines and silver mines and copper mines, if we wanted them, from the fellers that done 'em up in packages—like all the rest of the suckers. All of us—the rich fellers, as well as you and me. They were all suckers then."

And Mr. Poco grunted his assent.

"But now the rich ones," said the persuasive Mr. Grabstein, "have got wise to themselves and their money. They see they've got it all their way. They got the money, and the other man's got the mine. Now money can get along without a mine—very nice. But how can a mine get on without money?" inquired Mr. Grabstein genially. "You tell me."

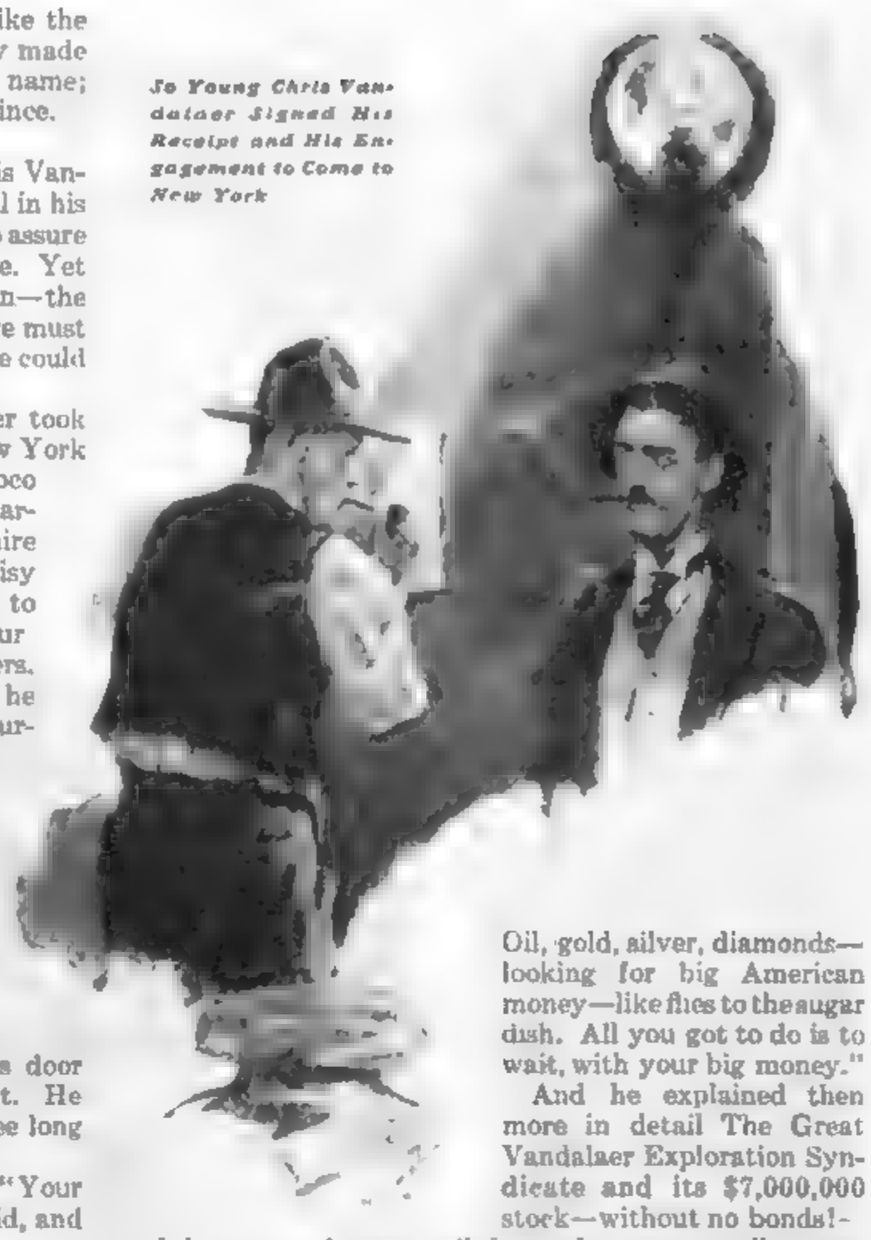
But this young Chris Vandalaer could scarcely do.

"So then," said Mr. Grabstein, going on, "what they do, they do this. Like they should done years ago. They let the mine come for the money—and they take it—but only when they look it up for themselves and find out that it's good for something. And for a big lot more than they pay for it, generally. Sure!"

"The suckers on the other side," commented Mr. Poco tersely.

"All over they come to-day," said Mr. Grabstein, with a large imaginative wave of his hand. "From this country and Alaska and South America—and soon Siberia even.

So Young Chris Vandalaer Signed His Receipt and His Engagement to Come to New York



Oil, gold, silver, diamonds—looking for big American money—like flies to the sugar dish. All you got to do is to wait, with your big money."

And he explained then more in detail The Great Vandalaer Exploration Syndicate and its $7,000,000 stock—without no bonds!—and how sure it was—all big safe money; till young Chris Vandalaer could understand at last about the great new offices and the many workers and the golden name upon the door; and how it was they could pay him without a thought ten thousand dollars annually for his name.

This ten thousand dollars he was to have was not all in cash, however, it now seemed; but a great share, much more than he had anticipated, must go out for his living expenses.

"For I tell you what we want you to do, Chrissy," said Mr. Grabstein, who now called him only by his first name—"for your own interest as well as ours: We want you, first away, to take, say, fifty dollars a week in your salary; and the rest in a drawing account, until you get acquainted with the ropes. For naturally, you've got to learn—ain't you?

"You'll be president, yes, all the time; but we got to run the business first off with our money; and that's right too, Chrissy, for we know about it and you don't. Naturally you got to take time to learn it.

"Naturally what you got to do, and what we want that you should do," said Mr. Grabstein, "is get acquainted first—with people and things, and learn the ropes the way they are here in New York, so after a while you should be useful to us. Now and then we probably might have something that we got up that we should just want you to sign—some letters or some things like that, but you can sign them mostly right there at the hotel, where we put up; and give you your drawing account." And then he told young Chris of the hotel where he was to stay—a great golden hotel which even he had heard of.

"You'll like it there," said Mr. Grabstein. "You'll get acquainted with plenty of people, and write your letters out from there; and all the time you'll be seeing life, enjoying yourself. For that's the first you've got to do in New York—talk with other men and get acquainted. And some ladies, maybe. Oh, you'll have the best end of it," said Mr. Grabstein, winking. "While we're down here sweating, taking care of the business, you can go on and enjoy yourself. And now, why not go up there?" said Mr. Grabstein, looking across at Mr. Poco.

"Not now. To-night!" said Mr. Poco, answering. "After I take him out and see my tailor first. For a good-looking boy like this, he's got to look right!" he said, half to Mr. Grabstein and half to young Chris Vandalaer.

"All right then, sure," said Mr. Grabstein, raising up his hand and his eyebrows at the same time. "And I'll meet you there to-night."

So those two visited the tailor that afternoon—and young Christian saw again why it was that ten-thousand-dollar salaries were given in New York. Yet there was a great satisfaction after all in what the tailor said, and showed that he could do with him—for he certainly was going to look well. And after that—that evening they met and the three dined together in the great golden hotel—in

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Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XIX

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

MY SUCCESSOR, Mr. Iswolsky, who six years later was to become Minister of Foreign Affairs, arrived with his family in the end of June on board one of our naval vessels coming from Vladivostok. We had everything prepared for their reception so that they were enabled to proceed straight to the capital and take up their residence in the legation building, which was one of the finest houses and perhaps the most comfortable one in Tokio.

As the fates would have it, Mr. Iswolsky and I were destined to succeed each other in different posts. I had succeeded him as Chargé d'Affaires at Washington in 1886; then he succeeded me as Minister to Serbia in 1897, and now he succeeded me again in Japan, and I succeeded him at Munich; and three years later I was to succeed him a last time on my reappointment as minister at Tokio nine months before the outbreak of the war. I had first made his acquaintance when he was still at school at the Imperial Lyceum at St. Petersburg, and I had already entered the civil service, having finished my studies at the Imperial Law School. We met accidentally in a railroad train between Moscow and St. Petersburg and spent half a night in animated conversation. He impressed me as a gifted youth of great intelligence and, for his years, remarkably cultivated mind. In later years though we were colleagues in the diplomatic service we could only meet occasionally, when we happened to be home on leave or when we were succeeding each other, as on this occasion, at some post abroad. He was by long odds the ablest man in our service. His solid erudition, his breadth of view, his profound understanding and thorough earnestness in the treatment of affairs of state, his liberal mind trained in the school of Western political thought stamped him as—what had always been so sadly wanting in Russia—a real statesman in the European sense.

The telegraph has recently announced his death, which occurred in Paris in August last. I am fulfilling a sad duty in paying homage on these pages to the memory of a distinguished statesman and former colleague and chief, for whom I always entertained the highest regard and with whom I shared many views, though we fundamentally disagreed on the subject of the policy, the tragic collapse of which it was his cruel fate to have witnessed, a result which may have hastened his untimely end.

We were detained at Yokohama for some time longer, waiting for the arrival from Hong-Kong of the Empress of India, on board of which we were to sail for Vancouver. I think it was some day in the beginning of July when we saw her steaming up the bay and casting anchor in the roads opposite our hotel. The day before, if I remember rightly, a telegram was received at the legation announcing the sudden death of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Mouravieff, but it was only when we reached New York that we learned of the appointment of his successor.

When we sailed from Yokohama we were still, as we had been for more than a week, quite ignorant of the fate of our unfortunate colleagues besieged by the Boxers in the legation quarter at Peking, and we had almost given up all hope of their being rescued in time to save them from starvation. Beyond the natural concern we felt for their fate there was nothing to mar the joyous expectation with which we were looking forward to an ocean voyage, always a matter of unalloyed delight to me, and a new visit to Canada and the United States. In leaving Japan this time, and forever, as I then thought, I felt that I had done my duty to the best of my ability and for the best interests of my country as I conceived them. I also felt that in my three sojourns in Japan, at different times, I had been particularly favored in having been almost a witness of the new birth of an old and highly cultured nation; in having been able to watch her first tentative steps on the road to the assimilation of an entirely new material civilization; and in having seen, a quarter of a century later, the rejuvenated nation, on reaching man's estate, stretching her limbs in eager readiness for a contest with any power bold enough to challenge her newly achieved station as an equal. Alas, that that power should have been the country of my birth, whose rulers, blinded by overweening pride, persisted in underrating the potentialities of the new force that had sprung to life after centuries of obscurity and isolation.

St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice, and the Fallen Campanile

The Campanile and St. Mark's

This time again the Pacific Ocean treated us most graciously, in such a way as not to belie its name, and after a very pleasant crossing we came in sight of land on the twelfth day after weighing anchor at Yokohama. We watched the pilot come on board, but he did not wear a frock coat and a silk hat as in olden days San Francisco pilots used to wear in boarding incoming steamers, in any kind of weather, presumably to show their superb indifference to the dangers of the deep. He had, however, bulging out of his pockets the usual supply of newspapers, which he took up to the bridge.

A few minutes later the captain's steward brought me a newspaper, on top of the front page of which the captain had written in blue pencil these illuminating words: "All this is a lie!" I guessed at once that it must be something relating to the siege of the legations at Peking. It turned out to be a long telegram sent from Shanghai to his paper in London by the local correspondent of that journal, and reproduced in extenso in the Vancouver newspaper. It was a harrowing description of the events which had followed the taking by assault of the legation quarter at Peking by the Boxer forces, giving among other horrors a particularly detailed account of the tortures by which the unfortunate diplomats had been put to death. Particularly affecting was the story of the martyrdom of our Minister, Mr. Michael de Giers—at present happily safe and sound, residing at Rome as Russian Ambassador—who was described as having been boiled alive in a large caldron filled with oil and having up to his last breath been confessing Christianity. As far as I can now remember it was also stated that his secretaries, presumably not having been considered worthy of the honors of oil, were boiled to death in plain water.

I sat in my deck chair immersed in the perusal of the account of the dreadful happenings at Peking, when one of the missionaries, refugees from some of the mission stations in China who had joined the steamer at Hong-Kong, came up to me and said that he had noticed how deeply I seemed to be moved by what I was reading and he wanted to reassure me in regard to the fate of my friends, being convinced that there was not a word of truth in the whole story. I confessed that I had some doubts myself, but that I could not help being impressed by a story adorned with so many and such minute details concerning an event that after all could not very well have been invented out of whole cloth.

"That's just the very reason why you should disbelieve the whole story; plain, honest truth does not need so much adornment."

This argument seemed indeed to be convincing enough, the more so as it was based on the generally accepted belief in regard to the unadorned condition in which Truth is supposed to emerge from her well whenever she chooses to appear to mortal eyes—an appearance of which, by the way, she has been rather chary all these years. But the inventor of that sensational story may justly derive some journalistic pride from having caused a considerable stir all over the world, a species of pride which, let us hope, is not always unaccompanied by some qualms of conscience upon reflection on the cruel and needless pain which such journalistic achievements may inflict on tender hearts trembling for the fate of those dear to them.

In this connection I was on arrival at St. Petersburg told a story about the sister of one of the members of our legation staff at Peking who, after having read in the morning paper the famous telegram about the martyrdom of the Peking diplomats, started at once for the Foreign Department in the hope of learning some more reassuring news, and when passing in front of the house occupied by the Chinese Legation noticed at the door one of the attachés of that establishment, whereupon she jumped from her cab, made straight for the luckless Chinaman and began belaboring him with her umbrella, he, the while, taking his punishment like a gallant gentleman, only protesting his innocence in the few Russian words he could command. It strikes me that this particular Chinaman would have a reasonable claim for damages against the author of the fake telegram.

On arrival at Vancouver we found the place so attractive that we decided to stay there a few days longer than we had originally contemplated, just to enjoy the drives in the beautiful park and the afternoon lounging on the beach, breathing the wonderfully bracing and exhilarating air of the Pacific Ocean, so different from the relaxing air one breathes on the opposite, Japanese, shore of the same ocean, under the influence of the warm Kuroshiwo current.

In planning our journey across the continent we decided this time to try a new route so as to include the Great Lakes and Niagara Falls.

From Vancouver we took the train for Fort William, on Lake Superior, where we embarked on one of the large lake steamers which though not quite so large as the Mauretania provide fairly comfortable accommodation for passengers.

The lake route seemed to me to be less favored by transcontinental travelers than one would expect and than it unquestionably deserves. I may have been mistaken but it seemed to me that all the people on board except our party were local passengers. During the summer season the voyage down the Great Lakes though it takes a little more time is certainly infinitely more comfortable and enjoyable than the journey in the hot and dusty railroad cars. The extremely interesting passage through the locks of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal is in itself a sufficient inducement for choosing this route. I regret not to have at my fingers' ends all the statistical data concerning the volume of the trade passing through this canal, but so far as I can remember the figures given me then by one of our fellow passengers, who seemed to be very well posted on these matters, the volume of this trade surpasses ever so many times that which passes through the Suez Canal.

The Parthenon, Athens

From Toronto we crossed over to Niagara Falls, where we put up at the old Cataract House, which had sheltered us many years before when we first came to America on our wedding trip. Here we learned that at last after so many weeks some kind of communication had been established between the besieged legations at Peking and the outside world, and that thus far all the diplomats were safe and sound. After a week's rest at Niagara Falls we went to New York for a day or two and sailed for Europe.

Acropolis and Temple of Zeus, Athens

Arrived at St. Petersburg sometime in the beginning of August, I found that Count Lamsdorff, the assistant minister, had been appointed to succeed Count Mouravieff as Minister of Foreign Affairs, having reached at last the goal of his ambition. He was one of those inveterate bureaucrats whose whole life interest centers in their chancellery, and to whom the outside world is more or less known merely by hearsay. A confirmed old bachelor, afflicted with an almost hysterical shyness, he had been leading the life of an anchorite within the four walls of his apartment in the Foreign Office Building and of his chancellery. Entirely wrapped up in the paper wisdom of his archives, of which he possessed a most extended and expert knowledge, he had been indeed a very useful, hard-working, conscientiously painstaking subordinate. That was evidently the part for which Nature had fitted him, and which he would have filled to the end with great credit to himself and some benefit to his country. But a puny intellect, a narrow mind and a merely book-and-paper knowledge of men and things of the outer world obviously unfitted him for the part he was to play at a critical time in the country's history.

That the emperor's choice should have fallen on him when it became urgently necessary to make an appointment to the most important post of Minister of Foreign Affairs was perhaps natural. He knew him to be a perfect gentleman, absolutely loyal and devoted to the throne; he also was aware of the fact that for the last three years, as Count Mouravieff's assistant, he had been supplementing the almost incredible deficiencies of the latter's knowledge of affairs, and he liked his humble attitude of a mere instrument of his sovereign's will. As misfortune would have it Count Lamsdorff was also a humble instrument in the hands of a statesman great in many respects but possessed of rather crude conceptions of international politics and of the way of handling them, whose strong will frequently clashed with the emperor's weak and vacillating will, without, however, being able to resist or dominate it.

The result was a situation upon which the Japanese were able to base their calculations when they decided to run the risk of an open rupture with Russia. I have no doubt that if that great statesman—I mean Witte, of course—had had the sole and undisputed direction of our policies, domestic as well as foreign, in the capacity, say, of an all-powerful grand vizier, he would very soon have found his way in the intricacies of international politics, a domain where, by occasional irresponsible interferences through the medium of a subservient lay figure such as Count Lamsdorff, he was apt to play unwittingly the part of a bull in a china shop. He would not only have prevented the outbreak of the war with Japan but he would also have averted the catastrophe which, with a statesman's vision, he foresaw, and the final outcome of which he was through merciful death spared the unutterable pain of witnessing, as was the cruel fate of all those of us who had shared his views and who had to stand by in impotent rage, seeing our unfortunate country being launched on the road to perdition and lastly pushed into the abyss of civil war and anarchy.

Count Lamsdorff received me with some show of pompous graciousness, congratulated me on the official recognition of my services, which had taken the shape of the bestowal upon me of some decoration, but did not seem to be greatly interested in what I might have to say on the subject of Far Eastern politics. Having already

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The Sendlinger Gateway, Munich

THE DOOR TO FREEDOM

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"I Am Tired," She Said Evenly. "If You are Curious You May Call or Phone, as They Say in More Businesslike Advertisements Than Yours"

III

"YOU can't," cried Mr. Blurt to Miss Livingston, reading a purpose to leave at once in her determined eye, "you simply can't abandon me now! Do you think I am so easy as to talk to these women without a stenographer taking down every word I say? Nobody need see you."

He pushed toward her a notebook and pencil. She took them up slowly, biting her lip in vexation, but a look of faint curiosity gleamed in her eyes as they watched her employer cross the office on tiptoe to a hole in the wall which seemed suddenly to absorb him. Without turning from it he beckoned to her imperiously, and at her approach he surrendered his place, inviting her to take a peep. So vivid was the vision of the outside hall which burst upon her that she drew back with a frightened gasp.

"Great, isn't it?" chuckled Blurt in a whisper. "Periscope. Take another look; study them well. I want your judgment."

Quite calmly now Miss Livingston inspected the three unconscious girls sitting in the hall. Never before had she realized how telltale is the human face at rest and how incredibly swift to put on a mask at the threatening approach of neighboring eyes. Each of these girls knew that the others had to turn sideways to look at her; none did, and as a result each felt herself to be alone and surrendered to every passing moment some intimate betrayal. Miss Livingston, seized by a depressing gravity, left the periscope and found Mr. Blurt sitting on one corner of his mahogany desk swinging his foot and apparently buried in thought.

"Well?" he asked.

"One," said Miss Livingston unhesitatingly, "is an operator of sorts, some kind of a paid sharper, I should say. Possibly a reporter."

"That's the one that's a bit sporting in her attire," interrupted Blurt. "She has a hole in her stocking just below the knee and her spats don't fit, but she's a hard worker."

Miss Livingston raised her eyebrows and continued: "Another is a professional manikin who has dropped in out of curiosity. She's full of L. J. Libbey dreams of the miraculous rise of the factory girl."

"I spotted her," said Mr. Blurt. "Red lip salve, beaded eyelashes and a pose."

"The third," continued Miss Livingston, unheeding, "is just a poor girl, desperate and catching at a last straw. None of them is what you want; if you'll allow me I'll tell Mr. Sutey to let them go."

"A poor girl, desperate," repeated Blurt absent-mindedly. "Is there anything on God's green earth more tragic than that? There was something about her face that I've seen far away and long ago in famine-stricken country. Have you ever been hungry, Miss Livingston?"

Deep color, half resentful, half ashamed, flooded the girl's smooth cheeks. "Not very," she answered slowly as though driven against her will to speech by his unnoticing sincerity.

"I have," said Blurt, his eyes still fastened afar; "damned hungry. I've tightened my belt till my backbone stuck out in front. Tell Sutey to put the sporting lady, the hard worker, in the lounge; that's the room next to this. The manikin of the foolish dreams should go in the drawing-room, the hungry girl in the kitchen. I'll walk through from here leaving the doors ajar, and you can follow on as the ladies depart, one by one. You'll find it works easily; there are screens."

Miss Livingston started to obey, and then paused as though still rebellious.

"Work, dreams, hunger," murmured Blurt; "three great words."

The mere fact that his heart could lead him to pick out unerringly those three kindly keynotes to the strange personalities beyond the wall settled things for Miss Livingston.

Five minutes later she was standing with her back against the door jamb midway between the office and the living room, protected from discovery by a high screen. She was an expert stenographer and while her pencil flew across the narrow pages of the notebook her wide eyes were almost entirely free to demand of space what manner of man was this Mr. Blurt, her employer by force of circumstances, or personality, or breathless insistence, or sheer will power, or a crying need of protection—she didn't quite know which in spite of her very level head.

Blurt found the first of his visitors standing in the center of the largest of his rooms and making a shrewd mental inventory of all it contained.

"You are Miss Mabel Trenton?" he inquired. "Won't you please sit down?"

The lady nodded her head, but continued to glance about, quite cool and unhurried. "Some room," she remarked finally.

"Yes," agreed Blurt. "It's a lovely room, a model of its kind. Every living room should be focused on some one feature. Musical people attempt occasionally to center on a piano, but seldom succeed; it's almost hopeless to try. Folks with a home instinct fare better with the family reading lamp for a pivot, but here you have something more ambitious. Can you spot the note?"

"Sure," said the girl, as she seated herself opposite him. "The fireplace."

"That's it," said Blurt, his face brightening. "Everything radiates and takes character from the fireplace. Its spaciousness, the rich but simple tone of its old brick, its inference of wide embrace—permeate the whole room. The rugs, the couches, the deep seats and the kindly shadows all bend to it in a sort of attending atmosphere. There is nothing cheap here, except perhaps you and me."

"What do you mean, cheap?" flared the girl, and one could imagine from her tones the sudden flaming of her cheeks.

"Did you come in answer to my advertisement?" asked Blurt, unperturbed.

"Yes," she replied defiantly.

"Well," continued Blurt, "you won't do. You must have known you wouldn't do."

"Why not?" demanded Miss Trenton.

"Twenty reasons," said Blurt. "To give you one, because you occasionally carry a small notebook in your stocking."

The girl gasped. "How did you know that?"

"By the shape of the hole just below your left knee," said Blurt calmly.

"And that—how did you know that?" demanded Miss Trenton, a touch of unaccustomed panic in her voice.

"So," said Blurt, "there is a hole there! My dear young lady, don't think me a wizard, but the moment I laid eyes on you I saw it was your business to spy out the land, not nastily necessarily, but all in the day's work. From that start it was easy to see the notebook and the hole."

"Mr. Blurt," replied Miss Trenton in a strangely subdued voice, "you are right in all but one thing. I am an agent of the Bureau of Injustice, never before so unworthy of the distinction as I feel myself to be at this moment; I came here on a hunch to spy out the land, but when you ask me not to think you a wizard—why, I can't agree to that. It would be too humiliating. Now, do you mind telling me some of the other nineteen reasons why I wouldn't do as an answer to that ad?"

"Do you realize how unprofessional that question is?" countered Blurt.

"Quite," replied the girl. "It reeks of the personal and is the measure of my surrender. In the language of the bulls, you have bumped me off for the full count."

"Every woman," said Blurt after a pause, "will tell you that she can stand the truth; God help the man that believes it. I won't tell you the deep reasons, the ones it would hurt to tear out, but I don't mind giving you one or two surface samples. One is that the woman who fits that ad would never be in such a hurry that she couldn't say 'advertisement.' Another is your spats."

Miss Trenton extended her ankles and stared at her wrinkled and gaping spats as though she had not really noticed them for a long time. A rueful look, strangely humanizing, crept into her eyes and drew down the corners of her mouth.

"We Americans," continued Blurt, "are bullied by standardized wares on the theory that what is good enough for the million is good enough for the one; take it or leave it. But unfortunately for you you have an individual foot with its own intimate character and charm, visible at present only through distortion. I have persuaded a New York tailor to make spats as he fits clothes, and if you will allow me I am going to give you an order on him."

"I can't take it," said Miss Trenton promptly.

"I see you are well versed in the shibboleths of convention regardless of motive," remarked Blurt as he took out a loose-leafed notebook and wrote a few hasty lines. "If I were giving you only a pair of spats the matter wouldn't be worth pressing, but it goes much deeper than that." He glanced at her with his peculiarly disarming smile as he thrust the slip of paper into her unnerved hand. "If you will wear them," he continued, "you will find that they will be to your inner self as the fireplace is to this room, the keynote for an attitude toward life."

"You mean," said Miss Trenton quite gravely, "that a little thing like that might wipe out the nineteen other reasons?"

"Why shouldn't it?" asked Blurt. "Aren't you tired of being told that one bad apple will spoil a barrelful? We all are. Why not take comfort in the thought that the good breeds just as surely and believe that one perfect article of wear begets others? Clothes make the woman, my dear Miss Trenton; never forget it. Man may shine through overalls, but woman never; she lives at the exact level of her attire measured not at the cash cost, but by instinctive values."

"You men!" murmured Miss Trenton.

"Stop right there," interrupted Blurt pleasantly. "You women! A thought that's a little involved doesn't go in one of your ears and out the other, it crashes and dies against a wall of lazy negation. Haste is your individual Nemesis, Miss Trenton. You have never in your life had time to get a man's point of view. What I meant by instinctive values is that when a girl can't dress on the money she has it is generally because she's trying to dress some other woman, not her very actual self. For great Mike's sake, take time to think. Do you imagine Almighty God gave perfection only to the orchid? To my eye the daisy and the buttercup are braver flowers."

"I have caught up with you," said Miss Trenton, giving him the deliberate attention he had begged in the name of Michael. "It all boils down to being the best of what you really are. Time for stockings and hair and dusting your velvet hat. You mean you really think I can keep pace with the spats."

Mr. Blurt rose and frowned in concentration. "I mean just that," he said as he crossed the room to open the door for her. "I believe it because your foundations are genuine."

As she passed out he took her outstretched hand and looked straight into her thoughtful eyes. "You'll wear them, won't you?" For the first time during the interview Miss Trenton frankly smiled, though with tremulous lips. "You know I will," she answered.

Blurt closed the door, called to Miss Livingston and passed through to the drawing-room where he found Miss Mallowe, manikin, seated on the edge of a formal chair and tapping the soft surface of the exquisite carpet with a slim foot that was more nervous than impatient. In that setting of Louis Quinze furniture, mellowed tapestries and chandeliers whose brass and festooned crystals seemed hung in the pale glow of light long filtered, the girl presented a vivid and repelling contrast. She breathed rapidly and was wilting almost visibly like an orchid suddenly exposed to a cold and unkindly air.

"You are not comfortable, my dear," said Blurt in a far different tone from that he had assumed with Miss Trenton.

"Not very," said the girl after a first startled attempt to assume a languid pose.

"You have taken the wrong chair," continued Blurt with just that touch of familiarity which says to the accustomed and discerning ear, "It's no use, kid, because you see, I'm on." He motioned to another chair. "Try this one and sit back in it. It's half an inch lower; all the difference in the world. Isn't that better?"

The girl nodded, straightened her skirts, displayed her moiré-silk bag to better advantage and with one gloved hand tugged at her veil to test the position of her hat. Her eyes were strangely restless and gave a weird impression of wishing to have nothing to do with the heavily beaded and immobile lashes above them. Blurt noticed this phenomenon and sat silent for a moment, plunged in speculations as to just how far deliberate masking of one's inner soul could succeed through tampering with externals.

"Don't you want to take off your hat?" he asked.

The eyes gave him a frightened look; the girl shook her head in emphatic denial. It was as though he had requested the commander of an elaborately portcullised and bemoated castle to let down the bridge and open the gates to sun his meager courtyard. Blurt knew that girls of this class have but one suit of careful armor in which they go out to conquer man and more clothes, and that only in its complete ensemble do they feel secure; his question had been malicious, to say the least. But behind it was a not unkindly intention to give her an impulse toward unburdening herself of all the predigested talk she had doubtless prepared through anxious hours for this momentous interview. However true may have been that surmise, words now failed the lady utterly. From behind their serrated defense her eyes called moist and despairingly for aid.

"Tillie," said Blurt, glancing at the slip of paper in his hand which contained his list of callers, "you know you're uncomfortable, but do you know why?"

"No," murmured Miss Mallowe, giving her surroundings a vaguely vindictive look.

"That's it," said Blurt, "you're getting it. What's happening to you has come to many a landlocked fish when the tide ran out. Girlie, you don't belong in this room at all. It's meant to evoke memories of an age that was artificial to the gills, an epoch of hair pompadoured and powdered, of beauty spots and penciled brows, of wasped waists above billows of foam, of the screening fan and the wicked tongue."

Miss Mallowe's eyes tried to look at her beaded lashes, rouged cheeks and reddened lips and at mention of a wicked tongue her own showed an exploring tip.

"I know," said Blurt with a gesture of his dangling hand, "but it wasn't the same, not by a jugful. The artificiality of the age that went with these faded tapestries was a thing long bred in the bone and clung to death and decay just as faint colors and fragrance hang to withering rose leaves. Some talk for an ex-contractor, eh? But we're paid to look at the big and see the little thing and that's why I can tell you why those mincing peacocks formed the wittiest community known to history. They were not unmoral, my dear, but deliberately immoral to the tips of their pink fingers, and in a world where license has no limits the tongue has an unfenced field. In other words, wit is the one bright flower that springs from any society on the road to the dungheap."

Miss Mallowe met this pregnant statement with a look that was not only blank but bored.

"And now we come to you," continued Blurt.

The girl's face immediately brightened.

"Against this background," said Blurt, his eyes hardening, "you are as crude as a Cubist outrage wandered into an exhibition of Watteau. I can say anything I like, you see, because you daren't cry; if you did and wiped your really lovely eyes your hanky would look like Pittsburgh. Tillie, why do you do it? Don't you know that men hate paint on daylight women and that that stuff on your lips looks and tastes nasty?"

"How did you ever find out how it tastes?" asked Miss Mallowe in quick and doubting wonder.

"Never you mind," replied Mr. Blurt unabashed. "You and I know that every woman is subject to circumstances, don't we? But we're talking about you now. I tell you

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"Against This Background You are as Crude as a Cubist Outrage Wandered Into an Exhibition of Watteau"

THE GREAT ACCIDENT

XL

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE matter of the check that Wint Chase had given Hetty Morfee stuck in his mind, disquieting him; this in spite of the fact that he tried to forget it, told himself it had no significance, that it meant nothing at all.

He gathered up the canceled checks and put them back in the bank's long yellow envelope, and stuck the envelope in a drawer of his desk. Hetty had not yet cashed the check; that was all. She would cash it when she needed the money. He tried to believe this was the key to the puzzle.

But it was not a satisfactory key; and this was proved by the fact that his thoughts kept harking back to the matter during the next day or two. When he gave Hetty the check he had expected her to cash it before she left town; in fact, his first thought had been to draw the money himself and give it to her; but this had been slightly less convenient than to write the check. So he had written the check and given it to her, and now Hetty had not cashed it.

It was characteristic of Wint that he saw no threat against himself in this circumstance. Wint was never of a suspicious turn of mind. He was loyal to his friends and to those who seemed to be his friends; he took them and he took the world at large at face value. So in this case he was not uneasy on his own account but on Hetty's. For Hetty had needed this money; yet she had not cashed the check.

He knew she needed the money. Her wage from his mother had left no great margin for saving if a girl liked to spend money as well as Hetty did. She could not have saved more than a few dollars; twenty, or perhaps thirty. Besides, she had told him she needed money. When he told her she had better go away she had said: "A fat chance of that. Where would I get the money, anyway?" It was this that had led him to write a check for her.

She had needed the money; she had accepted it. That is to say, she had accepted the check, but had not cashed it. Not yet, at least. Why not? What was the explanation?

His uneasiness, all on Hetty's account, began to take shape. He remembered the girl's sullen hopelessness, her friendlessness. She had been ready to give up, to submit to whatever misfortunes might come upon her. There had always been a defiant, reckless, fatalistic streak in Hetty. And Wint, remembering, was afraid it had taken the ascendant in the girl. He was afraid ——

He did not put into words, even in his thoughts, the truth of his fear. But he did write to a college classmate, who was working at the time on one of the Columbus papers, and asked him to try to locate Hetty at one of the hospitals. He told the circumstances. And two or three days later the man wrote to say that there was no such person as Hetty in any hospital in Columbus, under her own name; and that as far as he could learn there was no one approximating her description.

When this letter came it tended to clinch Wint's fears. He was not yet convinced that Hetty had chosen to—do that which writes "Finis" at the bottom of life's last page. But he was almost convinced, almost ready to believe.

It made Wint distinctly unhappy. He had an honest liking and respect for Hetty, an old friendship for the girl.

He did not tell either his father or his mother of the matter of the check; nor did he tell them what he feared had come to pass. There was no need, he thought, of worrying them. There was nothing that could be done.

The long lazy summer dragged slowly past, and nothing happened. Which is the way of Hardiston. That is to say, nothing happened that was in any way extraordinary. The Baptist Sunday School held its annual picnic in the G. A. R. grove, south of town; and everyone went, Baptist or not, Sunday-school scholar or not. Everybody went and took his dinner. Fried chicken and sandwiches and deviled eggs and bananas; and there were vast freezers of ice cream. And some played baseball, and some idled in the swings, and there were the sports that go with such an occasion. Cracker eating, shoe lacing, egg-and-spoon race, greased pole, and so on and so on, to the tune of a great deal of laughter and general good nature.

Wint Looked at Her, and His Heart Was Pounding Softly. "You Said There Were Some Who Would Watch Me—Lovingly," He Reminded Her

And the Hardiston baseball team played a game every week, sometimes away from home, sometimes on the baseball field down by the creek, where the muddy waters overflowed every spring. And Lint Blood, the hard-throwing left fielder, who was fully as good as any big leaguer in the country if he could only get his chance, had his regular season as hero of the town.

And there were a few dances, where the men appeared in white trousers and soft shirts and took off their coats to dance; and there were hayrides on moonlit nights; and Ed Skinner's nine-year-old boy almost got drowned in the swimming hole at Smith's Bridge; and Jim Radabaugh and two or three others went fishing down on Big Raccoon, thirty miles away; and the tennis court in Tom Jones' back yard was busy every fine afternoon; and the circus and Wild West Show paid Hardiston their regular summer visits. It rained so hard for three days before the circus came that the big show had to be canceled, which made it hard for every father in town.

And Sam O'Brien's brother caught a thirty-five-pound catfish in the river, and sent it up to Sam, who kept it alive in a tub in his restaurant for two days, and killed and fried it for his customers only when it began to pine away in captivity. And Ed Howe's boy fell off a homemade acting bar and broke his arm; and the Welsh held their County Eisteddfod in a tent on the old fair grounds, and John Morgan won the first prize in the male solo competition. Hardiston boys thought that was rather a joke, because John was the only entry in this particular event; and they would remind him of this fact for a good many years to come in their tormenting moments. And the hot days and the warm days and the wet days came and went, and the summer dragged away.

In September Joan suggested a picnic at Banner Caves, a dozen miles from Hardiston; Wint liked the idea, so they discussed who should go, and how; and in due time the affair took place. Joan and Agnes and two or three other girls made the domestic arrangements, with Wint and Dick Hoover and Jack Routt and one or two besides to look after the financial end and the transportation. In the old days they would have hired one of the big barges from the livery stable, with a long seat running the length of each side; and they would have crowded into that and ridden the dozen jolting miles, with a good deal of singing and laughing and talking as they went; but there were automobiles in Hardiston now, and no one thought of the barge.

They started early—that is to say, at eight o'clock in the morning or thereabouts. There were three automobiles full of them, with hampers and boxes and freezers full of things to eat in every car. And they made the trip at a breakneck and break-axle speed over the rough road, and reached the caves by nine, and unloaded the edibles and got buckets of water from the well behind the house at the entrance to the caves. The farmer who lived in this house had an eye to business; and a year or two before he had put a pavilion in the grove by the caves, and had begun to charge admission. Besides the pavilion there were swings, and there was a seesaw; and there were always the caves themselves, and the winding clear-watered little stream that came down over the rocks in a feathery cascade and wound away among the trees.

This day they danced a little in the pavilion—Joan had brought a graphophone—and when it grew too warm to dance some of them went to climb about on the cool wet rocks of the caves; and some took off shoes and stockings or shoes and socks as the case might be, and waded in the brook; and some sprawled on the sand at the base of the rocky wall and called doodle bugs. A pleasant, idle sport. The doodle bug is more scientifically known as an ant lion. He digs himself a hole in the sand like an inverted cone, and hides himself in the loose sand at the bottom of the hole. The theory of the thing is that an ant tumbles in, slides down the sloping sides, and falls a prey to the ingenious monster at the bottom. To call a doodle bug you simply chant over and over: "Doodle up, doodle up, doodle up." And at the same time you stir the sand on the sides of the trap with a twig. Either the song or the sliding sand causes the bug to emerge from his ambush at the bottom of the pit, when you may see him for an instant; a misshapen, powerful little thing.

If you happen to be an ant he looks to you as formidable as a behemoth, bursting out of the sand and tumbling it from his shoulders as a mammoth bursts out of the primeval forest. If you happen to be a human you laugh at its awkward movements, and find another pit and call another doodle bug.

Routt and Agnes, Wint and Joan, all four together, investigated doodle bugs this day. They had a good-natured time of it till Jack Routt caught an ant and dropped it into one of the pits to see the monster at the bottom in action. The sight of the ant's swift end was not pleasant to Joan; and she looked at Routt in a critical way. He and Agnes seemed to think it rather a joke on the ant. Wint and Joan moved away and left them there and went clambering up among the rocks, and picked wintergreen and chewed it, and came out at last on the upper level, on top of the caves. They looked down from there and shouted to the others below. And when they tired of that they sat down and talked to each other for a while. That was one pursuit they never tired of.

Wint had been meaning to ask Joan something. It concerned that letter which he had received the day after his election as mayor. The letter had been anonymous; a friendly, loyal, sympathetic little note. He had torn it up angrily as soon as he read it; because he was in no mood for good advice that day, and the letter had given good advice. He could remember, even now, snatches of it. He had wondered who wrote it; and this wonder had revived during the last few days, and he had considered the matter, and asked a question or two.

Now he asked Joan whether she had written it; and Joan hesitated and flushed a little, and then said, looking at him bravely: "Yes, I wrote it, Wint."

He said in an embarrassed way: "But that was when you had told me you would have no more to do with me."

She nodded.

"I tore it up," he said.

"I thought you would." She smiled a little. "But I hoped you—would remember it too."

"I do," Wint told her. "You said I had 'the finest chance a man ever had to retrieve his mistakes,' and you told me to buckle down."

"Yes, I remember," she agreed.

Wint looked at her, and his heart was pounding softly. "You said there were some who would watch me—lovingly," he reminded her.

For a minute she did not speak; then she nodded her head slowly; and she said, "Yes." Her eyes met his honestly.

Wint had been very sure before he asked her that she had written the letter; he had meant to remind her of this word, and if she confessed it, to go on. But now that he had come thus far he found that he could go no further. It was not that she forbade him; not that there was any prohibition in her eyes. It was something within himself that restrained him. Something that held his tongue, bade him not risk his fortune—lest, perchance, he lose it.

Anyone but a blind man would have seen there was no danger of his losing it; but Wint in this matter was blind—for the immemorial reason. So all the courage that had brought him thus far deserted him, and he said only, "Oh!"

That did not seem to Joan to call for any answer, so she said nothing; and after a moment Wint got hurriedly to his feet and exclaimed: "Well, I'm getting hungry. Better be getting back, hadn't we?"

Joan looked, perhaps, a little disappointed. But she said she guessed so; and they made their way down to join the others.

After they had all eaten till there was no more eat in them there was a general tendency to take things easy. The dishes had to be washed in the brook; and the girls undertook to do that. Dick Hoover found some horseshoes and started a game of quoits.

Wint would have taken a hand; but Jack Routt drew him aside and said, "I'd like a little talk with you, Wint. Mind?"

Wint was surprised; but he didn't say so. "All right," he agreed. "Shoot."

Routt offered him a cigar, and Wint took it, and they walked slowly away from the others, back toward the caves. Routt came to the point.

"It's like this, Wint," he said frankly. "A good many people have been telling me I ought to get into politics."

Wint had ears to hear; and he had heard something of this. But he pretended ignorance and only said: "I thought you were in politics. Thought you were linked up with Amos."

"I have been in the past," Routt agreed. "But the trouble with that is if you tie up with a big man you get only what he chooses to give you. I've been advised to strike out for myself."

Wint said: "I think that's good advice. It ought to help your law practice too."

"Matter of fact," said Routt, "they're telling me I ought to run against you."

"Against me?" Wint seemed only mildly interested. "For mayor?"

"Yes. On the wet issue. You know my ideas on that. I'm not on your side of the fence there at all."

"Well, I don't find fault with any man's ideas, Jack."

"The trouble is this," Routt explained: "You and I are pretty good friends. Always have been. I don't want to start anything that will spoil that friendship."

Wint laughed and said: "Good Lord, Jack, I guess there's no fear of that."

"I knew you'd say so!" Routt exclaimed. "Just the same, I was leery. You know what kind of a fellow I am. When I go into a thing I go in with both feet. If I run against you, Wint, I'll give you a fight."

"Go to it. We'll show Hardiston some action."

"I'll lam it into you, Wint."

"Well, I can give as good as you send," Wint promised.

"The only thing is," Routt explained, "I just want an understanding with you, first—that is, I want you to know there's nothing personal in anything I may say. It's politics, Wint; and if I go in it will be hot politics. If you'll promise to take it as that and nothing else."

Wint said easily: "I don't suppose you can tell Hardiston anything about me that it doesn't already know."

Routt grasped his hand. "That's the boy, Wint," he exclaimed. "You're a good sport. I believe I'll go into it."

"Come ahead. It's no private fight," Wint assured him.

"The only thing is, I wanted you to know, first. I want you to know I'm on the level with you, personally."

"Well, I should say I know that, Jack."

Routt thrust out his hand. "Shake on it, Wint."

Wint laughed. "You're dramatic enough." But he shook hands.

They rejoined the others after a while, and Wint was glad of it. He had hidden his feelings from Routt; but as a matter of fact he was a good deal surprised and chagrined at Jack's news. He had heard rumors; but he had not believed Routt would come out against him. It was a thing he, Wint, would not have done. It smacked, he felt, of disloyalty to a friend. He had even for a moment a thought of withdrawing and leaving the field free to Routt. But he put it away. After all he was first in the fight; it was Routt who had brought about this situation, not he. He could not well avoid the issue.

Nevertheless, he was troubled. The world that had seemed so bright and fair a month ago had a less cheerful aspect now. His fears for Hetty, his anxiety over her, were always with him, faintly oppressive. Now Routt's desertion, his projected opposition.

Try as he would to shake it off Wint could not rid himself of the feeling that there were rough places on the road that lay ahead.

His anxiety over Hetty was relieved—though only to take a new turn—in the last week of September. For Hetty came back to Hardiston.

Wint met her on the street one day. He was surprised; and he was immensely pleased to see her, safe and sound. He cried, "Why, Hetty, where did you come from?"

She looked round furtively, as though she would have avoided him if it had been possible to do so. "Didn't you expect me to come back?" she asked sullenly.

"Of course. But—how are you? All right? Where have you been?"

"Summering in New England," she said ironically. "Where'd you think?"

"Mother's been wondering when you'd come back. She needs you."

"She'll have to go on needing me."

"Aren't you ——"

"I've got a job in the shoe factory."

Wint said, "Oh!" He was disturbed and uncertain, puzzled by Hetty's attitude. He asked, "Is the —— Did you ——"

"The baby?" said Hetty listlessly. "Oh, he died." There was dead agony in her tone, so that Wint ached for her.

"I'm sorry," he told her.

"That's all right. I can stand it."

He asked: "Did you need any money? The check I gave you never came through the bank."

"I lost it," she said.

"Why, you must have had trouble. You didn't have enough ——"

"I went in as a charity-ward patient."

"Columbus?"

"No. Cincinnati. I didn't want anyone knowing."

Wint smiled in a friendly way and said: "I was worried about you."

Hetty laughed. "You'd better worry about yourself. Do you know people are looking at you while you're talking to me? It won't help you any to be seen with me."

Wint said, "Pshaw! You're morbid, Hetty."

"Besides," she told him, "I've got to look out. Mind my p's and q's if I want to hold my job."

Wint flushed uncomfortably. "Why all right," he said. "But if there's ever anything ——"

"Oh, I'll let you know," Hetty said impatiently and turned away.

He had been afraid that she had killed herself; that her body was dead. He was afraid now, as he watched her move down the street, that something more important was dead in the girl.

It was at this moment that he realized for the first time that a man had been responsible for what had come to Hetty. He wondered who the man was; and he thought it would be satisfying to say a word or two to the fellow.

"You Wondering What Kite Aims to Do to Trim You? Know Any Way He Could Hit at You?"

XLI

JACK ROUTT was as good as his word to Wint. Early in October he announced his candidacy for mayor; and he proceeded to push it.

In their talk at the caves he had

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A PARABLE OF TRIFLES

By William Ashley Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

THE company, having dined, retired to the shadowy darkness of the broad veranda, from which—comfortably fixed in cushioned summery chairs—they could look out across the water where the gray-blue veil of night was punctured by the yellow twinkles of ship lights. The sharp silver tones of bells, more musical even than the tinkle in the ice-filled glasses, seemed to strike upon their hearts, awakening strange thoughts and longings.

In the first fluttering silence after they had adjusted themselves they presented a picture strongly suggestive of a Whistler nocturne: the white blotch of a shirt front above which a cigarette glowed and dulled; a faint gleam of curving shoulders and pale arms; slowly waving fans and the shadowy suggestion of a servant passing in and out with a tray. It was a moment to be filled with the soft strains of an old waltz. The rich sensuous perfume of dew-soaked grass and summer flowers filled the air. All breathed deeply and tremulously as though they had attained the degree of contentment where all craving seems satisfied, yet a vague uncertainty, a vague longing stirs the soul.

"What a dull company!" exclaimed the hostess brightly. "Like animals, having eaten, we just loll about, contented!"

"Why not?" said the traveler.

"But how easily we're satisfied; and yet there's unhappiness in the world!"

"I think most people are unhappy without any reason at all," stated a débutante.

Not content with being at ease, human nature began to assert itself. It was necessary to analyze symptoms. It was incumbent on all to agitate themselves by talking about it.

"Otherwise the world would not move," observed a husband solemnly, banal but determined. "Contentment kills progress, but of course there are degrees of happiness. I don't see why people should be miserable. It's a trite enough saying that happiness is inside. If people would only practice it ——"

"Sometimes they may practice it in vain, dear," said his wife sweetly. Her tone made the others feel a sudden slight discomfort.

She was seated away from her husband on a wicker settee beside a stranger—one who had been invited to the dinner as a friend of her and her husband. This stranger was a foreign visitor of a vague distinction, fostered by an interesting intonation that spelled culture to the unsophisticated and impressionable and a reserve of manner that implied depths unplumbed. He moved slowly and listened with lifted eyebrows with an air of tolerant amusement that saved him from the necessity of much conversation and wrapped him in a sort of glamour.

"There's not enough give and take," declared the husband stubbornly.

The wife laughed gayly, flippantly, and the hostess exclaimed with affected enthusiasm: "Good! Now we can have some opinions on the rôle of woman. Feminism! Who believes in it? Let's talk about it."

And they proceeded forthwith to discuss and argue over all the points of relationship between man and woman that have been themes for similar conversations in all lands, among all peoples, for all time. They gave the subject a modern tone with a broadly exaggerated scorn of common convention by which they convinced themselves it had never been treated quite similarly before.

Finally, having described a circle, they came back to the husband's original proposition of give and take.

The traveler then observed that many people threw away happiness because they could not see it in the right perspective.

"That," he declared, renewing his cigarette, "is because of our state of civilization. Modern life kills simplicity and therefore kills genuine love or any other powerful emotion, because after all they are all related. There are too many superficial distractions. A boy may love a girl in the Follies, but it's not the same emotion as that between Paul and Virginia, for instance. You may momentarily hate a man who steps on your corns in the Subway."

"Oh, pooh!" said the débutante with amused contempt. "Corns! The Subway! The party's getting out of hand."

"Well," said the traveler gravely, "I'm afraid I lost a sense of the conventions in the course of the conversation. I might have known the line would be drawn somewhere."

There was a moment's silence.

Then it began to dawn on the company that it was the traveler talking, a man whose ideas were based on a very broad and diverse experience of the world and its people. He had recently returned from Western Mongolia, where his explorations had as their true purpose an inquiry into the political history and traditions of the nomadic tribes that inhabit the great desert belt extending across Central Asia. Having given birth to and supported in their conquests Jenghiz Khan and Kublai Khan it was believed they possessed grave potentialities. Some knew the speaker's reputation; others suspected it; therefore all listened with attention.

"As a bachelor I've always supposed," he said, "that the ordinary relations of husband and wife—living in constant and intimate personal association, where nothing is concealed, nothing restrained and every little trait and peculiarity of character is at last revealed—give rise to moments of irritation that may cause a terrible bitterness between the two. With those who are wise these moments of irritation pass away quickly enough; but to those who are inexperienced they probably indicate what is popularly understood as incompatibility of temper. Actually they are probably due to a pressing corn—my apologies to the young lady—or a sleepless night and a liverish morning. You know the saying that no man is a hero in the eyes of his valet.

"Well, this incompatibility of temper is not peculiar to misunderstood spouses. Anyone who has traveled any distance with a solitary partner knows that. You remember Bret Harte's story of the man who put too much saleratus in the bread—and it caused the breaking up of a wonderful partnership and ended in a lifelong hatred?"

No one answered.

"I suppose," observed the traveler, "that Bret Harte is too homely an American philosopher to be read much nowadays. However, I know a somewhat similar case that sums up pretty well what we've been talking about.

"There were two chaps sent out by a firm in Shanghai to make a trip to the borders of Tibet, crossing through Southern Mongolia, along the edge of the Gobi. The object of the trip was to find out the commercial possibilities of the provinces along the way and to report extensively on the country and any natural resources that might be exploited. The plan was to make up a caravan of several hundred camels loaded with special and appropriate articles of merchandise which were to be bartered along the way. The caravan was got together at Kalgan at the mouth of the great pass leading up to the Mongolian plateau, and required a great deal of time and preparation.

"The directors of the company felt an interest in the expedition that was beyond the ordinary commercial nature of the undertaking. Every single one of them was touched by its romantic nature. Some would have been glad to venture on it themselves if it had been at all practicable. Since it was not practicable, however, they took special pains in selecting their men.

"Robert Gay, an American, was one of them. He was a college man—traveled extensively, had a lot of shrewd common sense, a blithe spirit and a high degree of refinement, as we understand it. He was essentially a gentleman. His companion was equally a gentleman. This man was a Dane—somewhat of an errant scholar; bubbled over with high spirits and good nature, knew his business as thoroughly as a Continental usually does, and was as familiar with horses and the plains as any Mongol. His name was Janssen.

"The American was strongly built and had great endurance, while the Dane was lithe and active and untiring. They were the best of friends. They had known each other for several years, both in Peking and the Treaty Ports, where they had many friends in common, and as members of small hunting parties that were often made up during the Chinese New Year and at Christmas time. Everyone agreed that no better selection of men to live alone for months under trying conditions could have been made.

"Both Gay and Janssen were delighted. They met in Shanghai before going north and enthusiastically went over their plans, outlining the delightful times that were coming.

"When they reached the dusty lanes of Kalgan they found that the caravan had already been made up and every last detail was complete. There was a party that night of course. Everyone was jubilant, and the next morning a small cavalcade rode up the pass in high spirits.

"It was a clear cool morning, one of those wonderful mornings in Mongolia when the sky seems to dissolve into space. You breathe deeply with sheer enjoyment of the tingling atmosphere; your eyes glisten; your hair actually seems to curl with the vital joy of living.

"The caravan filed away in its strings of six camels, a dusty Chinese or Mongol boy at the head of each, until the line stretched away for nearly a mile. The clunking of the camel bells gave music for the procession. Dogs barked; the impatient ponies tossed their heads, gathered their hind legs under them, whinnied; the Mongols grinned and shouted guttural greetings or rode gravely by, morosely piping on flutes; the camels gurgled as they shuffled through the pebbles; and the few friends who had ridden out with Gay and Janssen pushed their mounts close in, bantering gayly and called out the final chin-chins. Unless you've actually experienced such an occasion you can't quite appreciate it. It is more significant in a way than a christening; and more jubilant, I can assure you, than a wedding. If you consider it, though, you'll see that it has many of the elements of a wedding.

"When the caravan was well on its way the last friend dropped behind and the whole expedition coördinating with a general feeling of fixed comfortable pace, common purpose and confidence in the leaders, Janssen drew his pony alongside Gay's, slapped Gay on the shoulder and exclaimed happily: 'Well, old chap, we're off!'

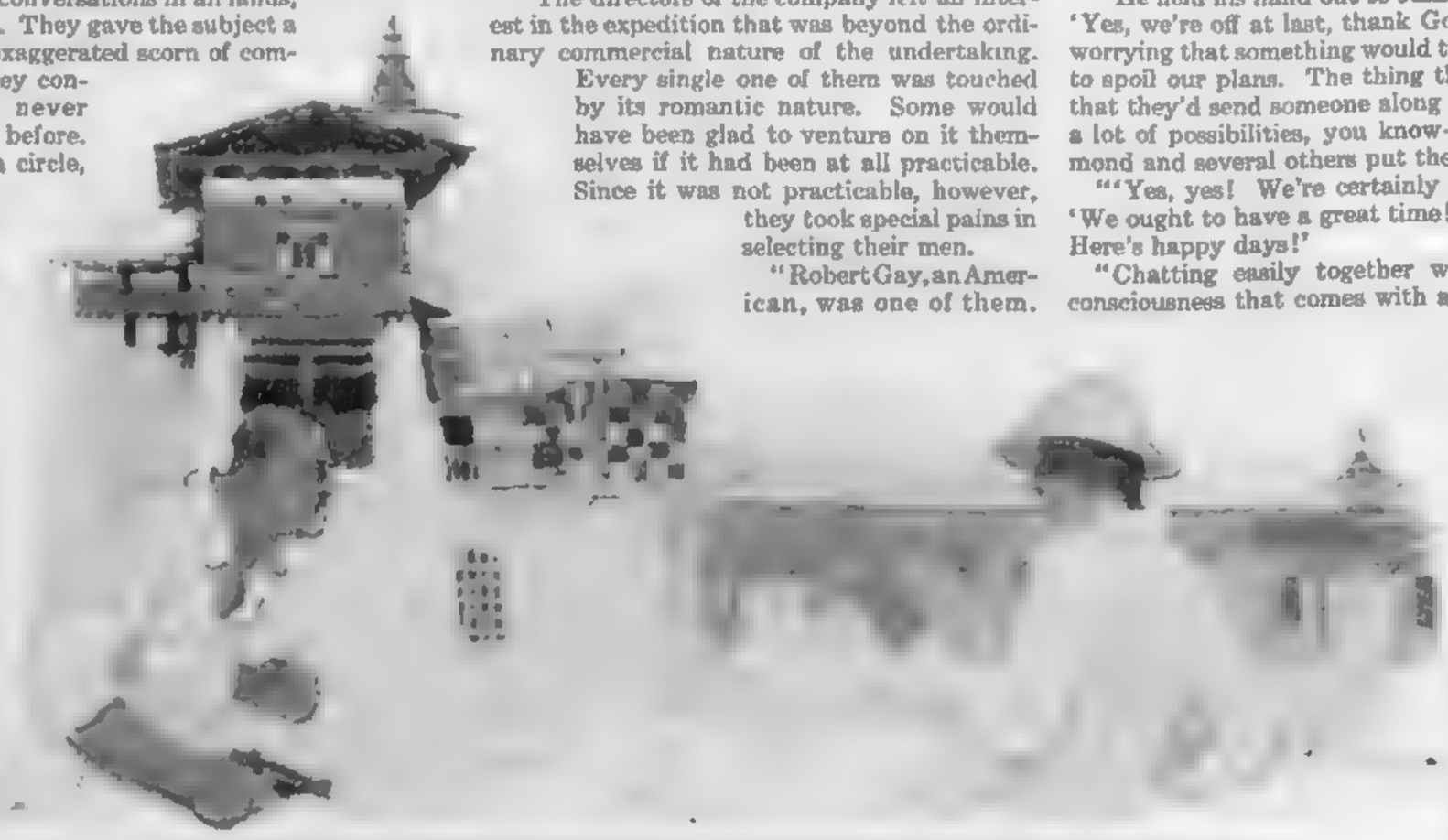
"The American smiled slowly as his eye took in the long winding column headed westward and his thoughts went ahead to the days of delightful work and adventure that lay before them.

"He held his hand out to Janssen and said deliberately: 'Yes, we're off at last, thank God! You know, I kept on worrying that something would turn up at the last moment to spoil our plans. The thing that worried me most was that they'd send someone along I didn't like. There were a lot of possibilities, you know—Eccles, Dunston, Hammond and several others put their names in.'

"'Yes, yes! We're certainly lucky,' agreed the Dane. 'We ought to have a great time! As the Englishmen say: Here's happy days!'

"Chatting easily together with the absence of self-consciousness that comes with a complete mutual understanding, they went over plans together; discussed their native assistants; divided up their tasks so that one would not infringe upon the other; and exchanged opinions upon the country, its people, peculiarities of the desert and little tricks by which an old traveler profits. For a week they continued in this fashion.

"That first week was near perfection for men who enjoyed the wild open life of the plains. The practical details of



"The Two Men Stood Facing Each Other, Confused, Desperate, Their Minds a Chaos of Mad Impulses"

the caravan rested in the hands of the Mongol caravan leader and the Chinese comprador. For the rest, the two white men accustomed themselves again to life in the saddle. There was some good shooting and the red dust and scrub of the rolling plains were still tinged with the light green of spring. Food was plentiful and of excellent variety. The Chinese cook took pains to produce the best.

"The camels grazed by day and traveling was done at night, the caravan moving off at about one or two in the morning. These silent rides across the plains and desert are almost beyond anything you can imagine. The stars snap and flash like blue electric sparks while the great round planets glow like lanterns. The air is thin and cool, sometimes very cold, and sends an elixir into the blood that makes every nerve tingle with life and energy. It causes strange reactions. Some travelers burst into exuberant shouts; others grow dumb with the intensity of their feelings.

"As the long column swings along, shadowy and silent save for the soft shuffle and pat of the camels' pads, a Mongol suddenly screams—the scream becomes a song, a high-pitched, piercing song that vibrates stirringly through the still air. Flutes ripple over strange haunting melodies. The ponies blow the dust from their nostrils with vigorous snorts. Off in the distance, when the sounds of caravan life become muffled, you can sometimes hear the thin howl of a wolf, which accentuates the comfortable sensation of harmony and well-being that pervades the people of the caravan. The steady propulsion provides a certain stimulus that saves all from a sagging contentment.

"During these long night marches the solemn grandeur of the desert and the desert night grew on Gay. His mind reached out to the great eternal mysteries that seem so intimate, so near comprehension in places like these. The little shocks that recalled the trivialities of existence sometimes annoyed him.

"Janssen, possessed of more volatile spirits, took the desert less seriously. He knew it well. Its mystery was no more significant to him than the mystery of fire is to a cook. He enjoyed more the tattle of the caravan folk. He was everywhere up and down the line, chatting, laughing, joking, picking up quaint bits of information. It was superficial, though, because these people too were more or less commonplace to him and he found no abiding pleasure in their company, any more than any of you might find in the company of laborers. It was with entirely different feelings—profound feelings—that he drew his pony alongside of Gay's to retell the tattle he had heard, for Gay was his comrade.

"For long minutes at a time he would yarn away, interspersing with snatches of song he had picked up or showing tricks some Mongol had taught him: how to spin yarn from the camels' shaggy wool raked out with the fingers; how to make a flute from the shin bone of a lamb or braid a rawhide whip onto the horn of an antelope. Gay listened to all this with smiling good nature. He delighted in Janssen's sprightly company and learned a great deal from his chance-flung remarks.

"Among other things there was a game Janssen played that at first interested Gay keenly. Janssen carried a tennis ball in one of his saddlebags. If dawn broke while they were still on the march he would take this ball out and, setting his pony at a canter, bounce it on the desert floor, catching it deftly on the rebound. It was really a difficult trick, requiring an excellent seat, good judgment, a keen eye and a quick hand. If he missed the catch the Dane would swoop out of his Cossack saddle, hooking his spur in the cantle, and snatch the ball from the ground as he overtook it. His lithe frame and quick movements made this an agreeable sport. But when Gay attempted it he met with continued failure.

"Urging his pony to a canter he would bounce the ball vigorously, but it would bound far over his head or he would be too slow by seconds in reaching for it. Furthermore, his short heavy frame made it difficult for him to retrieve the ball when once it rolled on the ground; and it was aggravating continually to swing out of the saddle and clamber in again, readjusting the paraphernalia. Finally Gay abandoned the game altogether after losing his temper once or twice and contented himself with watching Janssen. This, however, did not please him long.

"Janssen's swift youthful movements, his graceful hawklike swoops, the light airy ease with which he darted after the bounding ball, began to cause Gay a slight annoyance. By contrast he seemed so heavy and slow and dull. He even somewhat resented the implication his companion's buoyant spirits contained. When Janssen's pony rushed by in the first flush of dawn, the hoofs rolling dully in the dust and the ball sounding thud—thud—thud at rapid intervals he began to draw aside with suppressed exclamations.

"Roused from deep reveries, the trivial nature of the interruption annoyed him.

"'For heaven's sake, Janssen!' he exclaimed one morning, 'are you going to keep up that fool game forever?'

"'Why,' said Janssen, reining in, 'don't you know there's good practice in this? The Western Mongols play a game like it. They throw a sheepskin on the ground between two sets of players. The first side to reach it, then, snatches it up and tries to carry it across the opponents' line.'

"'The devil!' grunted Gay. 'You don't intend to compete with them, do you?'

"'Why not? It's fun and it's good business. A Mongol respects a good horseman better than almost anything else.'

"'That means they have no respect for me?' demanded Gay with senseless heat.

"'Oh, don't be an ass!'

"'Easy!' said Gay, restraining himself. 'Keep your tongue to yourself, if you can't control it—and your damned kid's game too!'

"A shadow came across Janssen's face. He darted a swift, indignant glance at his companion, but checked the hasty words that rose to his lips and moved aside. Gay, saying nothing more, plodded forward morosely.

"After that their conversation was constrained. Each felt foolish and guilty, but without a mediator they refused to yield.

"The next morning Janssen did not play his game with the same degree of abandon, and Gay felt a sardonic satisfaction in noticing this. Now that the subject had been broached, however, everything to do with that silly tennis ball became significant. Janssen wanted to play with it—and Gay derided the game. At the same time the savor had gone out of it for Janssen; while for Gay the satisfaction was modified by the knowledge that his companion resented his attitude. This created a certain defiance in his mood which increased the more he brooded over it.

"They ate their meals with longer silences between bits of conversation, and were stiltedly polite or designedly offhand in their conversation, as though they feared they might say something that would cause an outburst.

"Janssen now began to think over the situation. He decided that Gay's attitude was both stupid and insulting. His fiery nature suddenly blazed.

"'Very well, the cuckoo! If he thinks I'm childish ——'

"And thereafter he mingled more with the Mongols and less with Gay, and his conversations with the latter became more austere and abrupt. One day the caravan came to a desert inn where there were wells and a large building of sun-baked brick, formerly used as a yamen when the district had been more populous. Here they rested for two days.

"On the second day, while Gay was stretched on a kang inside dozing, Janssen in the yard, for want of something to do, brought forth the tennis ball and began idly to throw it against the wall of the building. The intermittent thudding sound against the bricks roused Gay. Unable to resume his sleep he listened with growing exasperation, until at last, unable to restrain himself longer, he jumped to his feet and burst through the door into the yard.

"Gay's sudden wild appearance, his face distorted with rage, startled Janssen. He stood stock-still looking at his companion inquiringly.

"Gay cried in a loud angry voice: 'Damn that ball! I'll put an end to that!'

"And he drew his revolver and deliberately sent two shots into the ball, bursting it as it dribbled along the ground.

"Janssen was stupefied with astonishment. Then he almost choked with the rage that boiled up within him. The two men stood silently facing each other, confused, desperate, their minds a chaos of mad impulses. In a second their calm reason, their culture, their mutual sympathy and understanding—their friendship—were burned away because of a tennis ball. Worse than that, it actually unbalanced their sanity, for if Janssen had been in possession of a weapon he certainly would have shot Gay and Gay was equally prepared to shoot Janssen.

"All codes and conventions were forgotten, the sentimental bonds that united them were broken; they felt only

(Concluded on Page 79)

"The Cargo Was Lightened at the Villages Through Which They Passed and the Unladen Camels Jest Back"

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Drives, Drivers and Driven

THE law was off on November first and it is now the open season for rabbits and millionaires. Unafraid and trusting in September, the rabbits now cower trembling under the protective coloration of the brush. At night the swarming hunters gather in camps and clubs to count the spoil of their guns and to tell how the warier and nimbler bunnies got away.

Coming back on Labor Day from their vacations and from safety, with only one installment of the income tax left to pay, people were beginning to go about their business with something of their pre-war boldness. But now they dodge along from doorway to doorway, and in his office the millionaire cowers behind a protective screen of secretaries, jumping nervously whenever the telephone rings. At noon and night the weary teams gather round the long table, exhibiting their bags and lamenting that this year the game is neither so fat nor so plentiful as last.

The fall drives are on, the winter ones are coming and the spring ones are being planned. And they are being planned along the lines of the President's prescription of force for the Germans—without stint. No one who wants money seems able to think in terms of anything except a million or multiples thereof—also without stint. There are no pikers, no pessimists in the ranks of the drive promoters when they talk in terms of other people's money.

A good many of the professional promoters thought that they must be dreaming when they found how easy it came during the war. When they find how hard it comes this year they are going to wake up. The four-minute days when the public was pretty soft are over. The giver is getting to be a little hard-boiled; he wants to be shown, and properly so. During the war, charities for the support of indigent grafters, titled, near-titled and finger-printed, were common; entertainments that split fifty-fifty between the refugees and the ballyhoo boys were given almost daily; and bazaars that returned thirty cents net and a handsome amount of charity jazz to the innocent ladies in charge, while the promoters wheeled away the "important money" in pushcarts, were not unknown.

So far as the effect on the country goes, money given to a wasteful or unnecessary charity is just as badly spent as if it were handed directly to a grafter. This year a dollar must be one hundred cents useful, whether it is invested in business or charity. No cause is so good that it can sanctify waste.

Any organization that is asking you for money should first show exactly how it has used that already given to it and at the same time present a detailed budget setting forth how the new sums demanded are to be expended. It should prove that it is asking for a minimum, not a maximum amount; that an undue proportion of its receipts are not going for publicity and drive expenses, for salaries and commissions to professional promoters, puffers and solicitors; that it is not duplicating the work of better-equipped agencies in the same field; that its program is constructive and calculated to lift people up to a place where they can help themselves; and that it is one of genuine humanitarianism, not sloppy sentimentalism. We need charities that put men to work and ever fewer that support them without work. Lady Bountiful is one aristocrat who must lose her title in this age of democracy. Her giving has hurt everybody except herself.

The prevalent jazz is getting into our charities even. This "Hurrah, come along, boys!" spirit that is behind so many drives should be met with the Missouri counter attack, "Show me." You might better blow in your money on Broadway than to let one of the fifty-fifty boys have it, because that is where it will be spent if he gets it; you might just as well buy something that you don't need as to give it to some good-looking and well-meaning woman who will waste it on an imitation charity. If money must be frittered away it is pleasant to do the frittering yourself. Every man his own fritterer, is a good slogan.

It is the plain duty of everyone before giving to any organization to post himself on it thoroughly. It is equally his duty to exercise a certain amount of discrimination in choosing between charities. There are certain home debts that must be discharged before one is free to spend abroad. Because almost everybody is giving to a certain object, because friends and neighbors bring pressure to bear on one, because one is cornered and afraid or ashamed to say no—these are the three worst reasons in the world for saying yes, but they influence more people in their giving than conscience or conviction.

This year charity does not begin abroad, though it still has a big job there. Our first duties are to our home hospitals; tubercular sanitariums; children's societies; charity organizations that seek to alleviate distress temporarily while aiming to make the one helped a useful, working member of society; educational institutions, provided the money is used this year for salaries and not for frills; housing and slum improvement work; civic organizations that are genuinely concerned with better government and are actually getting it, and so on up the line. Out of this multitude of philanthropies that are pressing for his money the average man should choose a few, investigate them, concentrate on them, stick to them.

Wise charity will decrease, unwise increase, the cost of living. The latter is simply another tax, lightly imposed, wastefully spent. Also, when one helps an undeserving object he is keeping men and women out of useful industry where they are needed to make and sell goods. Necessary and well-managed charities will naturally demobilize every worker that can possibly be spared to production.

The time has come when we must turn over our foreign work to a few large, well-manned and well-equipped agencies like the Red Cross, concentrate under the big top and take the wagon shows and the side shows off the road. We are rapidly approaching the point, according to reports of competent observers, when we should withdraw from Western Europe altogether, leaving the continuance of such relief work as is needed to the people of wealth in the several continental countries. There are many of them in the larger areas untouched by war who should undertake it, and who have that understanding of their fellow countrymen that is necessary to make any help effective. Our final efforts should be directed to getting people in devastated areas back on the farms and into other forms of productive industry.

American aid will probably be more needed in Eastern than in Western Europe during the coming year, but wherever it is really needed we should extend it in a rational help-them-to-help-themselves manner. If America is misunderstood in Europe, if Americans are disliked by many Europeans, as returning travelers report, nothing could be more necessary or more sensible than for us to try to understand and to like Europeans. We need not turn the other cheek, but we should turn our best side toward them.

We do not wish to minimize the need for giving, but to emphasize the need for sane giving; to caution the drivers to confine their drives to the plain necessities and to let the luxuries of giving go over to a more propitious time. The backbone of charity is not the spectacular millionaire. He will give at times and give large sums—if he is sure the reporters will get his name and spell it right. It is not the easy-come, easy-go man. With him it goes easy only for pleasure. He contributes oftenest to charity after the third drink—and the country is going dry. It is the great majority that is overtaxed, overcharged and too often underpaid that is the backbone of giving in America. It has dug often and deep during the past five years. It is beginning to feel a little crowded right now. The reaction from overgiving is undergiving. If too many demands are made on a man he will often refuse them all, where a few moderate ones would be honored.

A clerk was complaining bitterly of his wife's nagging him for money.

"There's no let up!" he exclaimed. "One day she comes to me for ten, another for twenty and then again she wants fifty—money, money all the time!"

"But what does she do with it all?" asked the sympathetic friend.

"Oh, I don't give it to her!" was the answer.

The men who growl most about the drives are apt to be those who do not give anything. But there are others who are willing in spirit but weak in the pay check, and still others who feel like putting all they can spare into those absolutely necessary home organizations that have been eating at the second table during the war or have been turned away from the back door with a handout—cold charity for charity. It will be wise to let them follow their inclination, without nagging them to do something else. Unfortunately, among the promoters and solicitors in almost every drive there is an element that is impatient of convictions that do not square with theirs in the matter of giving—busybodies with other people's philanthropies. They are open-handed folk, who could always spend a millionaire's money to better advantage than he does, and would always give more freely than the old tightwad—if they had it. But they never have it. There are no worth-while charities in the world except those that they happen to be driving. They are the only authorized recording angels of philanthropy. If your name is not in their little book you are damned. And if it is you are damned, because the sum beside it is not larger.

There is little doubt that all the various organizations asking for large sums will find it impossible to raise them this year. It is not desirable that all of them should. Many memorials, art galleries and similar projects should go over until enough houses for the people have been built. And some of these promoters who are always saying that it is just as easy to raise a million as a hundred thousand should be shown that it is not. The organization that asks for a million this year should be made to do a lot of explaining before it gets it. Only if it can actually show a prospective million dollars' worth of essential, productive good, not in vague hopes and generalities but in cold, hard facts, can the country afford the expenditure.

Because charity means goodness and benevolence, we assume that almost any enterprise that calls itself a charity is worthy; that the mere use of the word and the declaration of a philanthropic purpose assure virtue; that money

intrusted to a charitable organization, even if we know that those in charge of it are unbusinesslike in ordinary affairs, will be expended prudently; and that methods that would bring censure and bankruptcy to a store will in some mysterious way bring good results in philanthropy. It was because of this curious attitude that such an appalling number of fakes and fakers flourished during the war; that so much money was given without any real investigation to burglars, second-story men and perfectly honest but perfect fools of men and women who operated in the name of charity. All that is not only a charge on living costs, but on honest constructive philanthropy.

Faith, hope and charity—these three, with "Show me!" as an imperative fourth. The faith that investigates before it believes is the only faith worth having.

Railroad Exploitation

IN EVERY plea for government ownership of railroads or for their so-called nationalization or socialization there is to be found a common argument, like a thread through a garment. It is charged that Wall Street has exploited the railroads and the public is paying the price. It is further implied that bondholders and stockholders are preying upon the public. In the handbook of a very radical organization four or five of the country's largest individual owners of railroad stock are referred to by name, with the statement that in case of a general transportation strike and tie-up they would be directly responsible for the blood of women and children.

But precious good care is taken never to mention the fact that it is the investing rather than the shipping public which has paid the price of past financial abuse and manipulation. Rates have been too low in this country to make an argument based on the suffering shipper one to appeal to common sense. Exploitation is such a choice-sounding word that radical handbooks do not spoil the effect by showing who has been exploited. They do not print charts of failures and receiverships. They never tabulate the investment losses. All stockholders, to them, loll on private yachts, solely because of their ownership of railroad shares.

Naturally if railroad capitalization was vastly inflated and if the companies were able to procure rates high enough to pay dividends on oceans of watered stock there might be some logic in constantly shouting Wall Street exploitation. But there is just about as much evidence of undercapitalization as the other way round, and the rates are fixed almost entirely by Federal and state commissions.

Of course railroads have tried to establish as high a value as possible for their properties in the various rate cases, but the assumption that they have put anything over—broadly speaking—is certainly not plausible. The low prices for their securities during a number of years past and the recurrent periods of receivership are facts which do not fit in with the theory that the shipping public has been exploited.

At intervals of about every ten years a large part of the railroad mileage of the country has gone into receivers' hands, with disastrous effect upon an equally large part of the stocks and bonds.

As far back as 1874 one-fourth of the bonded debt was defaulted upon and as recently as 1913 well over half a billion dollars of bonds were in default. In 1894 no less than two and a half billions of securities were injured by receivership.

Whatever the causes of financial abuse and failure, the effect has been a large measure of actual loss to investors. These losses have fallen upon scores of thousands of English, French and Dutch, as well as Americans. In several cases from a quarter to a third of the stock or bonds of companies recently in straits were and largely are owned by Europeans.

Of the many thousands of stockholders in the New Haven Railroad not one, big or little, has received a dividend in six years, though this is the largest system in New England. Many railway reorganizations have been effected only by the writing off of millions of dollars' worth of securities once regarded as sound investments.

Whatever may have been the shortcomings of private ownership of railroads in the past, it is a futile waste of time to be barking at the owners and accusing them of predatory qualities.

To make faces at these investors and accuse them of being nonproducers, parasites and even worse is about as helpful at the present time as to blame a dead man for being the cause of an automobile accident.

War Savings and Prices

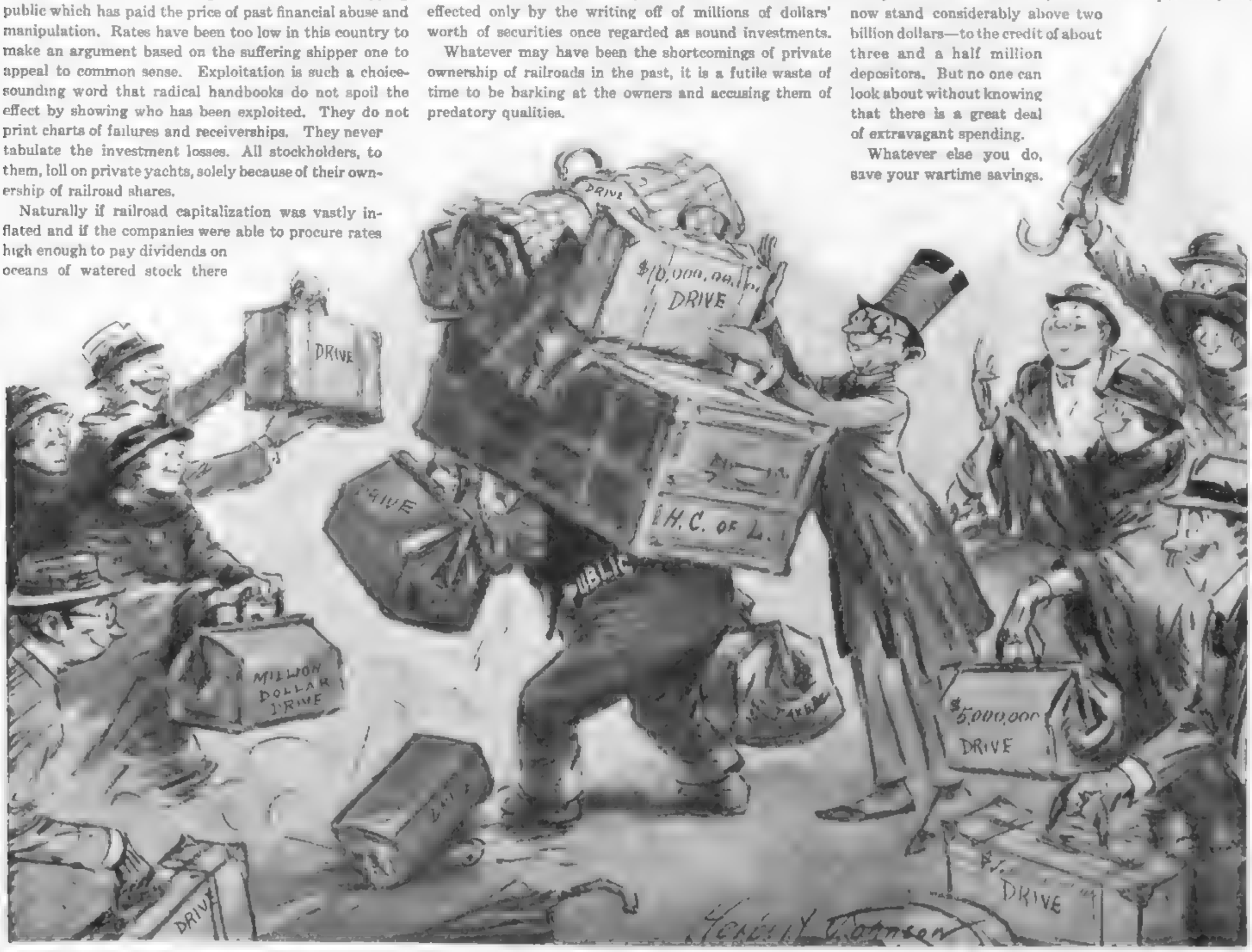
THE director of the Savings Division of the Treasury Department says that one reason for high cost of living is that millions of people are spending not only current earnings but savings of past two years; "Liberty Bonds are being cashed at a loss to purchase luxuries at prices exorbitant even for luxuries." Sales of Liberty Bonds on the New York Stock Exchange alone run near two hundred million dollars a month. There is no doubt a great deal of cashing in of wartime savings and a great deal of extravagance consequent thereon—all of which contributes its share to high cost of living.

"Work and save" is the great permanent cure; above all, save your wartime savings. Every extravagance now means not only the loss of that particular bit of money but an upward trend of prices that makes all the rest of your money less valuable.

You not only spend that money but set up a needless tax on yourself. Furthermore, you spend your dollars at a time when they buy only one-half as much as they would under normal conditions.

There is still, fortunately, the class of thrifty habits. The superintendent of banks at Albany recently reported that in the six months ending July first last, deposits in savings banks in New York State increased a hundred and thirty-seven million dollars, or about six per cent, and now stand considerably above two billion dollars—to the credit of about three and a half million depositors. But no one can look about without knowing that there is a great deal of extravagant spending.

Whatever else you do, save your wartime savings.



PORTER!

BLACK SHEEP

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

X

AT A QUARTER to five that afternoon Louise's electric wheeled up to the curb at the side door of the Bank of Elsmoor. Ned Proctor had stepped out of the door a minute before and was waiting for her, obedient to her telephone message. She opened the car door for him and gave him a hand as he climbed in, but it struck him that she was uncommonly grave.

She directed the car mechanically back to Sheridan Road and turned south, keeping near the curb and driving very slowly; but even at that pace she had to keep her eyes ahead on the road most of the time. When they were finally set in their course she looked round at him very gravely indeed and said: "Ned, will you tell me the exact truth?"

It was a plea and he answered promptly, "I surely will, Lou."

"You said something to me a little while ago—that you were being watched. I thought afterward you meant you and I were being watched. I want you to tell me exactly what you meant."

"Oh, I supposed somebody was keeping tab on me," he replied at once; "probably on account of that old business of father's and so on. It might be the state's attorney's office, you know. My friends were trying to get them to quash that indictment against me—wipe it off the slate for good. Maybe they were keeping tab on me to see whether they ought to do it or not. Of course if they were watching me, and you were along—why, naturally, they'd be watching you too. You might figure in whatever reports they made, don't you see? It's nothing to worry about, Lou."

He said it readily, looking down the road; but somehow it didn't ring true to her. It sounded like polite subterfuge. So she replied with a more intimate impulsive plea:

"You mustn't try to fool me, Ned—saving me or saving anybody else. I'm banking on you." There was a little appealing cry in her voice as she said it. "I'm in trouble. I don't know what to do. You're not telling me all. I want you to tell me just what made you say that—just what you meant. You must, Ned!" She had fairly let the car stop then and was looking into his face, appealing and troubled. "Don't you go back on me!"

It was naturally a very disturbing plea, yet he tried to ward it off.

"Why—it's really nothing, Lou. Just as I say, somebody's been watching me—but it's nothing to worry you."

"But I've got to know!" she insisted. "I'm in trouble. Won't you? We're old friends. Ned, please tell me the exact truth! I must know!"

It was hard to resist that. He looked into her pleading face, his face perplexed, and said ineffectually, "I'd do what I could for you, Lou."

"I know something happened—something made you say that to me," she urged. "You'd save somebody else, but I want saving myself, Ned. Won't you—for me—please?"

It wasn't in him to resist longer.

"Yes, I'll tell you; you come first," he said. Then he looked down the road a moment, passed his hand over his thick hair and took another moment to arrange the facts in his mind.

"I've Been Thinking of it All the Time, Whether or Not I Ought to Tell You"

"There's a young fellow in the bank—Fred Perkins is his name. He's a good youngster and he likes me. Maybe his conduct out of business hours isn't just what a bank clerk's ought to be, you know. In fact, he's quite a suburban sport. Nothing very wrong about it or about him, you understand. But probably he knows more about the road houses and pool rooms over at Leedsdale than a right young bank clerk ought to know. It's about what I was doing at his age, only he's in the fifty-cent row instead of up in front.

"Well, Fred came to me one day, meaning to do me a good favor. Seems there's a fellow round Elsmoor named Hines. I never heard of him before. Fred says he used to work in that billiard parlor back of Macy's. He's older than Fred—thirty or more—and not much account, I guess. Over at Leedsdale one night he got to talking to Fred and another young chap. Fred says he'd been swilling quite a bit of beer. He got to blowing, you know—bragging. He told the boys he was a detective now—regular professional. That interested them. You can imagine it was a more or less beery conversation all round. Finally, Hines told the boys he was shadowing me. Yes, Lou—you and me. That's what he told them—in alcoholic confidence, he being all swelled up with the notion of his importance and anxious to impress the youngsters. Regular detective, you see—dime-novel stuff. That's what he told them.

"As I told you, Fred is fond of me. When he thought it over afterward he got the idea that I ought to know about it; a good romantic kid, you understand, who wanted to save his friend. So he did some amateur detecting on his own account. He got hold of Hines again when there was no beer in the conversation and pointed out that he was in a good position to watch me, being with me in the bank all day. He suggested that if there was any suitable reward in sight he might enlist as Hines' assistant. Well, Hines agreed to that and talked it all over with him in perfect sobriety. He didn't say who was hiring him—only that it was a regular detective agency downtown. The upshot of it was that Fred felt perfectly sure the other talk hadn't been just beery brag, but that Hines was really employed by a detective agency to watch me—and you. So then Fred came to me—to put me on guard, you see. That's the exact truth, Lou."

She had turned a bit pale and was looking straight ahead, driving very slowly.

"I wanted to know," she murmured. "I had to know. It was fine of you to tell me."

"Naturally—it was something I couldn't very well—more than barely hint at," he observed, also looking straight ahead, for the situation bristled with embarrassments.

"I suppose not," she said absently.

He gave a little sigh and continued, laboring with embarrassment:

"Naturally, I couldn't. Now that it's come out—you see how it is, Lou. It isn't worth your while. It just means trouble for you. It's been awfully fine of you mighty fine of you—coming round to see me and so on. That's been fine. But you see how it is. I'd liked to have told you before, but naturally I couldn't. It just means trouble for you."

There was the question: Who had set a spy upon them?—with the humiliation for her which that question naturally implied. He was keeping as far away from that as he could. There was a little silence, while she drove mechanically, staring straight ahead.

"If I let you in for—anything disagreeable—I'd want to go jump in the lake," he said. "What would be the use? You've chosen the way you want to go. It's all right for you to choose. I'm out of it. It isn't worth your while to get yourself into a mess about me. It's a poor subject to talk about, Lou. I'd have given a leg if this thing hadn't come up at all. But it has come up, so we may as well look it in the face. It's been mighty fine of you; but, you see, it isn't worth your while. Just cut me out, Lou. Stick to the ticket you've picked out."

Without answering that suggestion she said abruptly, "My father must have done this."

She obviously meant that her father must have hired the spy. With astonishment he considered it a moment and then protested.

"No, you must be wrong. You must be, Lou!" He considered it again and flung away the imputation decisively. "You're certainly wrong. It could never have been your father. It's rotten enough to think of anybody doing it. But your father—no, he never did it. It wouldn't be like him."

(Continued on Page 34)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

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Campbell's Beans are made in kitchens renowned through half a century for good food products. Quality is the strict Campbell's standard. Only the best ingredients and only the best culinary methods are employed. Campbell's Beans are the best-liked beans in the world. Hand-picked beans, slow-cooked until thoroughly digestible, are blended with red ripe tomatoes—a delicious, wholesome nourishing dish.

One size **15c a Can** One kind

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 32)

"It was my father!" she repeated. "It must have been."

Incredulously, very much as though she had affirmed that her father had given her a beating, he considered her astonishing assertion; but as her father came up in his mind he could not fit him into that rôle.

"You're wrong, Lou; you must be," he declared. "You're certainly wrong."

"Why do you say so?" she asked.

He answered plumply:

"Whoever did that was a sneak. Your father's no sneak."

She recalled with a touch of bitterness that her father had not been so kind in his judgment of the young man who was now defending him.

"See here, Lou," he urged, "we may be all wrong about this. It's rotten enough to think it of anybody." By anybody he meant of course Lowell Winthrop. "It may have been just some sneaking busybody; maybe somebody with an interest in Winthrop, you know, and wanting to break it off—between you and him. Anybody can go hire a detective; doesn't cost a great deal either. Probably it was just some sneaking busybody."

That might have sounded more plausible, only she knew that her own maid had been hired to spy, too, which looked like a more elaborate system of espionage than a mere busybody would have embarked on.

"Forget that notion about your father," he counseled her.

"I don't know why you should be defending him," she said. "He never took much pains to defend you."

That was a very intimate sort of thing to say. It boldly put him closer to her than her own father and it made his heart beat.

"I'll tell you," he said after a moment. "I've had a thundering good licking. Plenty of people will tell you that a man no older than I am ought not to take a licking. I thought so myself once. But if a five-ton truck has run over you, what you think it ought to do to you doesn't make much difference. You're smashed up, whether you ought to be or not. That day when they took father down to Joliet—well, probably you can imagine it. I was pretty well smashed up.

"And then, after that—you see, I found out that I was to be turned down. I was out of it. Probably I resented that for a little while as much as anybody would under the circumstances. But it kept running over me. There was my father in prison. I was indicted myself—a trial coming along, when like enough I'd join him. It kept running over me. Finally, I just took the licking—I threw up my hands."

There was something in the electrified air between them which said that he hadn't really told the story yet; it was incomplete. He looked down at the crown of the straw hat on his knees and compressed his lips.

"Probably you know I hoped to marry you. That was what I couldn't give up. But it kept running over me. What business had I to hope that? Your father was right enough. I mean he had a right to take that course. By all the rules I was out of the game. Why not be a square sport—square to you, even supposing there'd ever been a time when I might have stood a show? You let me know I was out of the game. You had a right to. Of course if you'd cared—I mean cared really—it would have been different. But you didn't—and what was the use of sticking round and gumming things up? I took my licking.

"It's true, I cared more for you than anything else. I said I'd keep that, you see—not gum anything up. I'd be off on the back row of the bleachers cheering, with nothing mean on my conscience. I took the licking. That's about the way it stands, Lou," he added, as though he had made an admirably lucid, coherent statement. He looked round at her, continuing: "So I'm saying to you now, don't think your father put spies on you. That isn't true. I don't want that in your mind."

Her heart was beating at the base of her throat. Looking ahead she said: "I'm going to see you as often as I like."

"You're terribly sweet, Lou," he said helplessly from his end of the seat.

"I'm not engaged to Lowell Winthrop any more," she said, her eyes ahead, though the car was barely creeping and she was not much aware of the road anyway. "The engagement is broken."

He stared at her and heard himself saying: "Would there be any chance for me?"

Then she was saying, "I like you, Ned." And he noticed how the half-opened rosebud on the lapel of her jacket rose and fell with the laboring of her breast.

"You know how it is, Lou," he said, and choked a bit over the name that time. "I've got no money. It's twenty-five hundred a year there in the bank, and my mother to support. It would have to be a long time. I didn't tell you, but the state's attorney has promised to quash that indictment—wipe it off the slate. You know how I'm situated. I never loved anybody but you."

She was looking stonily down the road. He looked that way too—off into space as though that typified the void future—and tried to present the case candidly.

"It wouldn't be fair or decent. I'm mortgaged up to my eyebrows—my father's name and his debts to the savings-bank depositors—over seven hundred thousand. I'd said I might dig myself out of that at forty or forty-five or fifty. Then I'd just stand at taw, you see. It wouldn't be decent to ask this of you. As I told you, I've had a thundering good licking, so I don't want to hurt anybody else or get anybody else into that hole—you of all the people in the world. I never loved anybody but you. But it wouldn't be decent. It would be like sticking you in jail for twenty years. Your father doesn't like me."

He kept his voice steady and his eyes ahead and had an impression that he had presented it coherently.

"My father doesn't count," she retorted with a sudden passion. "He shouldn't have interfered. Spying on me is unbearable! I'll not stand it!"

That was easier to talk about than the other, and he replied earnestly, "I'm sure you're wrong about that, Lou. He wouldn't have done it. The engagement's broken now; it must have been Winthrop—or some of his family that wanted to break it up."

Ned Procter Was Waiting, Obedient to Her Telephone Message

At that she looked round at him, her brows knitted, saying, "It wasn't only this that you've told me about. My own maid is spying on me—in his house. I know it." Also with an idea of being coherent she continued: "That's why I had to know—from you—know what made you say that to me. I made up my mind to know the truth—and have it out. I'll not stand being spied on in my own house. Nobody can use me so. I wanted you to tell me so I could have it out. I'm going to follow it through now. I know you haven't any money, Ned. That doesn't matter."

More than her voice, which she strove to control, or her face, the motions of the rosebud showed the storm. And in whatever other respects her statement lacked coherence, the words, "That doesn't matter," were sufficient; both of them understood what that meant.

"Let me talk to your father about us," he urged.

"No, Ned," she replied with a decision as sweet as though she had fallen into his arms, "I must do it myself."

No great significance could be recovered from those mere words, but they were speaking of a most intimate thing—her relations with her father—and her way of speaking took him into the heart of it. Bride speaks to bridegroom that way. It was as though she had put herself into his arms, but he had not so much as touched her hand. And for an excellent reason. For some minutes, then, the car had been standing still against the foliage at the curb. Other vehicles were swiftly passing in either direction along the much-used thoroughfare. The occupants of those other vehicles naturally looked over curiously at a shiny electric car standing at the curb, through whose glass windows a young man and young woman were seen to be conversing. Merely conversing in that situation attracted sufficient attention; and Louise half mechanically started the electric again.

In that pause of three or four minutes under the eyes of passers-by a tremendous thing had happened and both their minds were under its spell.

"I'm not going to quarrel with my father, Ned," she said after a long moment. "I'm going to find out—and have it settled. You wait until you hear from me."

He had the advantage of her in that he could sit back in a corner of the seat and look at her as she drove.

"I'm mighty good at this kind of waiting, Lou," he said, and laughed in fatuous exultation. But his face darkened at once and he said with illogical but poignant remorse: "All the same, it's damnably tough luck for you—just like sticking you in jail."

He felt that a heroic nature would never consent to her making such a sacrifice as was involved in an engagement to marry him. But he was looking at her all the time, and flesh and blood—at any rate his flesh and blood—ruthlessly vetoed that heroism. Besides, there was no engagement really.

In that situation there could hardly be one really; and so there was really nothing else that could be said just then. As bride and bridegroom—perhaps provisionally—they rolled on in a happy, troubled silence, and in only two or three minutes more they came to the intersection of that street up which stood the little cottage where he and his mother lived. That he should alight there had somehow made itself understood in both their minds and she drew up to the curb as though they had verbally agreed upon it.

"Wait till you hear from me," she said again, looking into his eyes and faintly smiling.

"I think you're wrong, Lou," he urged anxiously—meaning about her father and the spy, as she understood. As he reached to open the car door he added: "I wouldn't have anybody unkind to anybody to-day."

She stooped a little toward him, her eyes aflood with soft light, and murmured, "I know!"

For a short moment she sat in the car looking after him as he walked vigorously up the street, a fullness in her throat. Then she turned and drove north, the car gaining speed under her hand as she addressed her mind resolutely to the business ahead. She meant to know—and to have it out once for all.

Entering the house, she looked about her and glanced into the living room with a purposeful eye, like a general surveying the terrain on the eve of action. Going upstairs and down the hall there, she also took note of the aspect of the house. In her own sitting room she immediately rang for her maid and closed the door that led into the bath and bedroom.

When Jenny Dupee stepped in, her mistress was sitting over by a window with a beautifully polished silver-bound wooden casket in her lap.

"Sit down here, Jenny; I want to talk to you."

The thin dark maid crossed the room obediently and seated herself, her hands in her lap, her nervous face—with little veins at the temples that somehow made one think of neuralgia—turned to her mistress, her heart beating fast with vague apprehensions.

"How long have you been here?" Louise asked with neither friendliness nor hostility in her voice, but only the level tone that expects obedience.

"Three years in February, ma'am," replied Jenny promptly, feeling relieved. It was the sort of question that might precede a discussion of wages.

"You know I will do as I say; my word is good," Louise continued in the same tone.

"Oh, surely, Miss Louise! No one would doubt that," Jenny replied, surprised.

"You are not rich? You would like some money?" The questions seemed more like statements of open facts.

"Surely I would like some money," Jenny replied, puzzled by this odd approach to wages. And she explained: "I can save a little. It is not much, you know. One gets older all the time. I have no one to depend on but myself."

"I understand," said Louise. "I am going to give you some money—a good deal of money—perhaps."

The little veins in the maid's sallow temples distended. Her eyes looked nervous. This didn't sound like wages.

In a composed voice, looking the maid calmly in the eye, Louise went on:

"Somebody has hired you to spy on me—open my mail and so forth. I have watched and I know it." She made

(Continued on Page 36)

Solid Tires for Heavy Trucks

A Frank Statement to American Business Men

We have been asked to give our opinion of the type of tire which is better fitted and more economical for use on heavy trucks.

Our experience leads us to advise owners of trucks from two-and-one-half-tons capacity, up, to stick to solid tires.

Our reasons for this radical statement are given below.

The Republic Rubber Corporation
Youngstown, Ohio

We feel it our duty to urge upon the truck owners and truck buyers of America the very great advisability of using solid tires on trucks of high tonnage.

The simple facts, as we have found them, leave us no other course.

Heavy trucks, as they are designed and built today, are intended primarily for solid-tire equipment.

Truck manufacturers make it plain that their guarantees are drawn to cover solid tires. Many of them annul their guarantees if another type is substituted.

Their interests naturally are in the performance, the life and the upkeep of their vehicles in owners' service.

They say that in order to use other types with the same success and economy that attend the use of solid tires, engines would have to be re-designed; crankshaft bearings made larger; high-duty force-feed oiling systems employed; and gear ratios altered.

In addition, larger and stronger rear axles would be necessary, they say, and more powerful brakes; and spring suspensions redesigned.

It seems to us sound reasoning, then, that, with heavy trucks as they are built today, the wise thing is to use solid tires.

At least, business men about to purchase trucks owe it to themselves to investigate carefully the different types of truck tires.

A good solid tire is troubleproof from the day it is mounted on a wheel to the day when it is worn out.

It never requires a change. It provides a thick cushion of resilient rubber between the road, and the truck and its load. It does not call for replacement until the tread is no longer serviceable.

We are equipped to manufacture, and are manufacturing, pneumatic truck tires.

But, until the manufacturers of heavy-duty trucks change their designs, we will continue to advise the use of Republic Solid Tires.

In thousands of carefully recorded cases, these tires have proved that they *do* last longer—last longer, we believe, than any other solid tire in America, or, so far as we know, in the world.

This statement is not made idly. It is based on the results of actual service tests in which Republic Solid Truck Tires have consistently outlasted other makes.

They last longer because of the Prodium Rubber of which they are made, the extra quantity of this rubber in the tread, and the method of combining the tread with the hard rubber base, so that separation cannot occur and the tire is good until the tread is worn right down to the flanges.

REPUBLIC
SOLID TRUCK
TIRES

(Continued from Page 34)

that statement with a quiet assurance that had the effect of forestalling any protest. "I understand it perfectly, Jenny. You are poor and have to work for a living and are getting along in years. The saving is slow. Why should you care particularly about me when you know I would discharge you to-morrow if you didn't do your work satisfactorily? I understand it. I'm not scolding, you see."

"I have saved only twenty-eight hundred dollars," said fluttered Jenny Dupee. "I didn't get as good wages before I came here. I am thirty-five years old. No one wants an old maid unless she has been long in the family."

Her startled eyes looked as though she might fly away and she spoke with a kind of swift breathlessness; yet she seemed to be meeting her mistress' frankness with equal frankness.

"Certainly; I understand that," Louise replied. "I'm not scolding or threatening. But you wouldn't have done that unless someone paid you for it. I can pay you more than anyone else will. You can make more by working for me."

She opened the polished silver-bound casket, disclosing a small top tray full of glittering things.

"Probably you know what these things are worth better than I do." Suggestively she picked up a jeweled brooch, then a diamond pin. "You know I will do as I say. My word is good. Tell me who hired you, what your instructions were and all about it. Satisfy me that you are telling the truth and I will pay you three times what you can make from the others. But I must have the whole truth, Jenny. Tell me from beginning to end and I will make it well worth your while."

That put Jenny Dupee in a painful quandary. She knew what she had been hired to find out—those things which her mysterious employer paid her seventy dollars a week for reporting. But she also knew something of far greater moment that she had not been paid to find out—namely, what she had heard as she lay under the lounge in the library when Mr. Dinsmore received his unknown caller. That knowledge showed her that the enterprise in which she was playing a humble rôle ran into astonishing dimensions. The strange caller had coolly mentioned two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Jenny's painful dilemma was as to how she could profit by her unsuspected knowledge. The idea of demanding a fairer share of the spoils from the formidable man whom she had met on the street corner was rather terrifying. The idea of attacking Alfred Dinsmore single-handed was more terrifying. How and where was she to find a market for what she knew? That was her dilemma. But her mistress' proposal suggested a market.

With a little tremulous motion of her body, therefore, and bending forward slightly in her chair, she said, "It is worth the pearls."

That suggestion struck Louise not with indignation but with surprise. Her maid was as well acquainted with the contents of this polished box as she herself was—or better. It held jewelry that she might wear at almost any time. The costlier, more rarely used ornaments were in a securer place than her dressing table. In this glittering top tray lay half a dozen rings, a brooch, a flexible bracelet, earrings, slipper buckles—all set with precious stones. Between thumb and forefinger one might pick up a marketable value of five thousand dollars, say. Louise had supposed a marketable value of that extent would be sufficient.

"It is worth the pearls, Miss Louise," Jenny repeated. "If I wished, I could sell it to someone else for more than the pearls."

That was a quite astonishing statement to Louise and she looked it.

The maid was bending farther forward, her thin body atremble.

"You said I was to tell you all—just what has happened and all about it. I am willing. I will tell you and nobody else. It is worth a fortune to me, Miss Louise. The others expect to make a fortune. They said two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. As I said, the saving is slow—I am thirty-five. It is a fortune in my hand. I could sell it to them. Give me the pearls. I will tell it all to you—every word. Then I will go away and say nothing to anybody else—ever."

All this was utterly different from anything Louise had expected to hear and she could make nothing of it. But as her blue eyes, round with astonishment, studied the maid, she believed Jenny was telling the truth. From the beginning she had managed the affair very much as her father would have managed it with a composed efficiency; no outbursts or emotional displays at all, but a cool thrust at the heart of her target. Her father would have managed it very much the same way. She liked to lay bets on horse races and nothing daunted her at bridge. In a way Jenny was tempting her now into a bigger play for higher stakes than she had thought of in opening the conversation. Instead of daunting her it stirred the paternal blood in her veins. So she lifted the tray out of the polished box. Among other articles beneath lay a string of pearls—not a long string, but of fine, perfectly matched stones. She had worn it as a girl and had a liking for it. Its commercial value might be about twenty-five thousand dollars.

"You will say yourself that it is worth the pearls," said Jenny, and wetted her lips with the tip of her tongue.

"If it is worth the pearls I will give them to you," said Louise with the milky string in her hand.

"If you say it is not worth them you can make me give them back," said Jenny.

With a touch of disdain at whatever imputation upon her sportsmanly honor that suggestion might imply, Louise tossed the pearls into Jenny's lap and Jenny put a long, slim hand upon them. She was trembling, but she went straight at the business:

"It was about four weeks ago. A woman came here to the house—to the back door. She wanted to insure our lives—a very smart woman, interesting to talk to. She came three times. She made us laugh. Then she talked to me alone. She said she could get me three times as much wages as I was getting here. I met her over in town and she talked to me a long time. I talked to her too—about myself. Then she proposed it. She gave me seventy dollars and said I would get seventy dollars from her each week and a thousand dollars more when it was finished. I was to watch everything that went on in the house. I was to watch you—if there was any trouble between you and your father and mother and when you went out and came in. I was to look at your mail as much as I could and listen at the telephone. I was to find out if you were writing to Mr. Proctor and he to you and if you made appointments with him. I was to write it down and mail it to her every day that anything happened. Martha Woods is her name. The address is Room 641, Rosser Building, Adams Street. That is how it began."

Jenny drew a tremulous breath and went on with her recital:

"Then Martha Woods telephoned to me. She had arranged with me how she should do that—in case anything turned up—in such a way that the other servants wouldn't suspect anything. She telephoned me and I met her at the same place over in town. She said I was to keep watch of the library that evening, for a colored man was to call on Mr. Dinsmore at half past eight. They would be in the library. If I found out what happened I would get fifty dollars extra."

Jenny's nervous eyes questioned her mistress a moment.

"Perhaps you know about that colored man coming to the house. He comes every month and sees Mr. Dinsmore in the library."

She paused a little as though for an answer; and Louise, remembering the colored caller, said nothing.

"You know the big leather lounge in the library," Jenny continued. "I hid under that. The colored man came in and Mr. Dinsmore gave him some money out of a drawer in the library table. Mr. Dinsmore said, 'How is Collins?' And the colored man said something about his being at a club. That was all they said. Then the colored man went out with the money in a brown leather bag. I wrote that to Martha Woods. She paid the extra fifty dollars. She has always paid promptly. Then another man came to see Mr. Dinsmore—a white man.

"Mr. Winthrop came here that evening. He and Mr. Dinsmore talked in the library. That was right after dinner. They were doing something to the telephone. Then they went upstairs and Mr. Winthrop went in Mr. Dinsmore's den and Mr. Dinsmore went downstairs. The door was open a little. I heard Mr. Winthrop at the telephone up there. He said he could hear very well. I thought they had fixed the telephone so Mr. Winthrop could sit upstairs and hear what was said in the library."

This was the crucial point and Jenny hesitated an instant, but went on:

"I watched a chance and hid under the lounge in the library again. Soon Mr. Dinsmore came back there and talked to the telephone again and I was sure he was talking to Mr. Winthrop upstairs. Then a strange man came in. I could see a little now and then, you know, peeking under the lounge cover. This man had his hair brushed up at the sides like that dark young man in the barber shop right across from the railroad station. He sat at one side of the table and Mr. Dinsmore sat at the other. They did not say good evening to each other."

Jenny's nervousness increased and she was obviously tacking away from the main point as though her courage and breath had failed her.

"They talked some time—not raising their voices," she said, and bit her lip to keep it from twitching.

"What did they talk about?" Louise asked by way of bringing her to the point. "I want the exact truth, remember."

Jenny took a shuddering breath and plunged at it:

"This strange man said Mr. Dinsmore had helped to rob a bank thirty-one years ago at a place out in Nebraska. He said Mr. Dinsmore had shot the cashier of the bank and killed him. He said Mr. Dinsmore had been paying this colored man money all the time because the colored man knew about it."

Now that she had plunged, she rushed on with it desperately.

"He said the cashier had shot Mr. Dinsmore, too, and wounded him. He said a doctor out there had attended Mr. Dinsmore. He said this man who was shot—the one the doctor attended—gave the name Tom Wilson, and his chin had been broken so he had a big scar across it. He said they had found the doctor and brought him here to Chicago and he had looked at Mr. Dinsmore and would swear Mr. Dinsmore was the same man. He said this man who had been shot had lost his cuff button. The cuff button had fallen out of his shirt and the doctor had picked it up—at the time when the doctor attended him—and this cuff button had the initials A. D. on it. He showed Mr. Dinsmore the cuff button. He said he must have two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and they talked a while and Mr. Dinsmore said he would send him seventy-five thousand dollars in the morning and the man went away."

Jenny's breath completely failed then and she sat with her lips apart, her thin breast laboring. Louise's eyes had grown even rounder and the color had washed out of her face. She confronted the maid, a marble mask of astonishment. For a moment nothing more was said, then Jenny plunged again:

"The next day Martha Woods telephoned me again. Certainly I didn't wish her telephoning often or coming to the house. She telephoned me—saying to Tillson, as before, it was my cousin who had come to town. So I went to the telephone and it was Martha Woods. She said that without fail I must go to the corner of Elm and Locust streets at a quarter to five and meet a man who would be waiting for me there. That he was the man who was paying me the money and he wanted to ask me some questions and I must do it without fail and I would get a hundred dollars. You see, she didn't say it in just those words for fear somebody might overhear; but I knew what she meant. I didn't like to do that. It seemed dangerous; but she said I must, and I knew then from what I had overheard the evening before that it was a big thing with a great deal of money in it.

"I met the man. He was waiting for me on the corner. He was a savage-looking man and I said nothing to him about what I had overheard. He asked me whether Mr. Dinsmore had gone downtown the night before. I said he had. I had heard it from the servants. He had changed his clothes and gone downtown and stayed away all night and in the morning Benjamin took some other clothes down to his office for him. That was the day before yesterday. That is all true, Miss Louise—just exactly as I have told you."

"And this man you met—did he give a name? Do you know who it was that hired you?" Louise asked.

"No," Jenny replied. "The only name I know is the woman's—Martha Woods—and the address Room 641, Rosser Building, Adams Street."

A moment later Louise asked: "Is that all—everything?"

"Yes," Jenny replied; "only the strange white man that came here said Mr. Dinsmore had run away from home that time out in Nebraska. He would be, you see, a young man then—twenty-one or so." She hesitated an instant, tremulously regarding her mistress, and suggested: "I think Mr. Winthrop must have heard it—what this strange white man said to Mr. Dinsmore. He was upstairs in Mr. Dinsmore's den. They had fixed the telephone. I think Mr. Winthrop must have heard it. That is all."

There was another little silence and Louise said: "Very well; there's nothing further now."

It was a strange situation for mistress and maid and Louise's eyes acknowledged it, but there was no other acknowledgment.

"Thank you," Jenny murmured in the manner of a well-trained servant, and rose and left the room with the pearls tightly held in her thin hand—and, after all, the pearls were the great fact. She believed their commercial value was thirty thousand dollars. Nothing else mattered much, because for her life's grand problem was solved.

Louise watched the familiar, thin, black-clad figure leave the room with the odd sense of its being a quite unknown person.

Absurd, of course! That was her instinctive reaction to it—absurd and completely incredible. But she knew her father did pay a colored man money. Absurd! Feeling that she shouldn't do it and that she was acting in an unreasonable way, she got out a classified telephone directory and ran her finger down the list of detective agencies until she came to Morden Detective Agency, Rosser Building, Adams Street. So there was a detective agency at the address Jenny had given. Undoubtedly it had been real money that somebody was paying to Jenny and to the man Ned Proctor had mentioned.

Presently she slipped out into the hall and down it to her father's den. The door was open. There was the table, the chair—the telephone, which she regarded with fascinated eyes. The room turned a familiar face to her and yet a face completely strange. There, by Jenny's story, Lowell Winthrop had sat and overheard what the strange man said to her father down in the library. What her father had said to herself and her mother the next evening insisted

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upon coming back into her mind. He had said Lowell had found him in a disgraceful situation and so broken the engagement.

Her mind was full of matter so strange and bewildering that it seemed fairly to belong to some other person and she had an oddly uprooted feeling as though her life had been violently pulled up and cast into a new place. Nothing fitted in the old way.

She was back in her own room and noted that it was only a quarter past six—an hour and a quarter to dinner time. Her father would be coming home about now, and she remembered that she had resolved to have it out with him at the first chance—before dinner if possible—in case Jenny confirmed her suspicion. That resolution had a strange look now—like everything else. Jenny's narrative had changed everything.

She walked aimlessly over to the window, her mind without anchor or compass, going in its own way now. It was saying to her that he was only twenty-one or so at the time—hardly more than a boy. Boys get into scrapes—queer accidents happen in this queerest world.

His car rolled through the grounds and up to the door. She saw him get out of it in his usual vigorous way and enter the house; and she remembered that the last two days he had looked worn and disturbed, as though he were very tired or ailing. Somehow she felt a deep hunger to see him closer. She thought her father was the handsomest man of his age in the world—with his air of cool, competent daring and the subdued humor peeping out from behind it. So strong and able he looked!

Morden Detective Agency—a great deal of money. She couldn't really understand it, but she felt the dogs were biting at him now; he was in a great danger; she felt a deep hunger to see him closer.

When she went downstairs at a quarter to seven she was wondering how she would meet him, for the absurd idea that he must know what Jenny had told her kept presenting itself. She went into the living room and saw him there alone, sitting in an easy chair, his eyes on the rug. Again she thought he looked worn. Then something else caught her eye and her heart as in a trap—his neatly trimmed graying beard. By Jenny's story that hid a fatal lifelong scar. At that the whole import of Jenny's story flashed up as though it had been suddenly thrown on a screen theretofore dim or as though someone had shouted "Murder!" As though his beard became transparent, she seemed to see a frightful mark upon him, and a mortal danger.

She was near his chair then and he looked up, aware of her, with a slight smile—perhaps faintly wistful—saying as usual, "How are you, daughter?"

She slipped down to her knees, looking him in the face beseechingly and said, "I love you with all my might, daddy," and with a continuance of the same motion folded her arms on his lap and laid her head upon them.

Dinsmore laid his hands on her glossy head and struggled as though under a great blow, biting his lip.

"Dear little Louie," he said huskily.

When she looked up she saw with awe that tears were running down his face.

She snuggled closer and got an arm round him, resting her head on his breast, saying in a deep little confidence between them: "We shouldn't have quarreled, should we?"

"No, sweetheart," he replied. "It's been the bitterest thing that ever happened to me. It was my fault."

"No, it was my fault," she said, hugging him and weeping. "We'll never do it again."

That was the way she really had it out with him.

Yet at the dinner table amazement kept stealing over her mind, for he laughed, his eyes shone, he joked. And she couldn't help looking at his beard. Was Jenny's story a dream after all?

She had simply to give it up—for the present. And for the present Ned Proctor must wait.

When they were alone a minute, just before bedtime, she said in an anxious undertone, "Are you in trouble, father?"

"No," he replied, and kissed her. "You've ended the trouble." Then he said, "Why do you ask?"

"I thought you looked troubled," she answered—giving it all up again.

XI

THE twenty-eight hours that Dinsmore prescribed until they should meet again at the Consolidated Bank were anxious hours for McMurtry and Morden, yet hopeful—a brief time of trial with millions at the end!

Their chief anxiety was with regard to James Collingwood. Leaving the lawyer's office after the interview with Dinsmore, Morden repaired to Luke's Hotel. Such nosing about as he was able to do without exciting too much curiosity left a doubt as to whether Collingwood had been in the hotel since the detective searched his room the night before; at least, Morden wasn't able to satisfy himself that the man had been there. Never very conservative in his methods, he finally found his ally, the porter, and had another look at the room. It seemed exactly as when he had visited it before. The man's belongings were there, even to his trunk and battered old traveling bag. Presumably he would return. Morden then engaged a brother detective to shadow the hotel for him and report as soon as Collingwood did return. That was as far as he could well go under the circumstances.

"He may have skipped," the detective observed grumpily to McMurtry as they canvassed this situation late in the afternoon.

"Well, say he has," the lawyer replied confidently. "A man can't skip very far in two days. We can get him back if we need him." He twinkled over it a moment and continued positively: "But we won't need him. I've thought this case all over—every inch of it. We've got Doctor Dill's positive identification and we've got Dinsmore—absolutely! He can't get away from it and he knows it. Everything checks up. I said in the beginning that if Dinsmore had been paying blackmail all these years the negro's story was true. It is true. It all checks up. Doctor Dill confirms it. Why, it's so plain that Dinsmore don't even enter a denial. If there was the least chance in the world for him to contradict it do you think he'd have gone so far with us as he has? Not for a minute! No chance of it. He'd have told us to go to the devil. He's already paid down seventy-five thousand dollars in good money."

"That you pocketed," Morden reminded him illnaturedly.

"We'll square that, Jake," McMurtry put in hastily—regretting his friend's bad manners in rubbing it in.

Having touched upon this subject of conspiratorial honor, Morden was naturally reminded of the third member, so he asked, "What about Purcell?"

"We'll give Charley a good show of course," McMurtry replied, as though there could be no question of that.

"How much?" Morden asked with brutal directness. He proposed, in fact, to be a party to the settlement with Purcell—or, rather, he proposed that McMurtry shouldn't hold out anything on him in that connection.

The lawyer understood that and diplomatically swallowed whatever reflection on his honesty it might imply. Taking up a pencil, he did a little sum in short division and remarked, "One-third of half a million would be a hundred and sixty-six thousand, six hundred and sixty-six dollars."

"That's a great plenty for him," Morden growled. "He's got no more sand than a spring chicken. Half of that would do."

"Well, we want to keep Charley good-natured," McMurtry rejoined good-naturedly himself. "You see, he got Pomeroy's original story. That's something of a point, now that Pomeroy is dead—and our doctor may up and die on our hands any hour. He looks as though he was due at the hospital now. This Dinsmore's a tough customer. We don't want to send Charley Purcell trafficking with him behind our backs. If Dinsmore once got hold of him he might cook up something that would queer us for good. We can afford to keep Charley good-natured."

"Well, I suppose so," the detective assented.

"Certainly!" said McMurtry with conviction. "You see, Dinsmore's paying the shot; we're not. We can afford to be pretty generous with his money." He did a further little sum in arithmetic. "Giving Charley a hundred and sixty-six thousand, six hundred and sixty-six dollars will leave eight hundred and thirty-three thousand, three hundred and thirty-three for you and me to divide."

"Seventy-five thousand out of yours," Morden reminded him ruthlessly.

Ignoring that exhibition of bad manners, McMurtry continued: "Out of the first million. There'll be another million pretty soon."

He contemplated the figures with a sort of fascination, an avid glow rising in his mind; a grin overspread his swarthy face and there was an uncanny glee in his chuckle.

"Lord, man, there's a killing for you!" he exulted. "It's a bear cat!"

Morden realized all that as much as his friend did; but in his mind there was a firm determination not to be done at any point by this same friend. He proposed to take a hand in all the settlements, so, with no outward response to his friend's exultant outburst, he said: "We may as well get Purcell over here. He'll want to know how it's going anyway."

Again McMurtry quite understood his motive; but, in fact, he had been wanting to get rid of Morden in order to have a talk with Purcell, for the managing editor had been kept in the dark and put off with brief cryptic telephone messages as long as it was safe. Charley must be kept good-natured. So to Morden's suggestion he assented with a cheerful, "All right," and reached for the telephone.

Before using the instrument, however, he reflected a moment and asked, "What would we best tell him?"

"Tell him Dinsmore's coming through with half a million day after to-morrow," the detective replied promptly.

"I don't believe we best make it quite as positive as that," said McMurtry thoughtfully, hand on telephone. "We'll tell him about what has happened and that Dinsmore's hooked—sure—and we've struck for half a million and he's asked till day after to-morrow to raise the money."

"Well," Morden assented in grumpy indifference to the finer details.

So McMurtry telephoned and about fifteen minutes later the gaunt managing editor entered the room—in a nervous state after many hours of suspense and conflicting hopes, fears and suspicions. To him the lawyer affably and cheeringly explained the situation as he and Morden had agreed. Purcell listened, once or twice wetting his dry lips with the tip of his tongue, once shaving them with his bent forefinger, and all the while with wavering lights playing in the depths of his cavernous brown eyes. Of course he had to accept their statement, but there was a persistent leaden misgiving in his heart. He knew he was pretty completely in their hands and he didn't really trust them.

"It's a sure thing, Charley—a bear cat!" McMurtry repeated in pursuit of his duty of heartening his more lumpy partners in crime. "At this time day after to-morrow you'll be a rich man. Meanwhile just sit tight."

There was obviously nothing else to do, and on the way back to the newspaper office Purcell heartened himself. They couldn't double cross him; he knew as much of the affair as they did; they'd got to give him a share of the money. Holding to that assurance, he waited a long, nerve-racking time, with nothing whatever happening out of the usual mechanical routine, and no sign anywhere that a great drama in which he was cast for the rôle of a rich man was shaping itself—until twenty-five minutes to three the next afternoon. Then he received a startling telephone call.

McMurtry and Morden waited also with nothing happening—especially, as Morden's shadow reported, with no sign of James Collingwood at Luke's Hotel. That was vexing, yet McMurtry insisted that they didn't really need him and if they should need him they could find him.

Three o'clock was the hour. They both consulted their watches twice or thrice as that hour drew near. At five minutes to three they were walking down La Salle Street, as innocent looking to the casual eye as any other two pedestrians on that thronged, bustling street. The big clock on the Board of Trade tower showed two minutes to three when they reached the beetling Consolidated Bank Building that loomed far overhead. They paused a minute—not to seem overanxious—then passed through the glass doors into the marble lobby. Wide marble steps straight ahead led up into the main banking room, but Dinsmore had said they would meet in the safe deposit vaults, so they took the narrower stairs which led downward at the right.

Just beyond the foot of the stairs mighty bars of burnished steel reaching from floor to ceiling and wall to wall confronted them. Beyond this formidable barrier lay the safe-deposit vault proper, with huge steel doors and a glimpse of the serried rows of lacquered boxes. A guard in the gray uniform and stiff cap of the bank's private constabulary force stood at the ponderous gate in the barrier. Another guard in like uniform stood near, and approached the visitors with an inquiring look when they halted.

"We're looking for Mr. Dinsmore," said the lawyer.

"Yes, sir," said the guard consulting a little card in the palm of his hand. "Mr. McMurtry and Mr. Morden?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer.

"This way, please; Mr. Dinsmore is waiting for you," said the guard in a way which implied that it was a great honor to be waited for by Mr. Dinsmore and very kind of Mr. Dinsmore to be waiting.

He led them away from the steel barrier and through an anteroom from which opened a number of parlors suitable for snug business conferences—parlors of various sizes; two or three in which half a dozen people might gather and two in which twenty or more might be accommodated. To visitors in an uneasy frame of mind it was not a very cheerful place. In spite of sedately handsome furnishings it looked too cold and tight and steely and closely guarded, vaguely suggesting a place that might be easy to get into but exceedingly difficult to get out of.

The guard led them to the closed door of one of the smaller parlors, opened it and stood aside for them to enter—with an official smile and slight nod. Stepping in, they saw a snug, square room with low ceiling, grave and cold in tone, the walls painted a steely gray, a gray rug on the cement floor, a severe but highly polished oak table, several chairs. Their eyes took in an impression of it and an impression that it was empty. But at the next step they saw two men standing over at the right so that the opened door hid them from anyone on the threshold. Evidently the men had been engaged in conversation and at the opening of the door had paused, turning their faces that way.

McMurtry, who was ahead, saw them; then Morden; and from that instant neither of them had eyes or wits for anything else.

One of the men was the lean, big-handed, big-footed managing editor of the Leader. The other man was Alfred Dinsmore, clean shaven, presenting a chin as smooth and scarless as any in the room. It was Dinsmore who finally broke the thrilled silence.

"Of course you lied to me about not having an associate," he said coolly. "I knew that. You lied to this man too. You lied to each other. You rogues that can't stick

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

On Benches in the Park

Back of the Library is the Little Park Which Contains Just Two Kinds of People

IN THE very heart of New York City and occupying the same block are two things—a park and a library. The park is one of the smallest in the town; the library is one of the greatest marble monuments to knowledge that were ever erected by man. In the big building are hundreds of rooms with thousands of people searching for hidden truths. In one room are hopeful young artists trying to reproduce the master paintings that hang on the wall. In another room are little children listening in wonder to a silver-haired fairy godmother who comes there day after day to entertain them with wonderful stories of gallant knights who rescue beautiful ladies from robber chiefs.

In the library everyone is busy. In front of the building is the chief avenue of fashion of the whole nation. Back of the library is the little park. It contains just two kinds of idle people—those who have slipped over there for a little well-earned rest in the fresh air and those who are without employment and often without homes or friends. Some weeks ago several business men were sitting by a club window that overlooks the park. The subject under discussion was the scarcity of certain kinds of labor.

"Have you noticed the faces of some of the unemployed who sit over there on the benches?" said one.

"Can there be any possible excuse for men being idle to-day?" said another.

This started me thinking and I recalled that many times while crossing the park I had been tempted to stop and chat with some of the characters who often occupied the benches. Sometimes I had seen a face that appeared out of place above ragged clothes and torn shoes. Frequently I had noted a physique that seemed to be built for service in a steel mill or a shipbuilding plant rather than for duty in the ranks of our city loafers.

I asked myself, "Has not every town a park with benches? Is this not a national problem and are not the causes everywhere the same? Are we only interested in success, and is failure a matter of no concern to us?"

As a result of such thoughts I decided to investigate. Day after day I picked one or more of the park subjects. A few were noncommittal; several told what were evidently exaggerated tales or deliberate lies; many had no story worth repeating—they were idle because they were just plain lazy. But let me save my summation for the end of the story and proceed to tell of the cases I met.

First, there was the foreigner. Last Christmas night the man's wife died of influenza, leaving five forlorn little girls. At the time of the tragedy he himself was in the hospital suffering from pneumonia. Olga, the oldest child, then eleven, became mother to the family. Somehow she managed to wash, cook, clean and sew for six people. The father had never wholly recovered from his illness. He was melancholy and tried to commit suicide, but the police came in time and again took him to the hospital where the doctors saved his life—much to his disgust. The man was without a trade, and because of his weakened physical condition could not hold the hard manual jobs he obtained. For him the outlook was blue, and I found many others like him who had been landed on the park benches by those twin demons—sickness and death.

Then there was the bitter old man who in his youth during an Indian uprising had been appealed to by an officer of the United States Army for money to assist in keeping the soldiers in the field to protect the community against the warring redskins. The Army needed hay, grain and other kinds of feed, as well as funds to defray the cost of transporting supplies. The young man gave the officer three thousand dollars, practically all his savings, and still holds a voucher for the loan.

Of course the old man's loss occurred through a technicality of the law. The Government has ruled that only by an act of Congress can any claim be paid after the expiration of the fiscal year for which the appropriation is made. In this case the numerous delays incident to frontier conditions prevented the presentation of the voucher until after the fiscal year had ended. Then the lender was told that only special legislation could help him. No one has ever denied the justice of his claim, but each time a bill was presented some congressman would object and that was always fatal. Said the old man: "Many others like myself have suffered from such a system. Most of us are now old and poor. Perhaps redress will come—too late."

Next was a strange type. He could hardly be placed in a class. More than a decade ago this man had been a member of a famous party of explorers in Egypt and the Orient. The study of ancient civilizations had absorbed all his time and thought. For ten years this person had devoted his winters to lecturing before schools and clubs and often filling in on a regular lyceum or Chautauqua circuit. Unfortunately his compensation for lectures on the Holy Land and the Far East was just sufficient to pay current expenses, and each summer he had started the idle season with practically nothing to carry him through until fall. During the warm months he did anything that came to hand. Among his summer occupations was dishwashing, but he did not relish this work because of the rude manners and coarse talk of his associate workers. Nothing could persuade the man to accept a steady job. The lecture game had him, and this winter he expects to make a great hit with his new lecture that "will be better than anything done before."

The park holds many members of one class—the dreamers. There is no difference in their basic methods, their hopes or their prospects. The only variation lies in the trivial detail of their similar stories. They are slaves of their imagination and their ideas are the froth on the sea of life. They are generally confined to failure through too much tongue and too little judgment. One such listed for me eleven totally different ventures he had been engaged upon in less than four years. Always he had been unable to stand the strain of getting a position and slowly working his way up. He came near landing a fortune in promoting the development of a new style in photography. Next he had a great thing in the way of an indestructible stopper for bottles. Then followed a freak automobile, a puncture-proof tire, a revolutionary idea for company advertising, a riding and swimming school project for society buds, and a proposed business man's course in industrial psychology. Just at present my friend was on the call list at a number of moving-picture studios and frequently played a leading part in mob scenes. In the meantime he is expecting to promote a great movie company that will produce pictures of a kind and grade that have never been shown. He has discovered just what the moving-picture business lacks and is confident that "next week the final obstructions to his plan will be removed and the bankers will all come in." Many were the impractical dreamers I met on the benches.

The other afternoon I crossed the park when it was raining. My umbrella was up and I was hurrying along avoiding the puddles. The benches were all deserted but one. There sat a solitary figure, clad in rags, unshaven, dirty and wholly unconscious of the wet. I stopped, made friends and asked if I could be of any help. After some encouragement the man's story was told.

He came from a Christian home and after a good education arranged to read law. He had begun to drink whisky already at eighteen. At twenty-three his family disowned him. One year later he had reached the Bowery in New York and a few months after this was confined to an insane asylum as a dipsomaniac. Shortly after his release from the asylum he was arrested for stealing and sent to prison, though the lawyers tried to point out his irresponsibility. He had been out of prison one month. For the first two weeks he had tried to start straight, but his criminal record was against him. Then he got drunk and for fifteen days had been "carrying the banner" in the back room of a Bowery saloon. For all those days the man had been living on hot rum and pea soup, sleeping with his head on the table and going without a bath or a shave.

On the previous night he had suddenly been sobered by the death of his pal, who dropped dead beside him and was carried to a pauper's grave. That morning he had gone over to the Bowery Y. M. C. A. to get a postage stamp to write a friend for money. There he met Mike Hickey, an old pal of his former days. Mike begged him to try religion as a last resort, and he had come away promising to think it over. Here in the park, unsheltered from the rain, this man had been wrestling with the problem that confronted him. Could he make good? Was there still any chance for him? A hundred dim and fleeting hopes fought against the cry for more liquor. Right here the reader may know that wartime prohibition hasn't traveled far on New York's Bowery. At any rate, I followed this story out of the park and met Mike Hickey and his associates, who are grabbing hundreds of unhappy, despairing men from the Slough of Despond. The future

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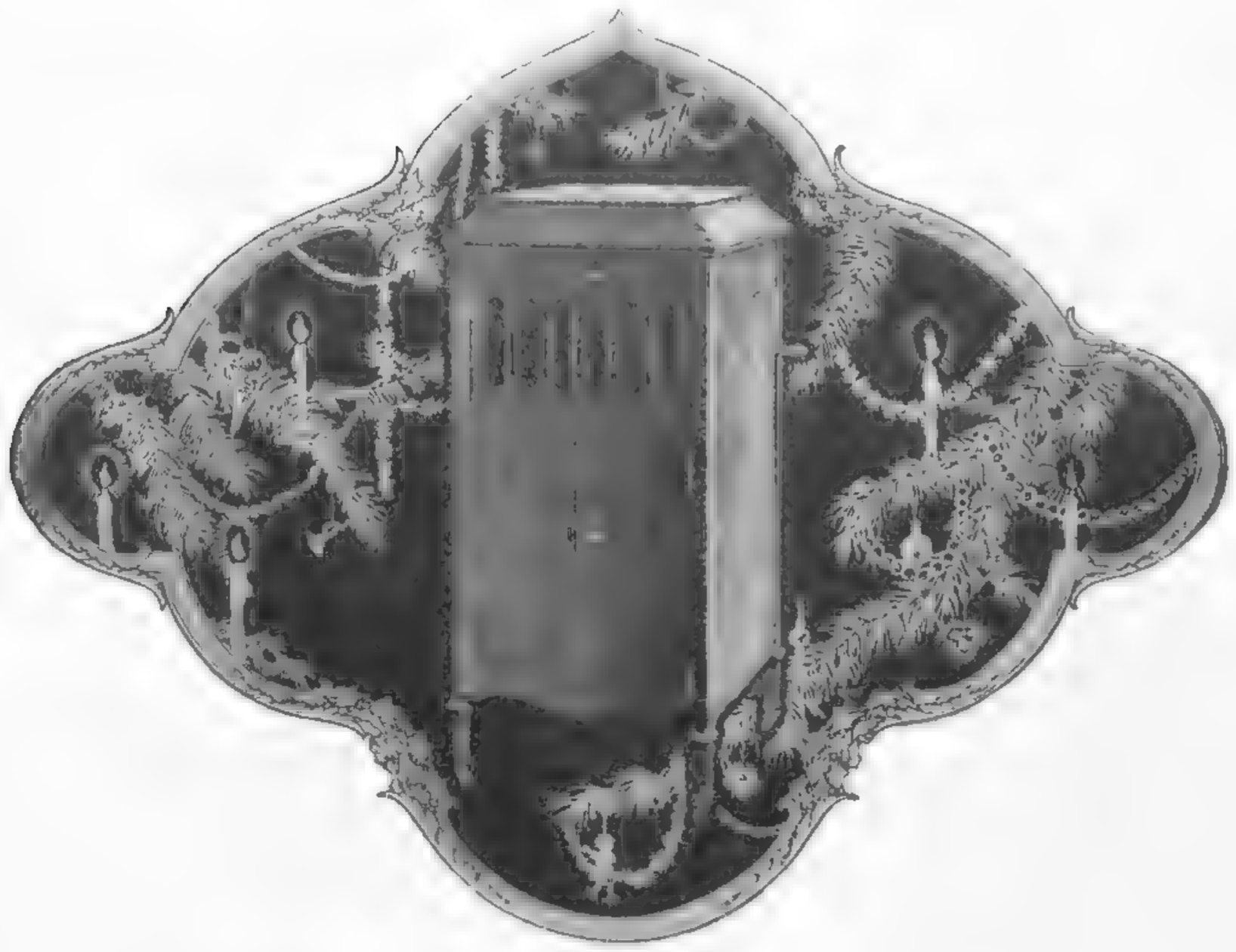

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looks very much brighter for my park acquaintance, who—I am told—has started his new life in dead earnest.

Many are the bums and beggars one meets in a city park. Without attempting wholly to dissipate the reader's sympathy for this class, because of the exceptional ones that are deserving, I must confess that I found the professional tramp a worthless creature. One day I stopped to watch a character of this type who had succeeded in collecting a nickel from a passer-by. The man was quite dirty, but appeared to be healthy and strong. After getting the coin he slipped across from the park and entered one of these nickel-in-the-slot restaurants. I followed and watched him while he debated whether he should get rolls or coffee. Finally coffee won. I went over and gave him a quarter. He got it changed to nickels, used one to get rolls and put the remaining four in his pocket as surety for another meal. When I asked him how he found the outlook for work he replied that it was very good—he managed to get a couple of hours' employment every day or so. But what worried him was the high cost of living. Said he: "Prices are sure scandalous just now. Only a little while ago I could get a good bed and a dinner at several places for 15 cents; now the same thing costs me 30."

Here was a new angle on the big problem of the day. This man didn't want a regular job and wouldn't have accepted one if it had been offered to him. He was one of the large class that refuses responsibility.

An elderly man of rather scholastic appearance chatted with me in the park on another day. He had been doing clerical work and met with a street accident that put him in the hospital. On his release he walked with a cane and was quite lame. His funds were gone. At last he started to beg and found that his story, appearance and language brought in the money. Men gave him very little, but women were easy. He found begging so lucrative that he postponed his further efforts to get a job, and practically confessed to me that begging seemed to be an interesting and profitable business. He had reduced it to a science; played certain fashionable residence streets and never approached men. He was always clean, wore glasses and looked everything but a bum. Several weeks have passed since I first met him, and he still reads his morning paper in the park.

A few days ago I met a boy of eighteen. He was a machinist and though he had been getting better than forty dollars a week he talked to me loudly about the injustice of his wage. He was on strike for nine dollars and sixty cents a day. When I asked him if forty dollars wasn't a pretty good wage for a boy of his age he replied that it wasn't enough. That same day I met two bricklayers on strike and two bakers. I phoned the baking company. They said that twenty men had gone out, but they employed in this particular plant more than five hundred. The wages they were paying were concededly the highest in the city for the same kind of work. The trouble was that during the war they were short-handed and had been obliged to employ a number of foreigners. These new men had caused them much trouble and had finally gone on strike. None of the old employees, however, had followed suit, and all condemned the action of the newer men. I went up to the bakery and investigated and found the statement true.

Then I met a big fellow who said he was an electric welder. Nobody seemed to want to pay him as much as he thought he was worth. He told of working at a certain plant in Pennsylvania during the war and mentioned wages that seemed preposterous. I procured his name and wrote the company in question. Here is the reply:

Dear Sir: The man you inquire about, Mr. ——, was in our employ last year. In some government work we were turning out there was need for an electric welder and none were available at our plant. We applied to a certain department of the Army and they sent the man to us. His wages had been fixed at three dollars an hour for an eight-hour day. These unusually high wages caused us to look upon the welder and his pay more in the light of an experiment.

The first two weeks things went well and the man worked a full eight hours each day. Then he slackened and after a few more weeks, when he had accumulated several hundred dollars, his actual daily effort was limited to three or four hours at the most, though he was still being paid for a full day. His next move was to brag to our men about his high wages and poke fun at them because of their lower pay. As a result we discharged him, feeling that we were fortunate at least in learning what abnormal wages will do to a certain class of men, who immediately relax when they have banked a little money over and above their immediate needs.

Yours truly,

——————,
GENERAL MANAGER.

This was not the only man I found who had been settled on a park bench because of prosperity rather than adversity. In more than a dozen cases young men told me that they could easily get a job, but they didn't intend to go to work until they got the exact wage they were holding out for. I failed to find a single man who was unable to get some kind of employment. In two instances I sent young men to an employer who had promised to give work to any that were in earnest. In neither case did these idlers show up, though they were provided with car fare.

One of the strange conditions I met was the fellows who had regular jobs, but who had knocked off for a day or a half day. Several I asked didn't know exactly why, but said they didn't just feel like working. One printer had started for work and got as far as the door of his shop, then had turned back and made for the park, where he was basking in the sun. He guessed that "there just naturally was a bit of the animal in all of us, and sometimes the savage instincts mastered our ambitions and sent us off where there were no cares to annoy us and no discipline to restrict our freedom." All of which simple philosophy was nearer the truth than many a finespun theory of serious students in their final analysis of the causes of human idleness.

When I asked the vaudeville theater manager how he accounted for so many husky males in attendance at the afternoon performances he replied that these men generally were not of the unemployed. They were fellows who had knocked off for a half day in order to mix in a little additional play with their work. This seemed to agree with the idea of my printer friend in the park.

Nevertheless, facts are facts. The big library will go on being filled with workers and the little park will entertain its loafers. It is more a question of humanics than economics and can be solved only by education. On the same bench sit the old man and the youth. Often the one failed because he did what the other is now doing. But Youth seldom looks and sees the image of his own future sitting beside him.

Observation says: "See what you will be if you continue in your way."

Vanity replies: "You're not like him. He was foolish while you are wise."

So while it is true that evil conditions and a faulty social system have seated many men on our park benches it is likewise a fact that practically all of our strong and healthy loafers to-day are leading a life of wasted hours from choice and not necessity.

Three Enemies

ONLY a little while ago when the war was on each one of us would be stirred to the greatest degree of activity by even the faint suggestion of a hope that we might find a better way to do an essential thing. Every saving in effort or time meant an earlier victory. I remember one day I spent a couple of hours with two of the busiest, brainiest men in the nation figuring on plans to save cargo space in our ships. A good part of our time was occupied in estimating just what would be gained by doing away with the holes in macaroni. Supposing someone went to Washington to-day and started talking about the transportation losses resulting from the holes in spaghetti, the first person spoken to would call an officer and suggest a sanity examination.

After the armistice many people held to the hope that the economies and efficiencies taught us by war would stay with us in peace. This was a fallacy. Notwithstanding our sacrifices in lives lost and property wasted we have been slipping back ever since the last gun was fired. We are tired of being annoyed with reminders of small things and insist on reserving our attention for matters momentous. Therefore as a professional annoyer, who must ever acquiesce to the public taste, I have selected as the subject of this article not one important thing but the three most ferocious enemies of the human race—flies, mosquitoes and rats. No invading army ever caused such destruction as is rendered daily by this invisible triumvirate. Talk about your cost of living! Read on and get some additional facts.

Of all living things that cause disease and death the fly is the most dangerous. He has killed more people than all the wars of the world—more even than tuberculosis. Some of the most deadly germs that afflict human beings are carried almost exclusively by the fly. If he were a million times as big we should hunt him with guns. But being so small we let him kill those dearest to us and hardly raise a finger in defense. Disease cannot spread itself. It must be carried by some moving agency.

There are many varieties of flies. The biting stable fly is one of the blood-sucking variety and is often responsible for the spread of anthrax. Another fly breeds in the excrement on the backs of sheep and has been known to ruin a whole flock. The tsetse fly is the sole cause of the spread of that fatal infection, sleeping sickness. The cheese fly produces the so-called cheese skippers, and the fruit fly is the one often found in the dregs of wine.

The house fly, however, is the champion of them all and 90% of those we meet are of that variety. Here we have an animal with several thousand eyes, known as compound eyes. Above these big eyes are three simple ones arranged in triangular form. The two upper ones are closer together in the male, which makes it easy to differentiate the sexes. But notwithstanding this extensive arrangement of eyes the fly does not have acute vision. His chief attribute is his marvelous sense of smell.

Flies are rapid breeders. The stages in the life cycle occupy only a few days and sexual maturity is reached in three or four days from the date of birth. The female deposits a hundred or more eggs at a time. Propagation is usually carried on in organic filth, and the instinct of the female always leads her to place her eggs in the most favorable locality. The range of flight of flies is not great. They seldom travel more than half a mile from their breeding place. As a general rule they remain within 300 yards of their point of origin.

The fly transmits disease in two ways: First, by mechanical transference—the wings and hairy legs of the fly are particularly adapted to the act of carrying dangerous parasites; second, disease may be transmitted by inoculation from the bite of a blood-sucking fly, just as typhus fever is injected by the louse and the plague by the flea. However, in this country the biting fly is not so common, so that it is the other variety that endangers our safety.

The most common infection conveyed by flies is typhoid fever. In 1917 this disease killed more than 10,000 people in the United States, and 100,000 other victims suffered from the infection. Another disease frequently conveyed by flies is summer diarrhea. More than 60,000 infants die from this trouble in the United States each year. Cholera and dysentery, as well as a dozen other diseases, are also disseminated by flies.

The fly, like every other living thing, has its racial enemies, such as spiders, lizards and toads. Birds, chickens, beetles and ants devour the larvæ, but the total effect of this destruction on the fly population is not appreciable. The diseases of the fly family are more deadly. The chief disease is from a parasite that invades and destroys the fly's internal organs. If man could only invent some way to have this disease manifest itself earlier in the season the doom of the fly would be sealed. At the present time, however, the elimination of the fly curse depends upon our activity in certain lines.

First of all it should be remembered that prevention is better than eradication. Suppressive measures are useless unless we do away with breeding areas. Only the highest standards of community cleanliness will prevail against the pest. We must permit no accumulations of refuse and rubbish, and it is essential that there be proper disposal of garbage and waste. Horse manure in stables should be kept in closed or screened bins. Household refuse should be kept in water-tight metal cans. All waste should be moved at least every three or four days. The best protection against adult flies is the screened house.

Though the fly is the chief enemy of man there are many people who accord this honor to the mosquito. One thing is sure—the two insects form a dangerous team. Malaria is a serious disease, and though it kills only about 2400 people in the United States annually it affects our industrial life in serious measure. There is only one way a person can get malaria and that is by the bite of an infected mosquito. The disease cannot be contracted from bad water, food, exposure to the sun or in any way except through contact with a female Anopheles mosquito.

The female insect of this particular kind bites a person in whose blood there are malarial parasites. She draws blood from this person into her mouth and stomach. Then she bites someone else and the malarial parasites which have developed in her get mixed with her saliva and are injected into the person bitten. It takes one to two weeks for the parasites to develop in the mosquito. If she bites a person before that time has passed the insect is not infective.

Not all mosquitoes are dangerous. The Anopheles, or malarial, mosquito is slight and graceful and the wings are generally spotted or dusky. This mosquito when resting on a wall stands almost on its head, while the other mosquitoes rest humped up. The Anopheles is very shy, rarely biting in the daytime. Her favorite trick is to catch you asleep.

As before stated, malaria does not give a high mortality, but its effects are very serious from a physical and economic standpoint. It causes many a death in which it is not the terminal factor. But its great injury results from the loss of industrial efficiency it causes. One death from pneumonia corresponds to approximately 125 sick days—workdays lost; one from typhoid corresponds to 500 days; one from tuberculosis to 550 days, while a death from malaria corresponds to 2000 to 4000 days. The malaria victim is frequently half sick all the time. If 1% of the people in a community are stricken with typhoid we call it a bad epidemic. But think how trifling this is, from an industrial point of view, when compared with a community where 50% of the population are affected with malaria each year. In some sections outbreaks have touched 90% of the people.

The South particularly has been cursed by this disease. In numerous localities there are splendid local resources, and yet manufacturers have been unwilling to locate plants in many of these communities because of the prevalence of malaria. In one Southern town six years ago the mill managers estimated the efficiency of their employees at 50% during the summer months. The company doctors made fifty calls a day. Systematic malaria work

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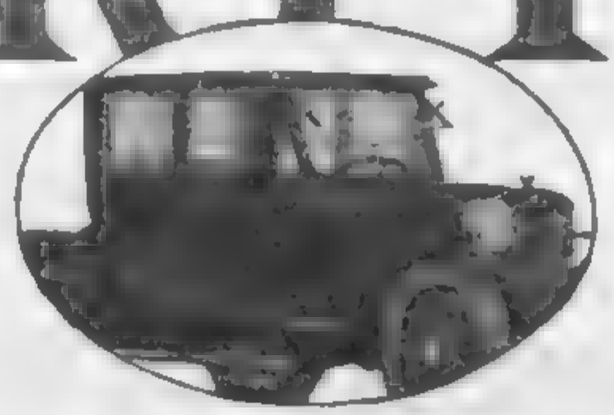
The Liberty has quickly won its way, everywhere, into the high esteem of people who are particular and discriminating. It is classed not with the nondescript many, but with the excellent few, among motor cars.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX



MATTERS OF OPINION

John Marshall

KNOWLEDGE of the past is never more useful than when it helps to solve the problems of the present. When we are debating a momentous experiment in government no small advantage is to be derived from examining, step by step, other notable attempts at beneficent government which have been thoroughly tried out and whose results have been accurately recorded.

Every American who ever thinks at all has for many months been thinking about the League of Nations, appraising its potential benefits, weighing as best he may those dire possibilities which its opponents say it conceals, wondering all the while precisely what the country and Congress ought to do about it. History affords no parallel whereby the workings out of a League of Nations may be accurately forecast; but in default of a better guide we may reexamine, not without profit, our situation in the year 1783. It was in this year that one of the most daring attempts at free government the world has ever seen was made upon American soil, when our thirteen revolted colonies, newly made states, torn by factional and selfish politics, jealous and suspicious of one another, were asked to put on the shackles of the Federal Constitution.

It is our national habit to take the Constitution for granted and to bracket it with those other inevitables, death and taxes, quite forgetting that the issue of its adoption or rejection was bitterly fought out through many a heartbreaking month and was decided by a margin none too broad. Turning back to the debates of that period we can scarcely read without laughter—broken by exclamations of incredulity—the terrors with which its enemies invested it. The provision for the District of Columbia, tentatively called the Federal City, was regarded as such a menace to our liberties that a grave Southern clergyman, candidate for his state convention, solemnly warned his hearers that it would become the armed and fortified fortress of despotism: "Here an army of 50,000 or perhaps 100,000 men will be finally embodied, and will sally forth and enslave the people, who will gradually be disarmed."

Every schoolboy knows at least a line or two of Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death" oration; but how many have ever even heard of that later speech during which he pointed at the still unratified Constitution and passionately exclaimed: "I look on that paper as the most fatal plan that could possibly be conceived to enslave a free people"? Even James Monroe, then a young legislator of thirty, attacked the document as setting up "a dangerous government," and Thomas Jefferson stoutly opposed its adoption unless it were first amended to his liking.

Is there not a singular timeliness in the recollection of these now utterly discredited objections? And may they not serve as rough and ready but still useful standards wherewith to gauge the probable truth of many of the indictments against the international Siamese Twins that Mr. Wilson brought home from Paris?

This excursion into the critical period of our history is inspired by the appearance in the bookshops of the two new volumes that comprise the second half of Mr. Albert J. Beveridge's important and significant Life of John Marshall. Though he rose to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Marshall was by no means the most learned lawyer the nation has produced. Blackstone's Commentaries fell into his hands a dozen years after its publication, but he devoted to that great compendium of the law no more than what New Englanders call a lick and a promise.

In due time he entered his name for the law lectures at William and Mary College, but before his course was six weeks old a pretty face lured him from his books; he made a hasty exit from the halls of learning to pursue, to court and to marry the lovely and amiable Mary Ambler. Poor as he was, and with his own way to make, he found time and money for balls and barbecues, horses, cards, wrestling and outdoor sports.

John Marshall learned law by practicing it. He became acquainted with the Constitution, still unratified, by defending it against the attacks of such sturdy opponents as Patrick Henry, James Monroe and Thomas Jefferson. A few years later, as envoy to Paris, he pitted his wits against those of the astute and devious Talleyrand and safeguarded the interests of his own government with a grasp and adroitness nearly if not quite equal to that of his illustrious predecessors, John Adams and Benjamin Franklin.

He had already served in the field as an officer under Washington. He had built up a large practice in the law courts of Virginia. Well aware of the scantiness of his legal equipment he used it with all the resource of a vigorous intellect and with a mind of rare penetration. Early in his professional life he acquired that common attribute of great men of affairs, the ability to reach into a haystack of irrelevancies and draw forth the needle of essential fact.

Such, in part, was the schooling of John Marshall for the great destiny that awaited him, for to this rawboned Virginia lawyer fell the task of giving to his country what in his day it needed above all else: Cohesive force working through a newborn national spirit.

At the period of the adoption of the Constitution the newly liberated colonies that formed the Union were like so many rookies in the bull pen—bashful, suspicious, unused to working together, new to a common superior, ignorant alike of the school of the soldier and the school of the company, devoid of esprit de corps. If the young states were to act together in company formation it was indispensable that some great mind, some man of unusual vision, not lacking in the arts of persuasion, must supply the unifying impulse.

Of all the drill sergeants of public opinion John Marshall was chief. He it was who taught men to forget that they were Virginians or Vermonters, and to think, to feel and to say: "I am an American!" That was the great work of his life, and two thousand pages are not more than its absorbing story deserves.

We have it upon the authority of a former law partner that Mr. Beveridge's interest in Chief Justice Marshall dates back to the years when he was himself a law student and had occasion to read Marshall's decisions and opinions. He studied them with such devotion and insight that he used to declare he could tell which opinions were written in chambers and which were composed out of doors; which ones harked back to the writer's awful winter at Valley Forge and which were reminiscent of the mission to Paris or of the Constitutional Convention. These strange readings between the lines so piqued his interest that he was eager to learn all he could of the man as soldier, lawyer, diplomatist, patriot and jurist. To his amazement he found that no adequate account of the chief justice had ever been written. There was Magruder's Life and Judge Story's appreciation; but no one had taken the trouble to search out and assemble the vast mass of scattered material which had only to be set in due array to assure the statesman once and for all time his lofty and rightful place in American history.

Even before he was called to the bar Mr. Beveridge resolved that some day he would see that Marshall got his due. Twenty years passed, some at the bar, others in the Senate, before he could address himself to the object of his ambition, and it was not until 1912 that he could begin work in earnest. Now, after seven years of constant research, Mr. Beveridge has fulfilled his pledge and American biography is the richer by the most important work that has appeared since Nicolay and Hay's Life of Mr. Lincoln.

Readers who are fond of studying history in the pages of the great biographies will soon discover that Mr. Beveridge has not written for a narrow circle of lawyers and students of our Constitutional history, but for the average citizen who seeks a clear and exact understanding of the early years of the Republic and the problems and perils that beset it upon every hand. Vivid and animated, yet lucid and precise, the author's style is admirably suited to the taste of a general audience; and his assured mastery of his subject, coupled with an almost boyish enthusiasm for it, recreates before our eyes many of the most stirring and dramatic scenes in our history and reminds us anew of the rough, hard and often tragic winning of those national blessings which for the most part we as much take for granted as our coal measures, our ore deposits or the fertility of our soil.

What Washington, Franklin, Adams and Hamilton planted, John Marshall watered; and he will ever be remembered with esteem and veneration for his services to his country in giving solidarity and separate entity to the young confederacy of states and making it a nation in fact as well as in name.

Ask Congress for the Figures

THE Fourteenth Census, work upon which will begin in a very few months, will enumerate and analyze down to the last pickaninny, pill box, bantam's egg, shingle and slate pencil our population, manufactures, agriculture, forest products and those of mines and quarries.

The results of the vast labor implied will be neatly set out in twenty or thirty or fifty stout quarto volumes printed in fine type; but unless business men, trade organizations and chambers of commerce bestir themselves promptly and vigorously not one of these imposing quartos will contain a line of information or a single row of figures devoted to the purely mercantile operations of the country.

The director of the census is not to be blamed for the restricted scope of his work. He freely states that statistical information concerning the operations of wholesale and retail merchants would be very instructive; but unfortunately the law which provides for the Fourteenth and subsequent censuses does not permit him to enlarge the field of his activities.

A moment's reflection on the part of any merchant or manufacturer or large consumer should suffice to convince him of the vital importance of a complete analysis of wholesale and retail trade over the whole country. We have not, to be sure, had such figures in the past; but the fact that our great mercantile houses have survived the costly mistakes made in merchandising and distribution, made for the lack of them, is not the slightest proof or even indication that they are not now indispensable to conservative trading and the elimination of untold waste.

There now exists no body of facts and figures on which manufacturers may base their merchandising methods or determine how to get their products to the consumer at the least expense; nor are there any considerable data furnished by the Government to enable merchants and consumers to compute and check the costs of distribution and display the leaks and wastes that lower profits and raise prices.

The hardships caused by inflation, unprecedented taxation and the high cost of necessaries and luxuries alike cry out as never before for every figure that may assist in bringing conditions back to normal.

Rough guesswork, rule of thumb and hit-or-miss methods have been forced out to the scrap heap by the new conditions of mercantile trade; either that or the users of them are bidding for space in the column headed Business Troubles in the morning paper. Most of the larger houses and many of the smaller ones employ capable merchandise experts; but if these specialists are not supplied with basic figures with which to work there will inevitably come a day on which they will find themselves in the shoes of that historical personage who was all dressed up and had nowhere to go.

If every business house which is losing money for the lack of these statistics would urge its congressman to introduce legislation requiring that the requisite figures be assembled in 1920, it is safe to predict that the Fourteenth Census might be made one of the most useful and profitable enterprises in which the Government has ever been engaged.

A Voice From the Tropics

WE ARE indebted to an American missionary of trade, who writes from a Latin-American capital that lies uncomfortably close to the equator, to inclose and comment upon some typical American advertising that has been distributed broadcast over that portion of the tropical zone which lies in the western hemisphere.

Our correspondent calls attention to the fact that advertising illustrations designed for use in the United States cause more merriment than orders when reused without alteration in equatorial regions. He points out with much show of reason that high collars, stiff shirts and quilted smoking jackets constitute the broadest kind of humor when displayed in latitudes in which the mercury perches on the 110 mark; and he appears to have but little sympathy for manufacturers who advertise motor boats on the slopes of the Andes and umbrellas in the nitrate fields of Chile, where it has not rained for more than thirty years. Meanwhile the cheerful Latin gentleman laughs at the antics of the Gringo, and waits patiently for the European to come again to serve him.

Our correspondent goes on to say: "The bigger and richer the corporation the bigger and richer its blunders. In spite of all our advantages we shall never be able to compete with Europe in the markets of the world unless we stop thinking that the sun of the universe knows no other course than that encircling the habits and methods of the great American business man. American business is ignorant when entered in foreign fields, and it seems unwilling to learn.

"Occasionally one of our big banks hires a clerk in an architect's office and, by making him a vice president and paying him fifteen thousand dollars a year, intrusts him with full charge of Latin-American affairs, and deems its duty well done. The fact that there are real foreign-trade experts working for fifteen dollars a week right in their own establishment never penetrates their office door.

"We in the States never look beyond the first of next month's bank balance. We bend all energy producing something to-day for ten cents and selling it to-morrow for eleven dollars. The pitiful part of the whole thing is that we spend the $10.90 profit on broiled live lobsters and taxicab fares and go over the top the following day for more. American business does not yet know the alphabet of foreign trade and it will never learn till it gets the right kind of men and comes into these countries in the right way."

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The Essex Satisfaction

It Comes From the Ability to Out-Perform Others and in The Knowledge That it is a Fine Car Even Though it is Not Large

That is Distinctive

One thing we can't forget in buying a motor car, is the pride of ownership.

The automobile is a pleasure vehicle and it spoils the fun to be hopelessly out-rivaled by a car that is smaller and costs less to buy.

And for the same reason there is a lot of satisfaction in having a car that, though it is small and its cost is less, does out-perform all of its class and has few rivals among the large, costlier automobiles.

That is Why You Hear So Much of Essex

You will get his feelings best if you ride with an Essex owner who is inclined to show his car off to other motorists. All seem to experience the same satisfaction at being the first car away when acceleration is called into play.

Of course, anyone who has ever driven much knows that the greatest delight, where speed is concerned, comes with the ability to best a rival with extra bursts of speed. It is the situations which show a car's ability to out-perform others that give greatest cause for pride.

And, knowing that, there is little wonder they speak of the Essex as they do.

You don't hear Essex owners compare their cars to others of similar size or cost. They always tell how they have out-performed some bigger, costlier car.

Did you ever ask an Essex owner to tell you what he thinks of his car in comparison to another in the same weight and price range? He didn't hesitate to express his disdain, did he?

Essex Quality Didn't Just Happen

The Essex performs as it does because it is built to the highest type of car standard. Its smallness in size and moderateness of price have meant no sacrifice in either quality, durability or comfort to the user.

Do you know, for instance, that every detail in the construction of the Essex is comparable to one of the world's most famous fine cars?

That is why the Essex shows the performance that it does. It is why everyone knows it as an utterly different car than has ever been offered. As well attempt to judge the capacity of a man's brain by the size of his hat, as to determine what the Essex can do merely by its type or size and the fact that it sells for only a little more than other cars whose limitations you recognize. That standard doesn't work when the Essex is considered.

Note the Advantages of Sach a Car

The Essex is not a large car, neither is it tiny. No space is wasted. No extra weight is used. Neither passengers nor driver is crowded. They have plenty of room on the seats and for their legs. The size of the Essex gives it many advantages. It accounts for its moderate cost. It makes it a more economical car to operate. And think how much more convenient to drive. It slips through traffic where a larger car would be delayed. Parking space can be found that others can not squeeze into. It can be turned in a short radius.

So Don't Forget This Fact

The Essex in every particular, save in its price and weight, is comparable to cars that cost much more, and it possesses the further advantage in economy that comes from its lighter weight.

It is not a light weight car in the sense that others of its size are usually judged. So examine the Essex with that thought in mind. And remember, 16,000 owners are telling of more good qualities about it than any Essex salesman can tell you. Essex owners will advise you to buy an Essex in either the five passenger touring, the sedan or the roadster models. We advise that you be prepared to wait for delivery, for the demand exceeds the output of more than 100 cars a day.

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The Letters of William Green

By JAMES W. FOLEY

ILLUSTRATION BY J. GORDON SMYTH

MY DEAR AUNT: Henry Begg and me thoght we would rite you a last long letter befoar school starts tomorrow witch is the last you are apptoo here from us for sum time on account of being so bizzey unless sumthing importunt should come up but you will know we are boath well eaven if you do not get wurd from us for sumtime. It seams to be onley a short time since Sumer vacashun started and now it is all gone and nobuddy nose ware. Vacashun seams to be a long time to look ahead to when it starts but onley a short time when school starts again and you look back and wunder ware it all went.

Henry said it seams to be short on account of being so happey but it would seam long enugh sitting on a red-hot stove all the time dont you think so?

Vacashun this year was mostly swiming and fishing and playing witch is always the most of it until you are grone up and makes it verry pleasunt for a boy when he gose back to school verry brown and helthy and a grate appetight for moar nollidge after he gets in the habbit of studdying again.

Ware my appendicks came out is now quite strong again and will probily not interfear with school but Henry said I otto be careful and tell the teacher at the furst sine of enny pane if too hard studdying should be bad for it as they sumtimes are. Henry said he thoght I otto walk quite slow and careful around the school house and to the bored sose the teacher would not think I was purfeckly well yet and have moar simpathy and not sett too hard exampuls at furst until I get used to it witch is the kind of a boy Henry is always thinking about sumbuddy else. Our hare ware it was clippt off tite to our head is grone out again and will be better for the cool wether in the Fawl witch is apptoo be quite cold for a clippt harecut. Exsept for my appendicks we boath came throgh the Sumer without anything seryus. Henry slidd off the barn once by axsidunt and nockt his wind out and had a few stummickakes from wottermelluns too clost to the rined but a littul panekiller fickst it. Henrys muther always has a bottul of panekiller handey on account of six or seven of them and a good deel of pane to be killed of one kind or anuther. She has one kind to rub on and anuther to take inside and most of the pane is one place or the uther so she is always reddy for sumthing to happen witch it genrelly does. Her hart is still quite week.

Henry and me were boath quite wurried for a wile on account of Henrys school pance witch met with a new axsidunt sevrel days ago and lookt as thogh Henry mite have to stay out of school unless he should ware his Sunday ones and he hated to do that on account of not haveing enny speshul pance for Sunday school if he did and if a boy onley has one pare and ennything hapens to them it is quite searyus for him becaws pance are the most importunt but a cote does not matter becaws you can go in your shurtsleaves but pance you do not and if a boy onley has one pare he has to watch them pretty careful.

The axsidunt to Henrys pance was by a dog witch watches the nabers orchered when they are not around and Henry and me cut throgh it to get hoam quicker on account of being late for super after swiming too long. Henry and me had no ideaya of the dog and were boath going along in the orchered without hardley ever thinking of apples or pares when we hurd a loud bark verry fearce and savvidge and saw the nabers dog coming on a fast run for us witch was not a pleasunt site for me and Henry. We could have climed a tree but Henry said no dog would chase him up a tree and besides if we climed one the nabers would think the dog coght us up thare witch would be quite susspishus agenst us. So Henry and me started to walk fast but not run toworeds the barbwire fence and when we were both crauling throgh Henry let me go furst on account of ware my appendicks came out witch he was afrade mite brake open or sumthing and when he started to craul throgh it was too late and the dog grabed Henrys pance on the part witch was not throgh the fence yet and toar out a big part of them befoar Henry could get cleen throgh witch he finelly did but the nabers dog had a good sighs peace of his pance to show for it and was still barking verry loud and fearce.

It Was Ware Henry Could Not See How Mutch Dammidge Was Done But When He Turned Around I Could See It Was Quite Bad

It was ware Henry could not see how mutch dammidge was done but when he turned around for me to look I could see it was quite bad and would neaver do in school if Henry should be cauled up to the bored or have to resite in frunt of the class witch would be bad for Henry the way his pance were now. Henry hated to tell his muther on account of her hart being week and Henrys muther and my muther too would be hard to understand about the orchered and us being thare becaws it was the shortust way hoam and neather of Henry or me could think for quite a wile of how to get Henrys pance fickst befoar Monday and it was Friday alreddy.

After wile I happend to think about Lilly Purl and how good her muther was to us about gelly cake and I told Henry probily she mite ficks them and be verry confidenshul about them and nobuddy would know about it if we could get his pance over thare without being susspishus about them. So Henry and me went hoam and Henry put his cote on and ett his super and his muther could not see the part of his pance when he was sitting down and after super Henry went upstares and told his muther he geest he would studdy a wile for the furst day of school witch was a pleasant supprize for her and she was glad Henry was going to witch never happend befoar.

So Henry went upstares and put on his Sunday pance and I went outside and stade under the window and after wile Henry let down the old pance by a string out of the window wile his muther was washing the dishes and could not see witch Henry was glad of on account of her week hart. I got Henrys pance when they came down on the string and went out of the yard the frunt way sose Henrys muther would not see me with Henrys pance on my arm and I mannidged to get to Lilly Purls house without enny excitement on account of Henrys pance on my arm and went rite in the frunt gait. Lilly Purl and her muther were boath on the frunt poarch when I came in and boath verry pleasunt and polight and all the time I was wundering how to brake the news of Henrys pance to them and see if Lilly Purls muther would ficks them and be verry confidenshul about it witch would be a grate help to Henry and not have to ware his Sunday pance weak-days witch would be a grate ressponsibillity for onley one pare. After wile I thoght about Henry upstares in his room aloan with no pance to come out and play in but Sunday ones and how he came over and told Lilly Purl about my appendicks and my curridge came up and I told Lilly Purl and her muther about Henry and me and the orchered and the dog chaseing us and how it happened to Henrys pance ware they came throgh the fence last and his muthers week hart an how Henry and me thoght she mite be abul to ficks them and be verry confidenshul about it and save Henry and me a grate deel of wurrey and trubble. Lilly Purls muther was mutch interusted and spred Henrys pance out on the tabul and sent Lilly Purl for sum neadles and thredd and the ragbag and it was all done in haffanowr and you would hardley know ware the dog toar them.

Lilly Purl was very ankshus about Henry and how he was and I told her the dog did not do Henry enny dammidge but onley to his pance and it was all over now and nuthing to wurrey about and Henry would be abul to be out as soon as his pance came back by me.

After Henrys pance were all done we had sum lemmenade and Lilly Purls muther said always bring enny tore pance to her and she would be glad to ficks them and be verry confidenshul about it on account of Henrys muthers week hart witch is a fine thing dont you think so? After I stade quite a wile I happend to think about Henry upstares all aloan and probily wundering how his pance were coming out and so I started back to Henrys house and wisseld under Henrys window quite easey sose not to wurrey his muther on account of haveing a week hart. When Henry hurd me wissel he opened the window and let down the string again and I tide the pance on and Henry pulled them by the string and Henry said afterwurds he could hardley beleave his eyes when he lookt at them and could hardley tell ware they were fickst.

After Henry put them on he came downstares again and told his muther he geest he had studdied enugh for one nite and he better get sum fresh are and his muther said it was all rite and not to studdy too hard and Henry promist not to and came on outside. Henry said he would never forget me for what I did for him and his pance and never to thank him again for being good to me when I was in the hosspittle becaws it was all even now and we boath shook hands. Henry ast me if Lilly Purl seamed to be scairt about him when I brought his pance over and mite be the last of him for all she knew and I told him she was quite a good deel wurried at furst but I told her he was not hurt but onley wurried and after that she was all rite and verry swete and cumfurtable to me.

I gess you and Uncle William will think I am makeing a lot of Henrys pance becaws it is not important to you but it was to Henry and shose what kind of a woman Lilly Purls muther is to take in a pare of purfeckly strange pance and ficks them witch Henry will never forget and greatful all the rest of his life and sum day he will surrpize her with a fine presunt Henry said.

Henry said he otto thank her for saveing his pance for him but he was quite bashful to talk about it now while

(Concluded on Page 49)

Enduring Charm

HOW many, many times have you bought just the style you wanted—only to have the garment lose its charm as you wore it. Only to discover that you had overlooked the importance of things you could not see.

But it's so easy to avoid such a disappointment again. Select a Printzess! Printzess styles have the charm that makes them distinctive; but, more than that, the Printzess label guarantees *enduring charm*. You know that every fiber of the material is all wool, even though you cannot test it. You know that the all-important foundation is conscientiously tailored, even though you do not see it. And you know that every detail of the finish and trimming is without unseen flaws.

If you would be sure that the coat or suit you select will be just as attractive after months of wear, look for the label which guarantees enduring style, quality and master tailoring.

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THE DECEMBER 6th ISSUE OF THIS PUBLICATION WILL HAVE A SPECIAL PRINTZESS MESSAGE

Akron's Great Tire

The Talk of the Tire Town

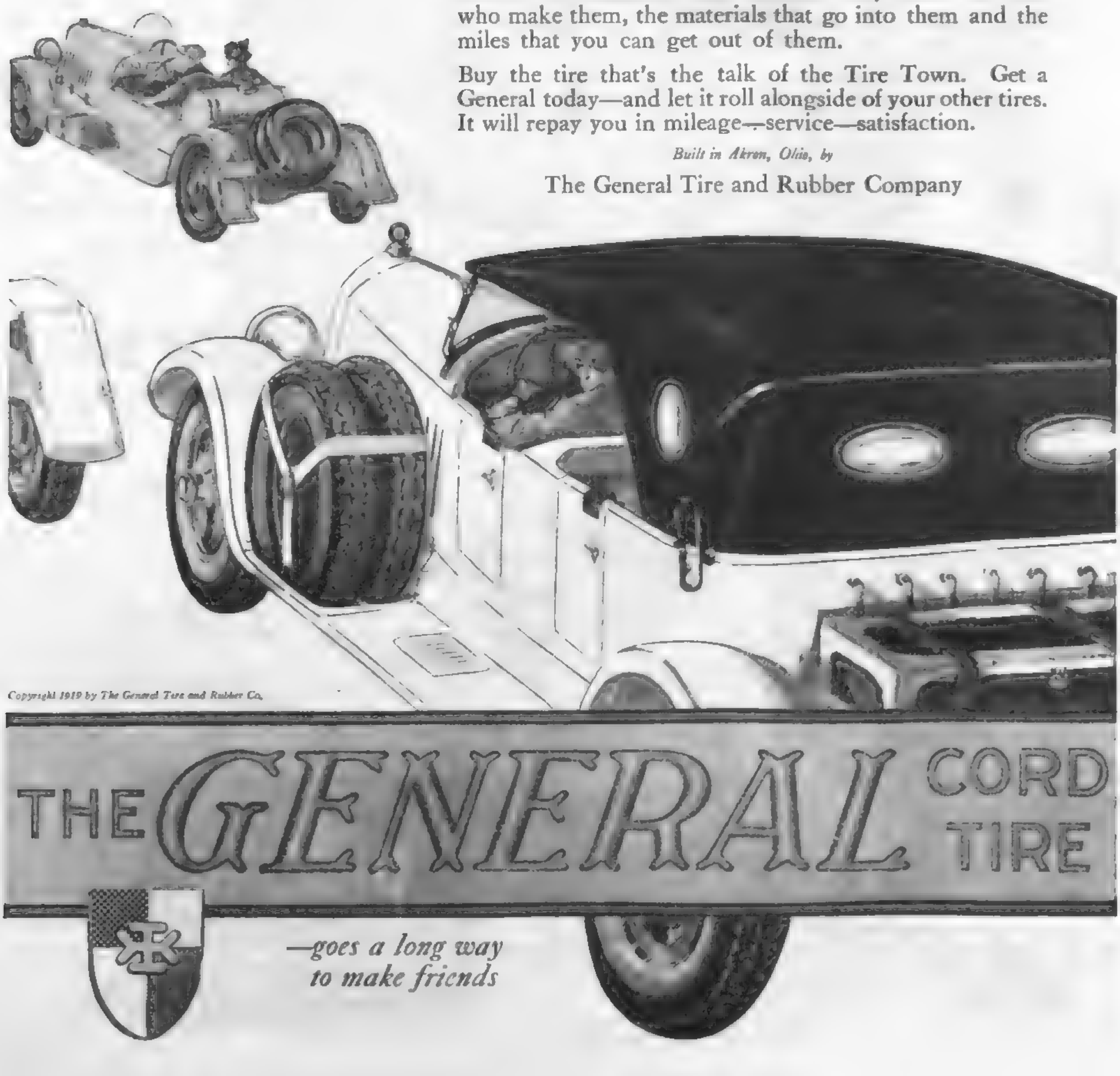
Everybody in Akron knows General Tires. They know that what your get out of them has crowned them—Akron's great tire.

Taxi drivers there will tell you how many miles their General Cords have made—show them to you—brag about them. And a surprisingly large number of Akron car owners use General Tires—because they know the men who make them, the materials that go into them and the miles that you can get out of them.

Buy the tire that's the talk of the Tire Town. Get a General today—and let it roll alongside of your other tires. It will repay you in mileage—service—satisfaction.

Built in Akron, Ohio, by

The General Tire and Rubber Company



Copyright 1919 by The General Tire and Rubber Co.

THE GENERAL CORD TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

(Concluded from Page 46)

it was so fresh and on account of Lilly Purl it would be hard to go over thare and talk about it becaws it would be dellicut to talk about Henry said espeshully ware the dog happened to bite them. I told Henry if he would rite a noat to her I could take it over and he could go over after wile when it would not be so fresh and so Henry did and I am sending you a coppey of it to see if it is all rite, but it is too late to change it now becaws it is gone alreddy:

Verry respective Mrs. Smith: My pance came back safe and sound by kindness of William Green and I am riteing you a few lines witch I hoap you will exsept the way I mean it from the bottom of my heart and if it was not for you I would be waring my Sunday pance every day and no way to get enny new ones witch would be quite searyus for me. I hoap you will ecksuse me if it was quite bold to send a pare of purfeckly strange pance over by William Green but I was upstares in my room with onley Sunday pance on and my muther has a week hart and would wurrey a grate deel if she knew it and we boath haypend to think of you and how good you are and if you did not want to do it it would be all rite and we would boath feal the same toworeds you becaws you have been so good to us alreddy and the pance would not make a bit of difrunce with us.

But if you could see how happey I felt when the pance came back all fickst sose you could hardley tell the place you would be well repade for the grate trubble you took with them and I would consider it a grate faver if you would cawl for me enny hour of the day or nite if you should knead enny wood choppt or choars done or errunds run and nuthing would be too mutch trubble to do for you. I would come enny day after fore oclock schooldays or all day Satterday and it would be onley a grate pleshure and no wurk at all. Henry lookt at my pance twice after I put them on and could not tell ware it was witch is a grate complymunt to you and I hope you are boath well and will now clothes with the best regords of

HENRY BEGG.

P. S. If it would be all rite to send best regords to Lilly Purl I would consider it a grate faver if you would do it but you will know best about it and I will leave it all to you and remane as befoar H. B.

P. S. 2 and last. I would not want you to think or Lilly Purl that me and William Green was in the orchered with false pretenses becaws we were not and never thoght of takeing enny froot but a dog does not know that and onley bites becaws you are thare at all witch is the way it happend and if I was gilty I would never think of sending you my pance to ficks but it was all a dogs mistake and not ours but now the pance are all fickst and I remane as befoar H. B.

Henry and me wrote it together. We did not know wether it would be too fammilyer to say Dear Mrs Smith so Henry said probily verry respective would be moar polight for a grone up lady from a boy dont you think so?

Tige was tide up the day we cut acrost the orchered witch was a good thing for the nabers dog Henry said or Tige would probily have killed him but it was all over now and no dammidge. Henry will probily let Tige at him sumtime thogh. Henry is a good deel wurried about Tige when school starts again becaws he has been with Henry and me nearly all Sumer and hardley likes to be tide up nites away from Henry. He will have to be tide up moast of the day now exsept Satterday and part of Sunday and will probily houl a good deel and be bad for his hellth on account of missing Henry so. Henry was wundering the uther day ware he mite get a coller for Tige to tie up with and let him ware when he is loose for a kind of ornamunt around his neck witch is a grate help to a dogs looks. Henry and me saw sum in the stoar windows quite hansum and not verry exspensive and one for a doller witch Tige would probily be verry proud of but thare is no way to urn a doller now on account of going to school all the time and so Henry and me have just about got over the ideays of a coller for Tige but it would be a fine thing dont you think so? If you or Uncle William should happen to think of enny way to urn a doller Henry and me would be verry glad to here from you and Tige would get the bennefit of it becaws it would all be spent on him. A chane would not be nessary becaws Henry could use a closeline but a closeline around a dogs neck is apptoo choak him if he pulls too hard and sumtimes in the nite Henry wurreys so he can hardley slepe for feer Tige mite be choaking and does not go to slepe again until Tige houls again and Henry nose he is all rite. It is a grate houl of releef for Henry.

I went to Lilly Purls house Satterday after dinner to take over Henrys letter to Lilly Purls muther witch was a grate pleshure for me becaws after Henry was so good to me when my appendicks came out I was glad to have a chanst to do sumthing moar for him even if he did say his fickst pance made it eaven betwene us. Lilly Purl was thare verry swete and cool on the frunt poarch and quite pleasunt to be with on a worm day. Lilly Purl took Henrys letter in to her muther and she redd it sevrel times and said the dear boy but I could not tell if it was me or Henry but probily boath of us dont you think so? Afterwurds she rappt up a big peace of gelly cake and said it would be the anser to Henry and enugh for boath of us and said if enny choars or errunds mite be kneaded she would let Henry know the furst thing, witch was a great releef to Henry becaws the gelly cake on top of the fickst pance was almost too mutch. I told Lilly Purl about Henry wanting to come over sum day but being a littul bashful becaws the fickst pance were so fresh and mite make him kind of nurvice on account of haveing them on ware her muther fickst them and she said her muther would be glad to see Henry enny time and she was always hoam in the afternoon about fore oclock and Lilly Purl too and boath of them would enjoy Henry being thare fickst pance or not just as Henry felt about it. So Lilly Purl said she would rite Henry a note to make his mined easey about his fickst pance witch is the kind of a girl Lilly Purl is always verry swete and thoghtful dont you think so? Henry onley got it last nite and said we could coppey it wile it is still fresh and interusting on account of you knowing all about the fickst pance:

Dear Henry: I thought I would rite you a few lines to say we are all well including my muther and would be verry glad to see you if you would care to come over enny time you want to and a worm welcome from us boath. The frunt poarch is cool and shadey in the afternoon about fore or five oclock and if you onley want to see my muther I could verry easey be away sumwares that afternoon and not come back till after you are gone and you knead not wurrey about that becaws you can see me in school enny time and probily walk hoam sumtimes if you want to and you kno the way I genrelly go hoam down Forth street and apast the park and verry easey to find me on the way hoam. My muther is sending you sum gelly cake by William (Green) witch is part of a too big one she maid and mite get stail and too bad to waist it she said and will be a grate faver to her if you and William (Green) would look at it that way and no thanks on your part. We are haveing quite worm wether now but probily moar pleasunt soon. School starts Monday morning and I suppoas you will be thare and I will probily see you the furst day if you should happen to go. I genrelly start about kworter to nine and go strate down to the park and up Forth street witch is the shortust way for me. I always go the side of the park ware the big oke tree and the bench is. I get thare about ten minutes to nine and then I can get to school in plenty of time eaven by walking quite slow. The bench is on the side of the oke tree toworeds the school house. I hoap you are well and happey and Tige too and hoaping to see you sumtime befoar long probily I remane Verry respectively yours,

LILLY PURL.

P. S.—I was wundering what you are going to do with Tige when school starts and you have to be gone. It will be quite hard on him to stay home tide up dont you think so? I always thoght he was a fine dog.

LILLY PURL.

Henry said when he read it the fickst pance must be gone out of thare mineds alreddy becaws thare was not a wurd in it about pance from one end to the uther and the nurvice fealing is gone alreddy. Henry wundered if Lilly Purl would be mad if he wated on the bench by the oke tree for her tomorrow morning or would she think he took advantidge of what just happend to be menshund in a frendly letter but I told Henry I thoght it would be all rite so I gess he will. That way he can see her the furst time since her muther fickst them and make it easey afterwurds. Henry and me thoght it was kind of curyus how Lilly Purl happend to think about Tige and what he would do wile Henry was away at school and made Henry think about the coller again but he said thare is no use wurreying about that but just give up the ideaya. Unless sum strange thing would happen to help him urn a doller and thare was not mutch chanst of that Henry said.

Henry and me will have to clothes now on account of getting reddy for school tomorrow. One of Henrys littul bruthers toar sum pages out of his arithmetick ware the hardust exampuls are and Henry did not miss them all Sumer but he will eather have to find them or get a new arithmetick and he hoaps to find them sumwares tonite. A peace of his jogafy is gone too and all of the Weastern Hemmaspear is gone betwene Brazil and the Bay of Funndy witch Henry never mist till Satterday. Henry thoght mice ett the Weastern Hemmaspear but his littul bruther toar out the exampuls becaws he found sirrup on a lot of uther pages witch makes them quite hard to get appart without sokeing in worm wotter witch makes them swell quite bad so it looks like a pretty hard time for Henry in arithmetick but probily he will get throgh it all rite if he can fined the gone pages. Thare is no chanst of finding the Weastern Hemmaspear thogh becaws the mice have probily put an end to that. The mice ett sum of neerly all of Henrys schoolbooks this Sumer and Henry said it was luckey he did not have the Boy Rangers Manuel with them or it mite be the last of that but the boys kept it too bizzey for mice most of the time. Henry put all of his schoolbooks on the flore of the closit way back ware thay would be purfeckly safe when school was out for Sumer vakashun and mice ett a littul of all of them but ett the biggest peace out of the Weastern Hemmaspear.

Henry and me will probily get up brite and urley tomorrow sose not to be lait the furst day and mite get the reword for not bring absunt or tardy the furst turm of school but not sure about it. So we will clothes again for good this time. Henry just hurd Tige houl in thare barn so he is not choaked yet by the closeline but it mite happen enny day but Henry hoaps not. Henry and me will stay togeather tonite witch is the last of vacashun and talk over old times and tomorrow school starts and not mutch chanst after that. Henry sends love and wants to know if Uncle William nose how to tie a slipnott in a closeline sose it wont slipp and choak Tige to deth witch mite save his life if he was tide the way Henry meens.

Your affectionate Nephew,

WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S. Henry said thare is a grate deel about Tige and his pance in this letter but it could not be helpt becaws it was the mane thing that happend last weak. W. G.

MISS KENT UNDERSTANDS

By Ralph E. Mooney

ILLUSTRATED BY WILSON C. DEXTER

THERE was a bit of new-hung printing on the far wall of the cafeteria at the Business Women's Club. In rather marked type and color it advised each reader to "Make Yourself What You Want To Be." Though insistent and peremptory and a wise enough precept to merit consideration, the slogan was drowned, paled into insignificance by the mighty clatter of noon hour, so that to hundreds of women it went unheeded. Indeed had they been consulted afterward it would have developed in most cases that they had not seen it at all.

Justine Kent, facing the inscription, was vaguely aware of it, though her attention was taken by the pert features and edged voice of the girl at her elbow.

"Did you go out there?" asked the girl, laughing in shrill tones.

"Yes," answered Justine with a smile.

"Wasn't it terrible? Girls like us can't take that kind of place."

And again the laughter rose at Justine's elbow.

"He said, 'young man preferred,' anyhow," offered Justine.

"Oh, but he'd take a girl!" sneered the other. "He'd take anybody that would work in such a place. He'd open his arms to anybody that knows the tire business."

"Did you go in?" inquired Miss Kent.

"Yes," answered the other; "didn't you?"

Justine Kent shook her head.

"I knew it would be no use," she replied. "He couldn't offer me anything."

"Well, I should say not," praised the girl at her elbow. "How could the old man's private secretary go back to an experience-and-no-money job. That's a place for a girl just out of business college."

"Make Yourself What You Want To Be!"

Miss Kent, staring at the inscription, recalled that she had come upon it before. It had been an exercise at business college. As her mind dwelt upon the circumstances she saw again the barren room with its rows of typing tables, and heard the ghosts of thirty typewriters clicking off its letters in her ears.

"What was he like?" she asked mechanically.

"I was right surprised. He looked like a hustler. Another case of too much ambition and no money, I guess."

At this moment an elderly woman came to the table.

"Did either of you get a job?"

"No," answered the pert lips, "it's the dull season and nothing doing."

"Terrible!" said the newcomer. "Terrible the way you were let out after five years!"

"It was good while it lasted," answered the girl at Miss Kent's elbow. "And there's other places. You going shopping? Me too! So long, Justine."

Miss Kent, left alone, stared reflectively at the far wall of the lunch room. Unconsciously her lips formed the words which by now the ghostly typewriters had imprinted on her brain: "Make Yourself What You Want To Be!"

II

NEXT day as a certain Mr. E. Z. Abbott stood at the front of his little shop he was surprised to find himself a subject of inquiring scrutiny from a girl upon the street. She was poised on tiptoe in the rain-soaked February slush, making frank survey of him. For a moment she remained so. Then with peculiar intensity of manner she entered the store and bowed.

Young Mr. Abbott, who dealt in automobile tires, advanced confidently, with approving eyes for her slim serge-covered figure.

"What size?" he asked.

She smiled.

"You advertised for a stenographer?"

"Oh," nodded Abbott, "yes, but ——"

"My name is Justine Kent," interrupted the girl. "I came yesterday, but didn't like the looks of your place. Last night I thought it over and decided to take the job if it is still open."

Her keen gray eyes, looking from under a small blue-velvet hat and heaps of light-brownish hair, dominated the situation at once, but as she was not fully aware of this her manner was marked by the hesitancy of woman engaged in vital business transactions.

Abbott, a lithe good-natured personality, smiled at her frankness.

"I'm sorry—but I advertised for a young man."

"Did you get one?"

"Not yet."

"I didn't think you would."

"Eh?" gasped Abbott, startled out of his complacency.

The girl nodded and made explanation.

"I'm Ready to Risk Everything When I See a Good Chance," She Sneered. "I'm No Piker Either and I'm Tired of Doing Piker Business. Aren't You?"

"Young men who want to start at the bottom, as you advertised, don't pick this kind of concern. They go downtown to the big tire agencies. The man who would come here wouldn't be worth much to you."

Abbott's eyes gleamed angrily.

"Say, what are you getting at? I don't care for your opinion of my place. Such as it is, I built it myself and I'm not out on the streets asking for work anyhow."

Miss Kent nodded approval.

"I admire you for that," she acclaimed.

Young Mr. Abbott's mouth flew open.

"What? You—you admire me for it? Well ——"

As the young man's confusion increased the girl became more at ease.

"Pardon, please. What I mean is that your place is not the sort to attract young men. Is it now? Does it look a growing business—with heights to climb to—or doesn't it simply offer the bottom to start and end with? Please be frank."

Abbott somewhat dazedly followed her eyes about the front of his shop and grudgingly was forced to admit that the effect was indiscriminate at least. His tires were racked carelessly and sizes were misplaced. The floor was a litter of paper, bits of burlap and miscellaneous tire tools. The shop had all the earmarks of being exactly what it was—a small one-man store. System was unnecessary, because the one man knew by sad experience where everything was.

Abbott finally grinned and made a deprecatory motion toward his own greasy overalls.

"Maybe so," he admitted, "but this is a one-man business and a low-priced one at that. My customers like confusion and overalls and carelessness. Brass railings and carpets mean more expense to them."

"Granted," responded Miss Kent. "But so far no young man has seen the glint of gold through the tarnish and I—maybe I have. I've come for the job."

Abbott shook his head.

"I'm sorry, but I'm not looking for a manager or an efficiency expert, and it's a man's job anyhow."

"That's the sort I'm after," flashed the girl. "A man's job. I mean, I always answer the advertisements for male stenographers. The places are always better and have more pay. I'm just as fast as the average man at shorthand and typing."

"I know." Mr. Abbott's dark head nodded sympathetically. "I can see in a minute the sort of stenographer you are. I wish the business was big enough to go after your kind, but as you see it's just a small place and you'd be the only woman here. There are no accommodations for you. The nearest wash room, for instance, is at that milliner's across the street."

"Where did you get your experience in the tire business?" Justine asked abruptly.

E. Z. Abbott jumped. His bright eyes flickered.

"Well, say ——" he began, only to smile and go on. "It was with the Lawler people. I was a tire changer, then a salesman, after many other things. My parents were poor, but inclined to be honest."

"Do you handle the Lawler goods?" she asked with a smile for his ridicule.

"No, seconds only."

"Oh!" It was a disappointed murmur. "Seconds!"

"Here, wait!" protested Abbott. "Seconds are all right. There's two sides to every business, you know. The straight-out, factory-guaranty, brass-rail-agency-and-wrapped-product side—and then the job-lot, snap-'em-up-in-the-open side. That's mine!"

"People want to pay the price and get the real goods," stated the girl sharply.

"One kind of trade does," defended Abbott. "Another kind isn't averse to paying lower prices and getting real goods too."

"Quality pays for itself in the long run," argued Miss Kent with considerable warmth, quoting a line of advertising.

"Of course it does. Also it pays for itself quicker if the price is low.

"Listen here, if you had the time wouldn't you rather go to the open market and get fresh country vegetables at low prices than run a charge account at a large grocery store where you had to pay for rent, delivery service and general overhead?"

"Oh, I see!" answered Miss Kent. "You're the open market end of the tire business."

"Exactly!"

"It will be worth while to take the job," announced the girl. "And I'm going to take it."

Mr. Abbott gasped for breath.

"First," he asked, "how about your credentials? You've been thorough enough about mine."

"Private secretary to Dan Farwell—nearly five years," she answered carelessly, naming one of the big tire men of the city. "He died, you know, and the factory opened its own branch here. I was let out. References ready when you want them."

"I beg pardon," laughed Abbott. "You're a good one! But as I've said, there's no use going further with it. I'm looking for somebody that wants to stick and try and build the business. Stenographer, bookkeeper, salesman—for, say—oh, twenty a week. I know it wouldn't suit you, because you couldn't do half of it and because a girl with your experience can walk into a plush job somewhere and do a lot better."

He indicated the door with a gesture of finality.

The girl laughed in her turn, remaining steadfast, with quiet dignity.

"I thought that too," she answered. "It's probably true. Yesterday when I came here first I was disgusted with the lack of order in your store and left it, intending to go after the plush job you name. Last night I changed my mind. Mr. Abbott, I'm tired of looking for the ideal job. I'm going to make it to suit myself and make it here."

The man wandered toward the big plate-glass window, shaking his head.

"But ——" he began.

"You won't regret it." Miss Kent spoke quickly. "Now about salary—you said twenty a week. That's more than you can afford."

"Help!" gasped Abbott. "Now listen ——"

"I didn't say that to offend you. I merely want to show you I understand. Now, Mr. Abbott, let's talk business. What do you say to taking me in here and agreeing to pay me what I'm worth? I mean by that, of course, what I make myself worth. Are you—ah—game?"

Abbott scratched his head.

"You mean I hire you on no stated ——"

She interrupted.

"You don't hire me! I hire myself and come in here for what it's worth to us. I want to make good by making a

(Continued on Page 53)

Earning $593.00 by Investing $28.00

Two years ago the Stimson Mill Company, of Seattle, decided to try out Rex Chabelco Chain on one of the hardest drives in the mill.

The ordinary chain they had been using cost approximately $27.00 for that drive and used to last 30 days.

The Rex Chabelco Steel Chain cost $55.00 and has already given two years of service without a break except for extreme fouling.

It used to take 24 ordinary chains costing in all $648.00 to do as much work as the $55.00 Rex Chabelco has already done.

There has therefore been effected a saving of $593.00 by investing $28.00.

Moreover, the replacements of ordinary chain made during two years wasted 360 minutes of payroll time, worth about 83 cents a minute in that mill—a total of $298.80.

By using the Rex Chabelco Steel Chain the Stimson Mill Company saved $891.80—$298.80 in payroll time and $593.00 in chain costs.

Rex Chabelco is making similar records on many kinds of drives. It can do the same for you.

Un-retouched photograph of Rex Chabelco Steel Chain, No. 1030, mounted on sprocket. This type Rex Chabelco is used extensively in the saw mill industry. It has saved $891.80 in two years for the Stimson Mill Company of Seattle

REX CHAIN

Rex Traveling Water Screens, Rex Concrete Mixers and Pavers, Rex Sprockets, Rex Elevators and Conveyors

CHAIN BELT COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

Branch Offices and Representatives in Principal Cities in the United States and Abroad

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WITH a truly modern toaster or iron, you just press a button to turn the current on or off—no yanking at the plug. With a neat little switch attached to the cord, you turn the appliance on or off without touching either the plug or the socket.

To give you this convenience, many manufacturers are factory-equipping their appliances with this

C-H Seventy Fifty 70-50 SWITCH

It is more than a convenience, too—it saves current, adds to the life of toaster or iron, prevents socket and plug troubles. A glance tells whether the current is on or off.

So Convenient

What a convenience on a toaster—not to have to yank at the plug between slices! Just touch a button for "on" or "off". No more toast and crumbs tumbling on the table-cloth when the plug is pulled out.

Saves Electricity

You always know whether the iron is on or off. No more danger of scorching the clothes, leaving the current on by mistake. Saves so much current—and so much bother.

Prevents Burn-Outs

Keeps appliances in good working condition, for most troubles start at sockets or connector plugs. Avoids delays, waiting for toaster or iron to be repaired.

No More Burnt Fingers

You won't have to handle the connector plug at all—and you know how hot it gets. Just touch the white button for "on" and the black for "off".

Modernize Your Appliances!

You can have this switch-convenience on the older-model toaster or iron you have. Take one of your cords to your dealer and he will put a C-H Seventy-Fifty Switch on it for 75 cents. Use it a while and you will see why all the more modern electrical appliances come C-H Switch-equipped.

When you buy a new appliance, *look for the C-H Seventy-Fifty Switch.*

If your dealer can't supply you, we will mail switch on receipt of 75 cents

The Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Company

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Made in Canada by Benjamin Electric Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

What Is a Switch?

A switch turns the electric current on or off, just as a water faucet controls the flow of water. A switch should not be confused with a lamp socket—a socket is the part of the fixture into which you screw the lamp bulb.

(Continued from Page 50)

business good. I want to build—and not sponge off a builder. I know a lot about the tire business. If you know tires we'll win. Are you willing?"

Mr. Abbott, young, hesitant, self-made though half-finished business man, could not refuse the demand of her gray eyes. He could not overreach the purpose that lay behind them.

"If you've decided on it there's no use talking," he joked. "I might try it, anyhow."

"I have decided."

Abbott smiled doubtfully.

"Welcome then! Please report yourself to Miss Kent. She hires all our stenographers."

"Miss Kent says take her," answered the girl promptly.

"She's took! What's the use?" He shrugged his shoulders. "I've got to say yes. I've never learned to say no."

"I'll teach you that," smiled Miss Kent.

Again did Mr. Abbott's jaw drop.

"One of us is crazy," he affirmed with heavy sarcasm.

III

JUSTINE KENT'S action in joining Abbott was an experiment decided upon after a night of feverish planning and resolution. She had been urged to it, partly by the sudden opportunity in Abbott's place, partly by the advisory placard in the cafeteria. Also—and this most of all—by the conclusion she had reached during a year or more of serious thinking.

It had all come about very naturally. In the beginning—five years before—she had been just an ordinary business-college graduate. Later she became just an ordinarily good business woman of the higher class. But even as she had achieved competence and prominence in her overcrowded profession she began to think ahead. How could she go higher? What was the next step? The highest places seemed barred to a woman.

She read much and found such slogans as "Make Yourself What You Want To Be" constantly leaping at her from modern business literature. What did they mean? They were so indefinite, so intangible. How much truth was in them? How did one go about carrying them out?

The answer came while she was at lunch in the cafeteria. The mottoes were true. You did have chances to carry them into effect. Here was an opportunity provided. She had qualifications for it. She knew the tire business and she knew business in general. Why not, for instance, select a definite objective such as, say, to be a partner in a growing retail business—and begin by assuming she was just that. Then think, plan and work for nothing else. In a word, why not make herself what she wanted to be?

So began the joint existence of Mr. E. Z. Abbott and Justine Kent as subjects of an experiment. It was to be a long-drawn and painful experience. The chemicals were to boil and fizz for many weeks. The elements, matured conservatism and new determination, being both positive, repelled each other at first, and the experiment seemed doomed to failure. Frequent discussions rose over the cleaning up and systematizing of the firm's books and papers and these discussions soon degenerated into quarrels in which E. Z. Abbott aggrievedly defended his past works and existence.

Nothing is more wearying than strained relations between employer and business woman. For Mr. Abbott's part, within three days the young man's figure became droopy. He felt as though he was carrying a tenacious spirit of the sea on his shoulders. Inwardly he was resolving to cast away his burden.

"I ran this place all right until she came," he told the boy who changed tires.

"Yeah," said the boy. "You were all right. But she—she's a heller!"

Whereupon Mr. Abbott, safe from the quizzical gray eyes, decided virtuously and indignantly to dismiss the girl at the end of the week. She was wasting herself in his place. She was one accustomed to every office convenience and was not for him. For these sentiments Mr. Abbott cannot be blamed. He had struggled to independence by himself and he had founded the business with his own savings. Having achieved so much, he was willing to let well enough alone. The store would keep him and he was happy in it. He resented the presence of a girl who regarded the place merely as a fair beginning and who tried to force him into greater efforts.

Miss Kent, up to her eyes in his desk's litter of correspondence, sales memorandums, charge notes and bills—both receipted and unpaid—had a way of stopping work to watch him as he puttered about among the few tires that made up his stock. It was particularly irritating. Her eyes seemed constantly to question his activities, to ask why he was so occupied when there might be better things for him to do.

"She'll never be any good here," Abbott concluded definitely on Friday. "I'll let her go to-morrow night."

When the time came, however, he hesitated as usual. After picking his way through the tire stacks and the litter of the forward end of the shop he was too astonished at the appearance of the office in the rear to proceed immediately with his carefully rehearsed speech. All of his heaped-up papers were filed—in hatboxes borrowed from the milliner. His old received-and-paid-out daybook was gone. Instead a neat sales book and ledger lay open upon his desk and a typed statement attached to the ledger informed him what his bank balance was—and why. He decided to soften the blow as much as he could.

"You've certainly done wonders, Miss Kent," he praised. "And—but—oh, here's the week's pay as I promised." He handed her twenty dollars. She bowed.

"Thank you—but you were going to say something more?"

E. Z. Abbott flushed.

"Yes, but—ah—time for that later. We'll try another week."

"Now Listen, Miss Kent, I Appreciate What You've Done, But I Can't Stand Your Trying to Run the Place"

Her eyes were faintly scornful as they looked upon him. Soul militant, she took her resolution in hand. She would—she would make herself what she wanted to be in spite of everything, in spite of herself and Abbott.

"I think I know what was in your mind, Mr. Abbott," she affirmed. "You were going to send me off."

Abbott nodded somewhat angrily. She noticed his manner and flashed into anger herself.

"You are foolish, Mr. Abbott! You'll never get anywhere, running as you are, yet you resent my trying to help you. But you shall not discharge me—unless I'm incompetent. I'm going to stay!"

"I've got a word to say about that," cried Abbott. "I'm running this——"

"I'm going to stay," declared Miss Kent in fury. "For a month anyhow. At the end of that time, if you haven't got this business in shape I'm going to quit you. You are on trial just as much as I am. If you can't make good I don't want to stay with you."

And while Abbott was still gasping she left him.

IV

THE next week saw no improvement in the relations of employer and extraordinary employee at the Abbott Tire Company. The chemicals of the experiment boiled more furiously and the doubt was very evident as to whether it would end in a grand explosion or a useful reaction of ideals upon materials. Things started badly on Monday morning when Miss Kent entered the shop with a folded newspaper. She seemed greatly pleased over something.

"Did you see to-day's paper?" she asked.

"No, I hardly ever read the papers," replied Abbott, who was leisurely enjoying his morning pipe. "They don't interest me."

"You should read them," she reproved.

In a flash Abbott's temper rose. He had been nursing his anger since Saturday.

"Some more of your efficiency?" he stormed. "Now listen, Miss Kent, I appreciate what you've done, but I can't stand your trying to run the place. I'm through, that's all. You can stay here till Saturday night and then quit. Start in business yourself if you want to, but don't try to start me!"

Miss Kent turned a grave countenance upon him.

"You'll find I'll stay a lot longer than Saturday night," she announced gently.

"And you'll need me, I think. You'll be glad of it before the day is over," she added.

"What do you mean?" asked Abbott.

"If you will read the paper you will see part of what I mean," she announced.

Abbott took the paper and scanned it rapidly, announcing: "I don't see anything here!"

"No?" asked Miss Kent. "Let it go then!"

With this unpropitious beginning every hour of that day was a period of argument. Abbott felt his resolution to discharge Miss Kent strengthening with each controversy. This was because the young lady after the first passage at arms relaxed into noncontentious silence.

"Have it your own way," she announced frequently.

Owning the upper hand for the time, Abbott thought the girl beaten and went out of his way to bring up new points for debate. He was mistaken, however. Miss Kent was merely saving her strength.

In the afternoon as he was dismissing a rubber salesman from the store the girl called to him:

"Oh, Mr. Abbott, will you come here, please?"

Excusing himself, the proprietor made his way to the office.

"Are you sending that man away?" she demanded, indicating the rubber salesman, who stood whistling at the front of the shop.

"Yes," bristled Abbott.

"He was here Saturday while you were out for lunch. It sounded as though he had a wonderful proposition. What is it?"

"A three-thousand-dollar lot of Barrett firsts. They list about three times that, but the Calvin Motors Company, which used them as car equipment, has liquidated and these are on the market at a bargain."

"Isn't it a good buy?" she asked.

"It's a corker," he said impatiently. "What are you getting at?"

"Let's take them."

Abbott threw up his hands in horror.

"Take them? Now—in the dull season? Why, you poor—you're crazy! Anyhow, I haven't more than five hundred in the bank—if I've that—and it's a cash transaction."

"Will you ever get a buy like this in the busy season?" she demanded fiercely.

"No, of course not. But there's no money now——"

"Borrow!" commanded Miss Kent.

"I can't! I haven't credit!"

He moved away. With a little cry she caught his arm and went on speaking with a quiet fury that unmanned him:

"Listen, please! You've enough stock here to invoice at fifteen hundred dollars. With that and your bank balance behind you you can easily raise two thousand at your bank. That's the kind of business a bank likes—loans to merchants whose stock will indemnify them if the note is defaulted. In fact, since you are using the money to buy stock they are doubly protected."

"Wait!" commanded Abbott, swept off his feet by this unexpected attack. "It's insanity! I'm not justified——"

"Mr. Abbott!"

The gray eyes, angry and desperate, ruled him with a kind of flaming hypnosis.

"Yes'm," he murmured and fidgeted, reduced to mere boyishness by her sincerity.

"Once my former employer, Mr. Farwell, went absolutely broke backing the old Everwear Puncture Proof. On the day he wound up that business he managed to borrow a thousand and took up a new line. In two months he was clear. And never once did he weaken or show outwardly that he was down, nor did anyone but me know his true circumstances. That's the kind of nerve that makes good in business. When Farwell saw what he wanted he took it. He made a fortune in five years because he wasn't a piker—and never had been a piker."

"That's all right for you to say, Miss Kent," pleaded Abbott. "You're only a girl. There's Farwell's way of building a business and there's mine. Both are good. Mine is slower, that's all. Now it's all right for you to advise such a thing—when you aren't risking any money. But I decline to gamble my whole store on advice from a woman."

"I'm backing my advice," she said curtly. "Even when you've made your loan you will only have two thousand. What I was trying to tell you was that if you would raise two thousand I would lend you another thousand—my savings. The reason I do it is because—if the buy is as good as you say it is I'm sure we can't lose."

Abbott went into a panic.

"No, no! I can't let you do that! It's risking too much. Thanks awfully. I appreciate it—but I can't do it."

"I'm ready to risk everything when I see a good chance," she sneered. "I'm no piker either and I'm tired of doing piker business. Aren't you?"

Abbott stared at her for a long time, while his cheeks reddened.

"Are you serious?" he asked at last, eyes glinting.

"Are you never serious?" she scolded.

He made his way weakly to the salesman.

"I'll take the lot," he announced.

"Sight draft with bill of lading attached," added Miss Kent, who had followed.

"O. K.," smiled the salesman. "Is this your partner, Abbott?"

"No, darn it, she's the boss!" groaned Abbott.

"You're wise," laughed the salesman. "Sign here."

Very ruefully Mr. Abbott carried through the deal, borrowed the money with no great difficulty—as Miss Kent had foreseen—and very ruefully saw the new stock arrive at the end of the week.

"We'll never move it till next summer," he moaned. "Business is too dead now even to hope."

"We'll move the most of it next week," declared Miss Kent heatedly. "At least that's what I'm gambling on."

"Impossible!"

The girl laughed cheerfully.

"Do you remember the Monday newspaper?" she asked. "Honestly, didn't you see anything in there that would interest us?"

"No—what do you mean?"

"It was a big enough headline and it merely said, 'Car strike seems certain!'"

"Oh, the street car strike? Yes, I know about that."

"If you had read this morning's paper you would know that the strike begins to-night at midnight!"

"Well?" asked Abbott.

The girl made an impatient gesture.

"Don't you realize that by to-morrow every motor car in the city that has four wheels will be running? Why, we'll have a regular summer rush—in February! Where were you during the car strike four years ago?"

Abbott's mouth fell open.

"I believe," he muttered, "I believe—oh, Lord, you're right!"

"We must get an advertisement in Sunday's paper telling of our bargains," she affirmed.

Abbott nodded.

"Yes, of course," he said, then stared at her in awe. "And you saw that coming and you forced me into getting ready for it? If we unload this stuff we'll be made and it will be your work. My—my goodness, and you only a stenographer!"

"Not much," she answered. "I'm a partner now—I have a third interest here. And though to-morrow will be Saturday, I guess it will not be my last day with you."

"Oh, forget it!" growled Abbott.

He wandered away to the front of the store and stood looking at the heaps of blackened snow in the gutters.

V

MISS KENT took no great chance when she put her money into Abbott's business on the strength of rush days to come during the car strike. Even had the strike been averted, Abbott's normal February and March business would have enabled them to reduce their loans and carry them on into summer when the bargain lot would have been readily salable. Miss Kent knew this, be it understood, from her study of the firm's fragmentary books. So while a few may criticize that stretching of credit to the limit in a dead season the majority will admit she took a legitimate business chance. It took all her nerve to urge the unwilling Abbott to the step and all his nerve to carry it through, but had either of them lacked nerve they would never have been where they ——.

As it happened, however, her so-called gamble turned out the surest of sure-thing bets. The car strike lasted seventeen days—long enough to bring out motor cars that had been held in dead storage for years. The demand for tires was tremendous. Faulty skid chains tore them up. Hard frozen snow cut them to pieces. In addition, thousands of customers who had laid their cars up for the winter were compelled to buy new rubber, which ordinarily they would not have needed before July. Now a four-thousand-dollar stock of automobile tires is not a large one, so that Abbott's bargain lot—and his old stock too—were gone before the strike was ended, and the banker—rubbing his hands—told the young man he could borrow five thousand if he needed it.

Whereat Mr. Abbott became very complacent indeed and began to tell customers about his foresight and gambling spirit. When he returned Miss Kent's money, however, he got a shock that all but destroyed his rapidly hardening system.

"Here you are," he said. "And I'm glad it came out all right for you."

"I am too," she answered. "If you please, I will leave five hundred in the business—you need it. You need all the basic capital you—or we—can swing. But the other five hundred—I will have to pay back. I borrowed it."

"Borrowed it?" cried Abbott.

"Yes, indeed," smiled Miss Kent. "From Farwell's old partner."

"Holy mackerel! You risked that—on me?"

"Of course," she answered. "And now that the business has made good, Mr. Abbott, and you can easily afford twenty a week—I'll stay indefinitely."

"You'll stay eternally!" vowed Mr. Abbott.

Together they carried the business on through the summer season and through the seasons of the year that followed. The chemicals for a time boiled ever less violently and the experiment fared well indeed. Mr. Abbott was more amenable to her suggestions—since he had learned the worth of them. Controversies became a thing of the past and conferences were much in order.

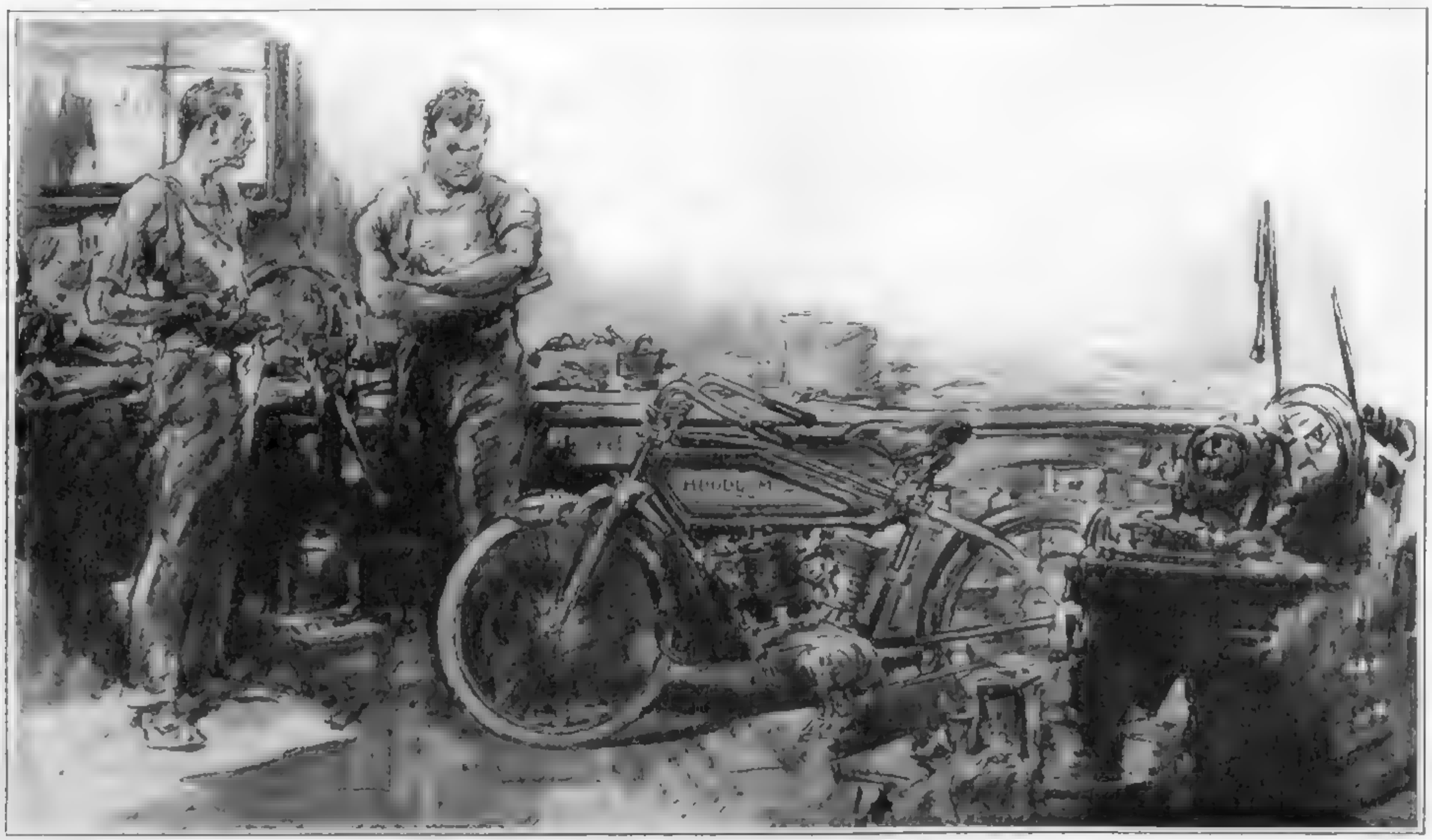
The increased sea room offered by the banker allowed them to do some very pretty financial sailing. Their money doubled and redoubled itself in the way curious to capital invested in a small business. By the end of that first summer they were able to carry a sizable stock, to maintain a delivery and service wagon, to advertise once a week in the city newspapers.

Further, Abbott found himself able to interest smaller retail dealers than himself. Men who were operating on a five-hundred-dollar basis could do better buying from him than from the big jobbers, who scorned little items and would not offer sufficient discount to enable them to compete with the market. In fact, Miss Kent spent half of every day at that time in writing to small dealers in outlying districts, quoting them prices and urging their trial of C. O. D. express shipments. This mail-order end of the business became a valuable asset.

When winter came and the dull days set in the girl spent her time in systematizing the business and in keeping Abbott from stumbling over his own feet, for as she had long since realized, to create the ideal position for herself she had to make Abbott into the ideal employer. And following the remarkable summer growth the young man naturally displayed a tendency to watch details too closely. He feared—as many men educated to small business will do—that the affairs of the concern would get away from him. He spent fourteen hours a day trying to wait on customers, buy new stock, run the office, operate the vulcanizing machine and keep every detail of the Abbott Tire Company under personal supervision.

Miss Kent, while carrying out her winter work, the installation of a perpetual inventory system by which the

(Concluded on Page 57)



Collegian clothes

Smart Styles for Every Man of 17 to 70

The Malcolm

From the Overcoat House of America

FOR seventy years the clothiers themselves have testified: "Collegian overcoats are the best in America." When you're wearing this Malcolm—warm, comfortable, durable, stylish—you, and those who see you, will say so too.

Have your Collegian dealer show you other Collegian models also; some of them you may like even better. Try them on—see how much improved you look in Collegians. Overcoats and their twin-brother suits; novelties *and plain models*, for wear among worth-while people.

You ought to have Collegian clothes. You can afford them and they keep you looking your best.

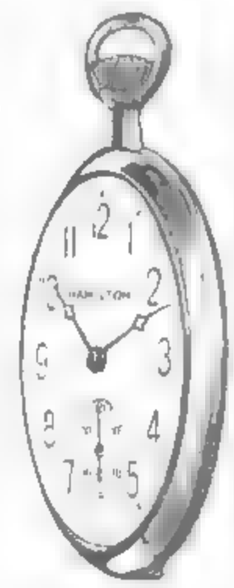
Tailored in Milwaukee since 1849 by

David Adler & Sons Company

$35 to $65

Hamilton Watch

"The Railroad Timekeeper of America"



"On Time"

When your train roars in "on time," it means that every part of a great organization has worked with precision and fidelity to a schedule.

That is the sort of unfailing accuracy we have learned to expect of railroad men. And that is what they, in turn, expect of the timekeepers they carry—unfailing accuracy.

It's because of the remarkable accuracy of the Hamilton Watch, even under the trying conditions of railroading, that Hamilton time more than any other is used on America's railroads.

When you get your Hamilton, you can always rely upon the time it tells you. The more exacting your schedule, the more your Hamilton will help you to be "on time."

A Hamilton Watch makes the ideal gift. On any occasion, when a gift of any sort is to be made, a Hamilton Watch is fitting and appropriate. There's no finer present for one you love, no more fitting reward for worthwhile achievement.

Hamilton cases, like Hamilton movements, reflect in their beauty the craft of master workmen.

Your jeweler will be glad to show you some of the many Hamiltons. There's a model for everyone, with prices from $36.00 to $185.00. Hamilton movements alone, $19.00 (in Canada, $20.50) and up.

Let us send you "The Timekeeper." It's an interesting little book that tells the story of the Hamilton, and illustrates the various models with prices.

Regulations require that Conductor and Engineer compare time before the start of each run. That's what Conductor J. County and Engineer E. T. Reed, who together run the same Erie train, are shown doing. They both carry Hamilton Watches. The accuracy of their Hamiltons has helped both men to a reputation for precise and punctual service.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY
Dept. J, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

(Concluded from Page 54)

stock automatically rendered account of itself, gradually forced him to leave the handling of details to subordinates and to judge of their handling by results. This achieved, the girl adroitly set him to the study of buying, for this after all is a dealer's real business. If the buyer's goods meet the market or, better still, can be sold at cut prices, anyone with tact and knowledge of the stock can sell.

The result of all this became evident during their second summer. They had five salesmen, two men in the vulcanizing room and half a dozen boys for service, with provision made for expansion where it might be needed. Also most important of all, they had a big stock in readiness—the result of several judicious buys and some bits of good luck. It is always safe for people who are on their toes to count on a little good luck along with the ordinary.

That season was the long and dry summer before America entered the world war. It was the making of the E. Z. Abbott Tire Company. The unusually heavy stock barely lasted through the first weeks of July, and Abbott with countless other dealers was compelled to scramble in the open market for new rubber. There were times when certain tire sizes were exhausted throughout the town except in one or two stores. Abbott had his share of these corners and his full share of the rapidly increasing tire business of America. His money turned so rapidly that the end of the season found his stock and capital amounting to more than fifty thousand dollars.

Few realize the arithmetical increase of money put in movable merchandise and kept in the business. Fifteen hundred may only turn to two thousand, but the two thousand turns to three and that to considerably more than four. The next step carries you well above six—on your original capital alone. By this time your borrowing is carrying on a startling campaign of its own.

And yet in spite of all this the experiment was not ended. Miss Kent had not created the ideal job—or the ideal employer. E. Z. Abbott, though in many respects a big man by then, needed more scolding, more supervision from his resolute amanuensis—more then than ever before in fact. The hardest battle of Miss Kent's career was yet to be fought.

VI

FOR E. Z. Abbott was—as the old-fashioned people say—feeling his oats. Young and successful, having learned to be decisive, quick and compelling, he was just the type which attracts money leeches. He began to listen to suave gentlemen who were for making him a big financier—with the help of his money and their brains. Their talk unbalanced him a little. Having climbed so far, he began to assume carelessly that he was on the mountain tops.

Also pleasure was crying out to him to relax—stop slaving—and enjoy his success. Friends began to force themselves upon him. Still on the swing from over-attention to detail in the general supervision of his business, he swung too far and failed to supervise at all. He began to let go—overdrawing his allowance from the firm, appearing late in the mornings and leaving early. He became impatient of the plodding tire shop and longed for quick turns. He put ten thousand—borrowed money—in a stock deal. He got into the habit of signing things without reading them and hurrying off from the office as soon as the signing was over. Miss Kent could be trusted. Why bother?

Then while out with other tire men he met a girl who succeeded in fascinating him, though he felt the danger and the uselessness of it. She was a fluffy little thing with a great love for cafés and dancing—harmless enough, to be sure, but it is always the harmless women who are most dangerous to big careers. She demanded a great deal of his time.

"Don't let business interfere with pleasure," urged this cheerful moth of the bright lights.

Abbott was greatly pleased with her and cut his hours shorter still. He disposed of the rickety secondhand car which had become traditional among the tire men of the city as Abbott's bus, replacing it with a new and powerful roadster built to carry one man and a girl. At the same time a character analyst might have noted that a faintly desperate light appeared in his eyes and that a most unpleasing expression marred his countenance.

Miss Kent, who had become something of an analyst as far as this man was concerned, soon grasped the truth and for the first time since the experiment began was stricken with panic. Abbott was slipping from under control and was in a fair way to ruin himself and the business, and she knew it was going to be difficult to manage him. She learned of the other girl, too, and realized that she was not prepared for that sort of battle at all. She had had none of the training, bore none of the weapons of a coquette—and a coquette was what was needed to undermine the other woman's influence.

But as time went on and a plan matured she nerved herself to the attempt, realizing it was a question of making or breaking Abbott at one blow. The value of all she had taught him—of her own supreme theory of life—was to be tested, and she shrank from the crisis, as most of us will, but went ahead gamely to meet it—as some of us will.

And so Mr. Abbott arrived at the store one day to find a new shipment of tires being unloaded at the curb.

"What's this?" he asked Miss Kent.

"Guaranteed Bettergoods," she answered. "At fifty, ten and five off the list. It's a fine buy."

"I don't remember making it," answered E. Z. Abbott.

"You didn't—I did," she smiled.

"Well, that's all right this time, of course, but I'd rather you'd consult me in future. I have other investments ——"

"You weren't here," she answered, "and as president of the company I felt justified in going ahead."

For a moment the young man could not understand.

"President!" he exclaimed, numb from head to foot. "You?"

"Of course! Don't you remember signing articles of incorporation at my suggestion? Don't you remember issuing stock and signing the share certificates?"

"Y-yes!"

"Quite inadvertently, I know, but quite irrevocably you gave me a controlling interest in the business."

Overcome, Abbott sank down upon a heap of the new casings. It was long before the astounding import of it got home.

"Trickery!" he gasped at length. "From you!"

"Luckily," she answered, "from me!"

"Luckily—what do you mean?"

"Simply that as long as you don't intend to watch your business I will do it for you. Whenever you are ready to resume your authority as president I will turn it over to you—that's all!"

"When I'm ready? Look here ——"

"I merely remind you, Mr. Abbott, that our fates are bound up in this enterprise. When you begin to regard it merely as an income or a gold mine someone must act as trustee for you. Anyone could have grabbed it as I've done—for all you know. Incidentally your lack of interest has already lost us two good deals and the falling off in our deposits has caused the bank to demand that we reduce our loans. Also the bank president, noting the endorsement of the Indiana Oil Corporation on your ten-thousand-dollar check, says that he does not intend to finance any other corporation than our own."

"Damn!" said Abbott.

"I should think so!" replied Miss Kent.

Avoiding her eyes, the shaken man rose and walked off down the street. Her brows creased in worry, Miss Kent watched him out of sight. As the day passed and he did not reappear her worry and abstraction became more evident. She returned to the store after dinner and waited nervously until closing hour, but he did not come. At last she saw to the locking of the doors and went home. An observer might have noted that she touched her eyes with her handkerchief rather frequently as she made her way toward the street-car stop.

Next morning as she answered the mail she heard his step and looked up joyfully. As she perceived him, however, her expression changed to that of concern. Indeed by her last effort she had made—not broken—him, and the result was a most terrifying new man. Resolution unconquerable was in his bearing, cold anger in his face. Her handiwork frightened her. Her pupil had gone a step beyond her plans.

"Miss Kent," he began incisively, "I have been looking up the law in this matter."

"Yes," she gasped in dismay.

"Your work has been clever, but it will not stand five minutes before a court. My connection with this business is indisputable, and deceit, however well carried out, cannot take it from me."

Justine's amazed eyes saw only determined triumph in his gaze.

"Oh," she cried, "but I told you ——"

"I know," he interrupted. "You told me you intended to hold the business until in your opinion I was ready to manage it. Nevertheless you only control it by fraud, and you have incurred a civil liability—if not a criminal."

Her eyes widened.

"I can either wreck this business—or receive it back from you," he announced. "I can start in business elsewhere and ruin this store. You must say now whether additional action will be necessary."

At last she was able to face him with the faint scorn which had earned her many an early victory

"As far as that goes," she answered, "the stock is yours now."

"You have already arranged the necessary papers?"

"It wasn't necessary. The stock was never assigned to me. I merely told you so—and you didn't know the difference."

He turned away from her and was silent for a long time. At last he spoke.

"Very well! That ends it! Now as to your connection with me—you can readily understand that after this we cannot remain on the same footing."

"No!" she gasped in protest.

"Your loan of five hundred—as partner, practically—entitles you to a fifth of our present capital—about ten thousand dollars. I will pay you that and take over your stock in the corporation for an additional ten thousand, or you may hold the stock if you so desire."

She managed a faint murmur in answer.

"It will, I think, be very valuable to you. While I was trusting you—leaving the business to your care—I found time during my alleged pleasures to arrange for something bigger than we had ever imagined. I have formed an alliance of five concerns like ours. We're going to handle the entire output of seconds from the Bettergoods factory and the entire output of five smaller factories. We're going to maintain twelve stores here and elsewhere, so your stock will probably pay good dividends."

Justine uttered a little cry of delight.

"Oh, that is splendid, Mr. Abbott! I never dreamed ——"

He stopped her.

"But of course you will probably not wish to trust me with the business, once you are out of it."

She winced.

"That isn't fair! You wrong me! I've never taken that attitude!"

"Nevertheless, Miss Kent, you have never seemed to realize that it was I, after all, who began this business and who provided the opportunity for you. Also it was I who really did the work after you came. I am the business, after all."

"Yes," she said quietly after a long silence, "you really are."

Abbott reached to the desk and picked up a package that lay there. As he fumbled with the strings which bound it he bent over and kept his face out of view. His shoulders began to heave in a strange way.

Suddenly he looked up, smiling—again the good-natured Mr. Abbott of former days.

"No use," he said. "I'm changing my mind. This package has something in it that tells me what to do—in spite of being mad. You can't keep a good-natured man mad anyhow."

Wounded, Miss Kent made no reply.

"Some change in me, isn't there?" he asked.

"Quite a little," she said coldly.

"Did you begin to think I didn't realize the cause?" he asked with firmness.

As reply was impossible, she waited.

"Anyhow, I did! I did yesterday when I left—and something I saw last night made me realize still more. All of a sudden I discovered the secret of it all. It is in this package. And I discovered that you had taught me that secret."

She remained mute, with lowered eyes.

"Justine!" he cried sharply.

A rush of emotion turned the cold current of the conference. It swept them both away.

"Justine!" he said again. "It wasn't a heartless joke—just now. I meant it—ever and always this business is mine and I must be head of it. But even as I went on with it something bigger took hold of me harder than it's ever taken hold before."

He paused at loss for words.

"Do you remember," he said spasmodically, "do you remember your Christmas gift to me last year? It's here in this package. I've laughed at it a thousand times, because it's so typical of you. But last night I learned to understand it—and to-day I've learned still more."

Justine rose.

"Don't!" she said. "Don't go on after ——"

But with a quick motion he caught her hand.

"Justine!" he pleaded. "Are you really all business? Haven't you seen this for a long time? I don't want to be your partner—your employer. I—I want to be your husband."

The gray eyes no longer dominated the situation. They were overborne by what they discovered in the brown eyes of the man as Miss Kent snatched a scared look at him. The last business barrier between the partners went down. Abbott caught the girl in his arms. The gray eyes, helpless, rejoicing, filled with tears.

"Will you marry me?" he begged. "Will you?"

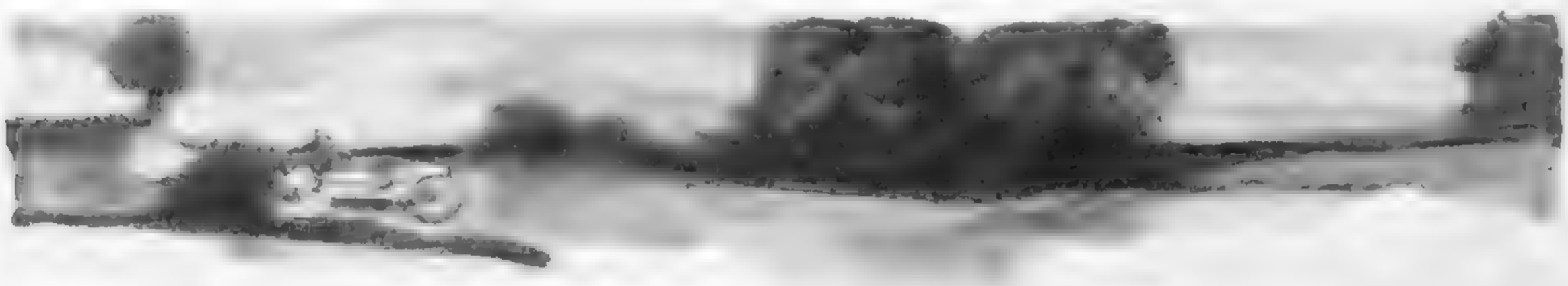
"I—oh, I hadn't planned this!" she gulped.

Abbott laughed ecstatically and as he did so the Christmas gift fell to the floor. With renewed laughter he pointed to it.

"There's the answer!" he cried. "Obey!"

But Justine Kent had no need to read the framed motto that lay by the desk. Already from deep in her subconscious mentality the ghosts of thirty typewriters were clacking in her ears:

"Make Yourself What You Want To Be!"



INSPIRATION JULE

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

ON THE morning of the night of the graduation ball Jule Horrocks went into her Uncle Horrocks' private office in the ship chandlery to tell the old fellow about the expense incident to her buying a dress for the high-school graduation ball. When she came out again she said to his clerk, Jim Sanderson, who was untangling some ship's gear on the floor: "What's the matter with his nibs this morning? He's sitting there moping with a face as long as the moral law. I can't get a word out of him—aye, yes or no." Sanderson gave her an appraising glance before answering. Summer's witchery had got underneath her skin and well into her blood, and those who knew her best could see that some new spell had been laid upon her by the way she was experimenting with her hair. She had worked it up this morning into two glowing russet-colored spheres the size of baseballs—an elaboration of the early Persian lovelock—within which her ears were somehow nested like the grub in the cocoon. On her forehead were clustered quite a few claws of the bang known as the tarantula bang. She held in her hands a hat of black varnished straw in one of the new mushroom shapes with an acute crimson feather stuck in it. The keynote of her dress was the frivolous little cherry-colored girdle of velvet with forked ends, which contrasted alluringly with the girlish folds of her organdie dress.

"He's had a fracas with the savings bank," Jim drawled gently, straightening up and drawing on his pipe.

"I knew he would," said Jule. "I just felt it in my bones after Mr. Fordham persisted in hanging up that sign that reads, 'This safe is not locked.' I don't know what possessed him to do it myself. It's just one more temptation to these awful yeggmen hanging about, the way I look at it."

"They all but came to blows, I understand; and they tell me they would have if this runner for that big safe concern that's located I forget where hadn't stepped between 'em just while they were in the midst of scandalizing each other."

"Mustn't it have been a battle royal?" interjected Jule, dimpling mischievously. "I'd have given my eyeteeth to have been there."

"I wasn't there myself. All I know is your uncle came in swearing tearing mad and his pockets bulging with every cent he has in the world, and into the safe with it as if it was so many cabbage leaves."

"It's there now?"

"Every last red. Well, then, before he had time to turn round this runner that had parted them loafed in and wanted him to invest in a new safe. He put his ear to the combination and said he could open it just as easy as he could slide his hand into his pocket."

"Mercy!" shrieked Jule, looking toward the inner office. "And what did uncle have to say to that?"

Her sudden movement had loosed the essence of a domineering perfume she affected.

"I don't know," answered Jim lazily. "I was called out. But I think myself this safe is in a bad place. It can't be seen from the street, for one thing. Then again, what's to prevent a man from coming up under this shop in a boat when the tide is right, sawing a hole in the floor all round the safe, lowering it with one of these tackles and getting away to sea with it, and nobody the wiser? I told him as much.

"I said: 'If it was my safe I would move it into the front shop,' and he snapped out: 'Why not hang one of these newfangled signs on it? People are going mad, I say,' he says, 'but they can't frighten me.'"

"My soul!" exclaimed Jule, now thoroughly roused. "I've got a little more than a beggar's interest in this maneuver myself, I hope. He's holding my estate in trust and I suppose he took that out of the bank along with all the other things."

"Eyah," said Jim. "It's in a big yellow envelope. I saw that going in myself."

Jule Replied Coldly That if He Had Anything to Say She Saw No Good Reason Why He Should Not Say It Where They Were

"Well, if you have it's more than I have," countered Jule sulkily. "I don't know what I'm worth to this day, but he's so poison cranky about money matters I simply have neglected to ask him from day to day. I wouldn't humor him so far as to ask him."

"That's just as well then," said Jim, "because if I know the man he wouldn't humor you so far as to tell you."

"Still I don't half like the idea of my entire personal fortune being in jeopardy the way it is. It would be a great note, now wouldn't it, if the whole safe was to be hypothecated? We'd all feel pretty good, now wouldn't we, if we were to come down here some fine morning and find nothing but a swingeing great hole sawed in the floor?"

"Well, if you listen to this man that's what you're headed for," said Jim. "There he goes now," he added, looking through the window.

"You mean the dark-complected one with the cane and the straw hat with the orange band? Why, that is Mr. Hanrahan!" exclaimed Jule, beaming all over and producing an involuntary smile which was meant to encourage Mr. Hanrahan to spy her out there in the depths of her uncle's great musty shop.

He kept on, however, and disappeared round the corner of the fish market.

"So you know him already?" uttered Jim, taking a testing pull at his tobacco again.

"I should think I did!" replied Jule. "Intimately. He's distinguished looking, don't you think so?"

"I don't warm up to him myself, no," answered Jim "But still I will admit that he is a smooth article, so far as the externals of the man go."

"He's not the cave-man type of course," Jule flashed tartly. "He's more the clean-cut modern man. He has such firm white hands too, with no more hair on the backs of them than there is on mine. They say that's a sign of an artistic temperament."

Jim surveyed his own, which were shaggy on their backs, before venturing to say: "I suppose you are all of a flutter as the fatal day approaches."

"I don't know whether I am or not," Jule muttered, looking angrily away. Jim paced away a little and, coming back, laid a hand gently on her shoulder. She shook it off.

"Look here, Jule," he said, drawing closer, "do you realize that Blatch will be coming in any night now? You're not thinking of jumping sideways out of the fills again, are you?"

"I don't know that anybody has appointed you guardian over me," said Jule, jamming down her mushroomed hat until the brim was hard up against the two spheres of hair, even slightly flattening them on their top sides. "Are you your brother's keeper? Oh, if there's one thing I detest it's people who go poking their noses into other people's business!"

"You know you upset the apple cart once before," continued Jim, undaunted, "and I think you owe it to Gertie—if not to yourself—to come up to scratch this time."

Jule had backed away from him and got into the vicinity of a great salt-stained ship's bell, which her own father had used many a time in nosing his way out of a dungeon of fog, and on impulse she touched the clapper daintily with her forefinger and was rewarded with a sonorous vibration. She wrinkled her nose.

"I want to know!" she said softly. "Well, as it happens, Mister Inquisitive, I am one of those unfortunates who happen to have been born with a mind of their own, and if I don't like the sound of wedding bells, who is going to gainsay me? Sam is all right of course; I've got nothing against Sam. But I have spells, if you must know, when it comes over me with a rush that I shall just burst out 'No!' right at the altar—if he succeeds in dragging me that far. You've no idea what a sinking sensation I get when I think of it."

"That's all right as far as you are concerned, but where does that leave me?"

"Well, I've told Gertie often enough to go right ahead with her end of it, I'm sure," returned Jule wearily. "I've been at her and at her and at her to go right on and let herself in for it up to the throat regardless of me if she feels so inclined."

"She won't do it though," replied Jim moodily. "It's doubles or quits with her."

"She may be coming round to my conclusion that perhaps after all love is only a delusion and a snare," suggested Jule in a light conversational way and looking down carelessly at Sam Blatch's diamond, which in his absence she was wearing on her right hand, giving out that it was a present from her father.

The truth is, Jule Horrocks and Gertrude Furlong had made a girlish compact under the terms of which they were to have a double wedding, and this treaty was unfortunately concluded before either of them had hooked a man. Now Gertrude had been the original lagger on the compact, since Jule had had two or three men dangling and giving her a dangerous taste for variety, while Gertrude, who was a sensible girl, had been all the time laying hold of Jim. Indeed, when she ultimately closed with Jim some of her friends thought she was doing herself an injustice in order not to cause more delay to Jule, since though he was big and kind-hearted he seemed one of the easy-going kind that would never set the world on fire, and

(Continued on Page 61)

The AEOLIAN-VOCALION

The photograph of the tone wave here reproduced was taken at the Case School of Applied Science in Cleveland, Ohio. The apparatus used was developed by Prof. Dayton C. Miller, one of the world's leading authorities in the science of acoustics. Prof. Miller has taken many such photographs in co-operating with The Aeolian Company in perfecting the Aeolian-Vocalion and Vocalion Record. The wave shown is a passage from an orchestral record of Tschaikowski's "Marche Slav."

Tone waves are invisible to the eye, but Prof. Miller's wonderful "phonodeik" not only visualizes, but photographs them for comparison and analysis

The Graduola Tone-Control

THIS exclusive feature provides the means by which the music may be artistically controlled. Its use is optional, but it adds an extremely interesting and unusual element to the phonograph.

The New Vocalion Record

PRODUCED under a new and exclusive system, this latest triumph of Aeolian skill and progressiveness adds definitely to the musical quality and value of the phonograph.

Phonograph Music at its Complete Best

THE mission of the phonograph is to reproduce music just as it was originally rendered. It is not intended that it shall create tones or harmonies of its own. It is simply a medium for picturing, as vividly as possible, the tone-colors of all voices and all instruments.

The peculiar ability of the Aeolian-Vocalion to reproduce musical tones in their natural and original colors is the key to its superiority—a superiority clearly audible to every listener who possesses a musical ear.

Ever since its appearance on the market four years ago, the Vocalion has been recognized by musicians as having the power to render musical tones more clearly and in a more *life-like manner* than any phonograph. From the first it was possible for the Vocalion to obtain, from phonograph records of various makes, tonal beauties *that had never before been audible.*

It was not until last year, however, when the Vocalion Record made its appearance, that phonograph music at its complete best was realized. Then actually came reproductions of the human voice and of musical instruments that were unhampered by blast, stridency or surface noise; that in tonality, rhythm and harmonics were crystal clear and true to life.

The pains taken in the perfecting of all mechanical parts of the Vocalion—the ever-returning novelty and pleasure of being able to play the records by hand with the exclusive Graduola feature—the taste and skill displayed in case designing, and the high standing of the artists who are making Vocalion Records—all contribute their important share in the conspicuous popularity that has spread beyond every expectation; and has stretched the Vocalion output to its limits.

VOCALION PRICES—Conventional models, equipped with Graduola, are priced from $115 upwards; without Graduola, from $50. Many beautiful Period models priced from $240.

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(Continued from Page 58)

Gertie had always been one of the strait-laced kind that went round looking for the perfect man.

But now a strange thing: From the moment Gertrude's new status was fixed all Jule's knack seemed to desert her, until she said herself that when it came to men she was a perfect butter-fingers; and until Sam Blatch took pity on her the prospect of a double wedding seemed far off.

Grace Foraker, who saw her coming out of the ship chandler's after her wrangle with Jim, from her milliner's window across the street, said to Jen Higgins, who was in there trying on hats:

"People can say what they're a mind to. I don't believe in these arrangements girls make in regards to waiting for one another. Of course it shows a sweet spirit and all that, and we've all heard about the rarity of Christian charity under the sun; but I think they're more apt to come to grief abiding by it than as if they simply go their own way, each for herself."

"Do you suppose," ventured Jen, "Jule really and truly loves this Mr. Blatch? You know—wearing his diamond on her right hand and all the rest of it. I don't believe if he was all in all to her, as she says, that she could bring herself to act as she does. There's something funny about it."

"The first thing she knows she'll be off the hooks with him as she was with the others," said Grace. "You know they say he is just as jealous as he can be and doesn't believe in her dancing with other men in his absence or calling her soul her own hardly. She's just a bird in a gilded cage, according to his tell. He goes into *transports* if she so much as looks sideways at another man. Deliver me from anyone like that! I think anyone with a jealous disposition is to be pitied, myself."

"I suppose they really can't help it, poor things. It's a form of disease," sighed Jen. "I haven't got a jealous bone in my body, I'm thankful to say. If this Mr. Blatch can't trust her to go her own gait without being indiscreet, why, then he simply isn't the man for her—that's all there is to that; and the sooner she finds it out the better for all concerned."

"It's so unfortunate," continued Grace, "that with his temperament and all he should have fallen in love with a girl like Jule. She's so unstable, you know. Not that she means any harm by it, but she's just that giddy type that they never can reconcile themselves to settling down to one man and giving all the others the go-by. Being everybody's pet has just about spoiled her. She says herself we don't go through this vale of tears but once and we've each got our own life to live and so why not make the most of ourselves while we are here and not be all the time sticking at trifles."

"If we all had her philosophy," said Miss Higgins, "I'm sure I don't know what the world would be like. I tell Mr. Styles I think we are going back to the Dark Ages of Man as it is."

"Well, she may come to a realization in time," Miss Foraker replied. "I've said all I can."

"What Was That?" Hissed Hanrahan, Stopping the Movement of His Fingers

On the night of that same day—it was the night of the graduation ball and a good many formal gowns were going to be worn to the dance given at the Owl's Pavilion—Jim Sanderson betook himself to Gertrude Furlong's. A bright moon was shining, and he found her busy in what she called her sunken garden, which was in fact a garden planted in the cellar of a house that had been her grandfather's and that had burned down in her grandfather's time. Leaning his forearms on these ancient foundations, Jim looked down at his inamorata, his head wreathed in smoke. He was a fine solid man, able to undertake almost anything; but Gertie's humors sometimes mystified him.

He had a veritable panther's tread and Gertrude was usually startled when he appeared before her and would sometimes utter a faint shriek, start and exclaim: "You have the lightest step for such a big man," to which his customary answer was: "I am treading the daisy tops these days, Gertie." And then he would champ the stem of his pipe and give her the special look for which she valued him. Jim had a head not unlike Julius Cæsar's and he had the same campaigning spirit. He was a road builder in affairs of the heart.

To-night, however, he was in a serious mood and broached his subject matter immediately.

"Jule is on the warpath again," he said shortly and with rather a bitter intonation.

"Is that so?" Gertie answered faintly.

Jim reached down silently into the glowing cellar crowded with old-fashioned flowers and getting hold of her hand, squeezed it four times. Thereupon Gertie squeezed his three times and then he squeezed hers twice, whereat—turning away bashfully—she squeezed his once with all her might.

Jim took a deep breath and said urgently: "Then in that case, why not set a date regardless?"

Gertie set her lips firmly.

"I have told you enough times," she said, "what the arrangement was between Jule and me. You can call it a girlish whim if you want to, but I guess girls have a sense of honor as well as the men, and when we say a thing we mean it. Jule was in a position to marry long before you deigned to look at me."

"How do you know how long I may have been casting sheep's eyes at you?"

"Well, you know what I mean. Faint heart never won fair lady. So poor Jule hung on and hung on and hung on, though I begged her on my bended knees to forget that childish agreement and obey the dictates of her own heart. But no, she wouldn't do it. Well, you know how she is. One thing led to another and the consequence was she began to accept attentions from different men and the first thing we knew her engagement was at an end."

"And now here's the affair with Blatch hanging by a shoe string just as he is coming home to claim her," broke in Jim, getting a new clutch on his pipestem and breathing out angry clouds of incense. "That little imp of Satan is over at the Owls' with a new man, a runner for a safe-and-vault concern that she met at a dance the other night. If Blatch should happen to walk in on her now I tell you we'd be right back where we began—dished. She might just as well throw the ring in his face, anyhow, as wear it on her right hand."

"What kind of a looking man is he? Dark, and carries a cane?"

Jim nodded.

"Poor girl! It's really all my fault. You see, when you came along Jule happened to be temporarily empty-handed and she was so afraid you would suffer the same fate at my hands, you see, if something wasn't done about it."

"She thought you were the same kind of a butter-fingers she was herself, hey?"

"Well, you can be cynical if you want to, but she meant it all right. She knew the danger in waiting if ever woman knew it and she knew I wouldn't go back on the agreement where she had held up to it so well herself, and just then she met Mr. Blatch and I suppose on the spur of the moment accepted him out of consideration for me. Well, then he went away to his ship—battle wagon, I think he called it—and, of course, that threw Jule back on her own resources. As she says herself she had nothing to do but clean her diamond three times a day with tissue paper and alcohol. Of course in those circumstances any girl in her senses is bound to rebel—and I don't know that you can blame them."

"We're about as near marrying as when we were staring through the slats of our cradles," said Jim gloomily.

"That's the selfish view to take," said Gertie tremulously. "I'm so afraid this Blatch isn't the man for her. I know I wasn't impressed from the beginning. He's a cigarette fiend for one thing."

Mr. Blatch in fact, as Jim recalled, could snap a cigarette end away from him with the smoothest motion possible, going to show that he had made, smoked and snapped thousands in his time. He used not only the thumb and finger, but put forth the whole arm sidewise gracefully as if he were pushing against something or fending something off while thinking of something else, at the same time letting the last intake quiver away from the corner of his mouth and through his nostrils in long thin streams. He was the last thing in poise at the expense of brain.

Mr. Sanderson's silence prolonged itself, and a resinous shriek of jazz rent the blue night, coming from the Owls' Pavilion. He and Gertie did not dance.

"I guess you and Jule will go on playing double solitaire to the end of the chapter," he said presently.

"You seem to think it is all my fault," murmured Gertie, catching her breath, with a bright sparkle all the length of her long heavily lashed lids. She suddenly dashed her face against that hairy arm encircling her and immediately turned away. The night wind touched the damp spot and thrilled him. She had seemed so placid when the first barriers of courtship were still unshaken that it was an enormous surprise to Jim to find that she shared this easy habit of tears with the rest of her sex, on its first appearance a touching and charming weakness.

"Here I am making an exhibition of myself," she said, collecting herself. "We needn't despair really. Jule has pulled the fat out of the fire before now when things were at their blackest. She just seems to have a faculty of putting her hand on the right thing at the right time. She calls them her inspirations. Ah," she cried, suddenly opening her eyes wide on him, "haven't you got the perfect forest on your chin? You march yourself over to the barber's, Mister Trampy—tramp and after that perhaps we'll have time for a little walk."

"By the way, what is your idea about hairy men?" Jim asked casually, looking at the backs of his hands.

"I always thought it was a sign of strength," said Gertrude, smiling.

Jim went away, still with that easy noiseless tread of his and throwing out massive clouds of smoke from the heel of his pipe. Fireflies were pulsating in the gloom and he could plainly hear water lapping in between the spiles of the various wharf properties. It was a May night and Jim had never felt himself in better condition for a fray. He looked in at Horrocks' store window in passing, but everything was black out. The old codger was probably at the Tall Stove Club playing checkers with Capt. Shadrach Sills, for they were cronies of long standing.

He wondered idly if the safe were still intact.

Turning into the barber shop he saw that somebody was before him in the chair, a black-headed individual, his face covered with thickly worked-up lather. Jim was of that phlegmatic temperament to which a long wait in a barber shop is a luxury pure and simple, but he had expected to find everybody at the dance and he was slightly surprised to see anybody outside himself taking the leading event of the season so calmly. His surprise turned to dismay when Mr. Herd, with a crisp movement or two of the steel, revealed the jaw line of his customer in its entirety. For Mr. Sanderson could be under no misapprehension as to the identity of that jaw. It was part of the facial equipment of Sam Blatch, who had come walking into town unexpectedly, just as Jim had feared he would.

Mr. Sanderson slipped out of the barber shop without a word and headed by a kind of necessity for the Owls' Pavilion. The dancers were having an intermission and Jim could see Jule seated under the balcony with Hanrahan.

He pondered. He felt instinctively that he would do more harm than good by coming out in plain terms. How then was he to pry that flighty little mortal loose from the arm of her damaging escort? He stepped out on the floor gingerly and, coming up to Jule, asked if he could see her privately a moment.

Miss Horrocks was a special study in fine feathers. Her gown, a formal one, was a conception of Grace Foraker's, embracing an underskirt of midnight satin, an outer drapery of tulle or some like filmy stuff the color of smoke drifting from a wood fire in the open, and finally for a bodice a broad band of delicate Nile-green pussy-willow silk arabesqued with beads of jet and falling away loosely from the armpits. It was held in place fairly well by narrow silken shoulder straps of baby blue slanting down to form a rosette at the girdle.

Thinking that Sanderson meant to throw more cold water on her bliss Jule replied coldly that if he had anything to say she saw no good reason why he should not say it where they were.

"I have no secrets from Mr. Hanrahan," she added, introducing the young man, who smiled and extended a shapely white hand devoid of hair. He was what Jule herself had best described as dressy looking, with cushiony lips and that fashionable nonchalant stoop or droop of the shoulders which some of our best young men affect.

Jim, who saw what her plight was with so much more clearness than the lady did herself, cast about for some figure in which to veil his communication and happened on a sentence from Ivanhoe which they had both read.

"'The lion is loose again,'" he said, and disappeared rapidly.

In point of fact the lion was still under the barber's hands. Every time he dipped his razor Mr. Herd threw out an interrogation or ventured an assertion which he must have been meditating and fearful of uttering during the actual operation of shaving; and each time Mr. Blatch answered with a slumberous grunt. In speaking the barber looked far away through the window toward the harbor, like a prisoner loaded with chains attracted by the hills of freedom. In point of fact he had offered Jule his own hand, and now having the successful claimant under his hand he was tempted to dip into his jugular.

A better solution seemed to be offered in the sudden appearance of old Horrocks himself, who had just finished his game of checkers with Captain Shadrach. Ordinarily the barber was loath to see the old man coming in, for his countenance had fallen into folds and leathery fissures and his neck was cut with diamond-shaped figures, deeply sunk, which made shaving him a task. As well try to shave the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, in Mr. Herd's opinion.

To-night, however, he felt that the old fellow might drop some compromising word which could have the effect of putting Blatch's romance to the right-about, and he hastily hid the face of his client under a second coat of lather and handed the ship chandler a fragment of a funny paper. Nor was he disappointed. Old Horrocks was not fairly seated before he inquired testily for Jule, whom he had not seen since supper time.

"I saw her headed toward the Pavilion some time since," the barber answered.

"Who'd she have with her?" inquired Horrocks, bringing his feet together with a rasp.

"That good-looking out-of-towner who has been elbowing her round the past few days."

"Black-headed feller with a cane?"

"That's him to a checker."

"Sand dab," muttered the old man. "That's the smart Aleck that is round here talking up electric protection. He told me my safe was about as much use as a spare pump in a cornfield. What business has she got with him? My understanding was that she was an engaged woman."

"I understand these new dances are being the ruination of a good many fond hopes," returned the barber. "When the cat's away—you know. Say the word if this edge doesn't suit you," he added solicitously to Blatch. "Well, the agony is about over, for the matter of that. I'm coming with a hot towel."

As soon as he was powdered Mr. Blatch sat up wildly and adjusted his black tie.

"You say there's dancing at the Owls' to-night?" he said, giving the thing a savage twist round his bull neck. His affair with Jule had been necessarily surreptitious, for she had given him to understand that old Horrocks abominated sailors. They were technically unknown to each other, but Blatch knew as well as he wanted to who was in question.

"Five imported pieces in the orchestra," affirmed Mr. Herd.

He had actually done his work too well. Mr. Blatch, fearfully preoccupied, was going out the door without another word, not even looking at old Horrocks, when the barber arrested him with one of those diplomatic utterances which barbers are often forced to resort to with absent-minded patrons.

"If you can't find your pocketbook when you get home," he said suavely but with a hostile glint in his pale eye, "you needn't think you left it here, because you ain't had it out."

Wordless, but with a bold insensate stare, Blatch plunged his hand into his pocket and brought out change, which he sifted through his heavy fingers into Mr. Herd's limp hand, and blundered through the door.

Intermission was over at the Owls', dancing had resumed and Blatch—not wishing to be seen—went up into the gallery. As it chanced, Hat Tyler obstructed his view, but looking out cautiously over her mighty soft-molded shoulder he could see some of the old practitioners going the rounds with the pathetic assiduousness which comes of long habituation to things terpsichorean. And presently with a bitter contraction of the heart he saw Jule float past with Mr. Hanrahan.

The runner's procedure was both correct and easy. Had he been separated from his partner and exhibited in high relief alone against a plain white ground he would have had the seeming of a hunter creeping up intently and with bated breath on some wild animal. But with her confluent personality as a foil to his maneuvering his pose was seen to have another and more festive meaning. At the beginning of each dance he took her to him with delicate gingery fingers, and in accommodating himself to her lines he was careful to swathe his hand in a handkerchief lest it should injure the fabric of her dress, for on hot summer evenings girls often come home with their dresses positively ruined, the men perspire so fearfully.

And now when all these adjustments had been made Hanrahan tucked her carefully under his chin like an instrument of price, and indeed his subsequent motions had all the dreamy dexterity of execution to which our great violinists have accustomed us.

"I want you to see the attitude that Horrocks girl is in when she comes round again," said Hat Tyler's nearest neighbor, "with her cheek not the width of my little finger nail away from his. She's right in her element. Isn't it for all the world just as if she had fallen asleep in his arms, and he looking down as if he was all wrapped up in her?"

"I know if she was mine," said Hat Tyler in a hardy voice, "she wouldn't go gallivanting round next door to in the altogether as she does. What kind of a kiss-me-quick is that she's hooked herself into this evening? Anybody would think we were back in the Garden of Eden. It brings the goose flesh out all over me just to look at her. I don't know what you think, but it strikes me it's about time for the authorities to step in and take a hand if her own people can't do anything with her."

"I never did approve of these round dances anyway," chimed in her neighbor. "I think they're just an excuse if the truth was known. Just you look at her! There she is sticking to him closer than the paper to the wall. And the chances are she never saw him before in her life."

"Hasn't she, though? I've seen her three nights running with him."

The back of the speaker's chair creaked, and turning she gasped to see a young man with heavy oily hair lowering there and sending down upon the fair object of their comments a burning vivid look that was of such power that at the very moment it drew an answering look from Jule over the shoulder of her partner.

The glimpse she had caught of the darkling seafarer was so brief that she could not be sure she had seen him at all, but coupled with Jim's cryptic utterance it seemed likely; and that part of their dance in which they shivered together as if possessed by an ague she now did to perfection. When the music stopped Hanrahan asked her if she would not like to stroll outside a while and she agreed at once.

"I shall be a reek of sweat, I know," she said poetically. "It's so styved in here." But her fair arms showed not a hint of moisture as she held them out for her cape—a delicate oyster-colored creation with a lining of tobacco brown—to be slipped over her shoulders.

Her nervous feeling of pursuit left her when she found herself walking on the wooden sidewalks with this congenial companion by her side. Moreover, she had decided that if there was to be a scene, much as she detested them, there was no help for it. Why grow gray before her time? She might as well brazen it out, and she several times turned

(Continued on Page 64)

"I Don't Know What I'm Worth to This Day, But He's So Poison Cranky About Money Matters I Wouldn't Humor Him So Far as to Ask Him"

RELY ON ME

POWER enters the still mass of dead metal, and a thundering steam hammer leaps into crashing life.

So half a century ago the power of an ideal entered the dead metal of drop forgings, tools, and machines, to make them worthy of the Triangle B mark which says, "Rely on me—I am made as well as I can be made—I shall not fail."

THE BILLINGS & SPENCER COMPANY

(Continued from Page 62)

Blatch's ring round her finger to make sure that it could be drawn off easily in a crisis.

Mr. Hanrahan seemed unconscious of the quandary Jule was in. Whiles he sauntered at her side, happy-hearted, not touching her but fiddling with his straw hat, which was immaculate; and whiles he pitched into her causing her to shriek faintly, forget Blatch, protest, squirm and avow that he was pulling her all to pieces. Whereupon the young lion would make velvet paws again. As it chanced, he had hit upon the very sort of treatment calculated to win confidences from Miss Horrocks, whose middle name was horseplay.

"Aren't you the limit?" she gasped appreciatively after one of these romantic onslaughts. Still breathing hard she said: "I do love to wander under the stars away from all those people—there's no use talking. There's nothing like the open air, is there?"

The village street was in fact deserted, for the Pavilion's effect upon the population was like that of a magnet upon iron filings. But before long they saw two figures approaching, which turned out to be Jim Sanderson with Gertie Furlong on his arm. As the couples passed each other the two girls inclined their heads and smiled graciously, but Sanderson could be heard saying: "Sinners certainly stand in slippery places, as the Good Book says," before his voice got indistinguishable.

"Who's your friend?" inquired Hanrahan.

"Don't you recognize him? That's our man Friday, who spoke to me a while ago on the floor."

"He seems to make a specialty of Scripture."

"Oh, nobody who amounts to anything pays the slightest attention to what he says! He's just one of the characters about town. He's an odd stick if ever there was one and he just seems to take delight in going round saying disconcerting things."

"He said something then," replied Hanrahan, who came to a full stop and looked across the street blandly. Jule, who felt that Blatch now lurked in every shadow, twitched his elbow and did not at first follow the direction of his gaze. When she did she saw that he was gazing at the sign reading, "This safe is not locked," which had been hung from the knob on the front of the safe in the strong glare of an incandescent. The watchman was walking up and down outside now, but at a later hour he would likely snatch forty winks.

"What could they have been thinking of to hang up such a sign?" said Jule under her breath.

"As a matter of fact they acted on my recommendation," replied Hanrahan. "I put it up to them this way: If these yeggs who are making the breaks get past their watchman they won't have any trouble getting into an old-timer like that, locked or not locked. So why not save the safe at least?"

"You think they might blow the whole thing into the middle of next week? What is their professional term for it now?"

"Putting soup on the hinges," said Mr. Hanrahan abstractedly.

"How do you come to know so much, if I may make so bold as to inquire?" asked Jule coyly and with an implication of utter trust in his status as a respectable citizen so that it was entirely safe for them to joke together in a matter of this kind.

"Well, sweetness-and-light, I run for a firm that makes safes and installs them, and the maker of a safe is running a race with the breaker, don't you see?"

"Of course you would have to be up to all their little tricks," Jule agreed thoughtfully. She waggled her ring finger and looked at the central fires in the diamond unemotionally.

"Naturally, in order to guard against them. You know the worst kind of a thief is a locksmith who leaves the paths of righteousness."

"All the same," she said anxiously, "uncle was furious when he heard about that sign. He's taken every last cent he owns out of the bank and put it in his own safe. He said a man who talked of making a safe safe at the expense of what was in it was a madman and not to be trusted with other people's money. He's awfully outspoken, you know. Some think there'll be a run on the bank if it don't change its tactics."

"His own safe is pretty much of a broken reed," said Hanrahan. "I told him that I could get into it in ten minutes or less by a little ear work on the combination, and he looked at me as if he thought me capable of beating up money."

"You don't say! Then I suppose a professional burglar would make short work of it."

"I should say so! Of course I'm what is known as a good safe man myself," he added jokingly. "I've worked on safes all my life."

"I hadn't intended to breathe this to a soul, but I know I can unbosom myself to you and it won't go any farther: He took my entire personal fortune out of the bank along with his own money and that's in that safe at the present moment."

Hanrahan whistled long and low.

"That's bad," he said seriously. "That puts an entirely new light on the situation. As a matter of fact, little girl, if I had any money in that safe right now I would take it out and bury it before I would allow it to remain there."

"Oh, dear, now I am in a quandary!" sighed Jule, who was in danger of forgetting Mr. Blatch entirely under the loom of this greater danger. "Are you sure you did everything in your power to convince him?"

"Everything but tie the safe round his neck and heave him off his own wharf."

"I'm afraid that would hardly answer, would it?" said Jule with a pale smile.

"What form do your securities take, if it isn't too personal a question?" inquired Hanrahan, moving on with her again.

"I'm ashamed to confess I've never laid eyes on them. Fancy! You see, Uncle Jed is executor of the estate and holds it for me until I am twenty-five or until I marry, and he's as close-mouthed—he says I'll learn all in good time."

"Until you marry?" repeated Hanrahan softly.

"Of course that won't be for years and years," she said, turning him an indifferent cheek.

"I don't want to alarm you," he went on, "but have you ever considered the possibility that he may have gambled it away in stocks? He was certainly complaining about the state of the market the other morning when I looked in on him."

"Do you mean to insinuate that my uncle would be guilty of any such gross breach of trust as that?"

"Well, not your uncle, of course. But if another man situated as he is should have overstepped and lost everything what's to prevent him from pretending to take the securities out of the bank and arranging to have his own safe robbed at just such a time as this? Wouldn't that clear his skirts?"

"Do you suppose it's ever been done?" quavered Jule.

"Many a time," responded Hanrahan, whose voice had grown very grave. After a few steps he said with a return to his jocular manner: "Of course in your case I don't really suppose there's reason to worry. But it would be a good joke, wouldn't it, if we were to break into the safe ourselves and come to him with the contents in our hands just in order to convince him that what I say is so?"

"Wouldn't it?" cried Jule, fascinated, but keeping her thoughts in the realm of pure speculation.

"The trouble is, I suppose the store is locked up."

"That part of it would be easy enough for a determined man," she flashed with one of her sudden inspirations. "If anyone was so minded they could get up through a trap there is under the counter—at about half tide. He uses it for getting up lobsters. You know he makes a specialty of them in the summertime."

"As it happens, it's about half tide now," observed the runner with a glance at the water. They were halted in the middle of the commercial district. All sorts of waterside buildings were heaved up here, departing variously from the perpendicular, some of them well propped with solid side props. "What do you say? The skiff to my speed boat is lying out at this wharf end. We could pole in under."

"Nonsense!" retorted Jule in a thin voice, and feeling that it was time to get a better hold on the realities, "Really, I think I'd better be wiggle-waggling home."

"Think twice. He may not be leaving money enough to jingle on his tombstone and the sooner you know it the better."

"Oh, I know better than that!"

"If you know everything and I know nothing tell me what I dreamed last night," quoted Hanrahan in yet more confidential tones.

"What makes you say that?" whispered Jule, strangely moved.

There was no answer. Raising her eyes, she caught sight of two tall figures swinging toward them through the silent street. Herself shrouded in shadow, she felt that she was unperceived. She was equally sure that one of the two men was Blatch, not so much by his western ocean roll as by the pure parabolic traces made by his cigarette. No other man known to her could put the fag-end from him so expertly.

"Let's just dodge out onto the pier a minute," she faltered, embracing the lesser of two evils.

The man with Mr. Blatch was Jim Sanderson. Gertie Furlong, feeling one of her sick headaches coming on, had left him at her gate and he had had the good luck to run into Sam Blatch on the next corner. Personally, as he had told Gertie from the first, the man gave him a pain. But if Jule was fond of him that was all that was necessary from their point of view, and Jim's one hope now was to prevent Blatch's running across Jule before she had left the company of Hanrahan. Plans for the double marriage would now be pushed forward with all speed—if satisfactory to Blatch.

On falling into step with him, however, Jim could not but see that his motions were anything but aimless. He went along rapidly and nothing Jim could say could draw him out or deflect him in the least from his course, which seemed to be taking him toward the lower business district. So in almost total silence they came abreast of the alley into which Jule and her escort had dodged so opportunely and indeed so recently that the trail of the perfume still lingered.

Apprised by an undeniable whiff of that arrogant perfume that he was in Jule's neighborhood, Jim felt a tingling necessity to head back toward the better-lighted district and he consequently asked Blatch if he would not care to bowl a string or two. Blatch shook his head. For some reason best known to himself he too had hauled up short and begun to make himself a cigarette, a token of there being a crisis of some sort at hand.

The cigarette made, he hung it out negligently at one corner of his mouth. He struck fire by running the edge of his thumb nail well into the tip of the match, but first he lifted his arm into the air so that the whole effect was as if he had snatched fire impiously out of nowhere—out of the heavens.

"I understand you are thinking of getting into double harness too," said Jim casually. "How do you feel as the fatal day approaches?"

Blatch was gloomily silent and his bulbous lips shone in the expanding light of the cigarette, after which darkness fell again. He looked down, flicked the ash and nothing was heard but the long weary whistle of his exhalation.

Jim's thought was that the man probably considered his silence more civil than his speech.

Blatch in point of fact was hardly conscious that he was not alone. He looked down the alley steadfastly. The perfume's first brilliance was fading out, but Jim now felt certain that the man's suspicions had been roused and that he was lingering there on the assumption that something fishy was in progress. If so, he was not deceived.

This particular portion of the wharfage had been built up out of planks wrenched from the hulls of condemned schooners, rock hard and brine soaked for the most part but having here and there patches of dry rot which made them dangerous to the tread of heavy animals. One of them in particular, near the wall of the fish market, had been stove in apparently by a horse's hoof and a considerable hole remained which had never been plugged.

From this hole there came a tiny flash of light.

"What was that?" said Blatch in thick tones.

"A spark of phosphorescence probably," replied Jim, but he gave up the day for lost. At the same time a certain theory of the case occurred to him and he drew his keys softly out of his pocket. Blatch had dropped his cigarette and had fallen to his hands and knees, with rigid jaw and staring eye applying himself to the hole. Without trying to distract his attention Jim fitted his key into the lock of the ship chandler's front shop and entered, swinging the door to noiselessly behind him.

Mr. Hanrahan had in fact easily induced Jule to come aboard his boat. Taking her under the arms, he seated her on the middle thwart and said cherishingly, "What a little thing you are!"

Jule's mind was now a little more at ease. Feeling sure that she would not be followed here, she settled her various skirts about her and said playfully: "Good things come done up in small packages, you know."

After a moment of silence Hanrahan replied, "I believe you," with a curious intonation. He put out a single oar at the stern and with a pliant motion of the wrist began to scull away. Jule drew the oyster-colored cape dreamily about her and clasped her hands about her knees. She had turned the diamond on her right hand into the palm. Whiffs of jazz came to her ears. The moon had got behind a cloud and at regular intervals the lighthouse laid a warning red javelin of light on the harbor floor. It seemed presented at her very breast. The chuckling and lapping of waters, the salt-scented darkness, the still riding lights and the figure of Hanrahan swaying at his oar produced in her a species of enchantment which all but overcame her sleepy senses. She tilted back her head and wondered how she could ever have considered Blatch even for a single instant.

And next it seemed to her that she had lived this scene before.

"Smell the salt," she said expansively. "Isn't it delicious? They say it accounts for the brilliant coloring of the flowers about here."

"It certainly does a lot for the women," said Hanrahan. "You will never have to tamper with the complexion God gave you, I imagine."

"Flatterer," murmured Jule. "You know you don't mean a word you say. My skin is just as pasty as can be from late hours and such barrels of fudge last winter."

At this point a cold something, coming up silently from behind, grazed her cheek. The spell was broken. She shuddered. A sense of deeper and deeper darkness stealing over her caused her to look back over her shoulder with fluttering heart.

"Why," she cried, "we seem to be drifting in under the piles!"

"A mere illusion," said Hanrahan in a ghostly whisper.

"I don't like the look of this a little bit," went on his passenger tremulously with a nervous movement. "You're getting me all wet, Mr. Hanrahan. Oh Lord, something's dripping on me! Do you want to ruin my dress?"

Since he was still silent she laughed throatily and asked: "What in the world are you up to? Don't you think it would be rather compromising if we were found together here at this hour of the night?"

"Sit still," he commanded and with a strange new note of suspense in his voice. "Do you want to find yourself in the water?"

Inky blackness closed round them. Jule's situation was now indeed dismal. Giant piling stood on every hand, wreathed in the green serpentine stems of kelp and ropes of beaded seaweed whose shaggy masses dripped brine. The piles were thickly incrusted with barnacles. Jule put out her hand fearfully to fend one of these off, but withdrew it with a little hiss, for the clammy touch was abhorrent to her soul. A dismal, raw, under-the-world odor wandered there. Some of the piles were provided with huge wooden cleats and they were all braced overhead with a maze of heavy black stringers. These came into view of the flash of a tiny electric torch no bigger than a fountain pen, which Hanrahan took out of his fountain-pen pocket. And at the top of all were visible the bottom boards, or underfloors, and floor beams of the different shops.

The black water was phosphorescent and the oar left a snaky silver trail as it thrashed from side to side.

"We are now under your uncle's shop, according to my calculation," said Hanrahan. "Yes, here's the ladder leading to that trap door you mentioned."

Hauling in his oar, he drifted a foot or two and then took the painter in a Gilligan hitch about the bottom round of a crude ladder made by nailing rough pieces of two-by-four into the piling. These rungs were rather well cushioned with weed in places, but a sure-footed person could still make his or her way up easily enough.

(Concluded on Page 67)

Staple as the Baker's Loaf

THE Carnation label is known all over the world. It is a symbol of pure milk.

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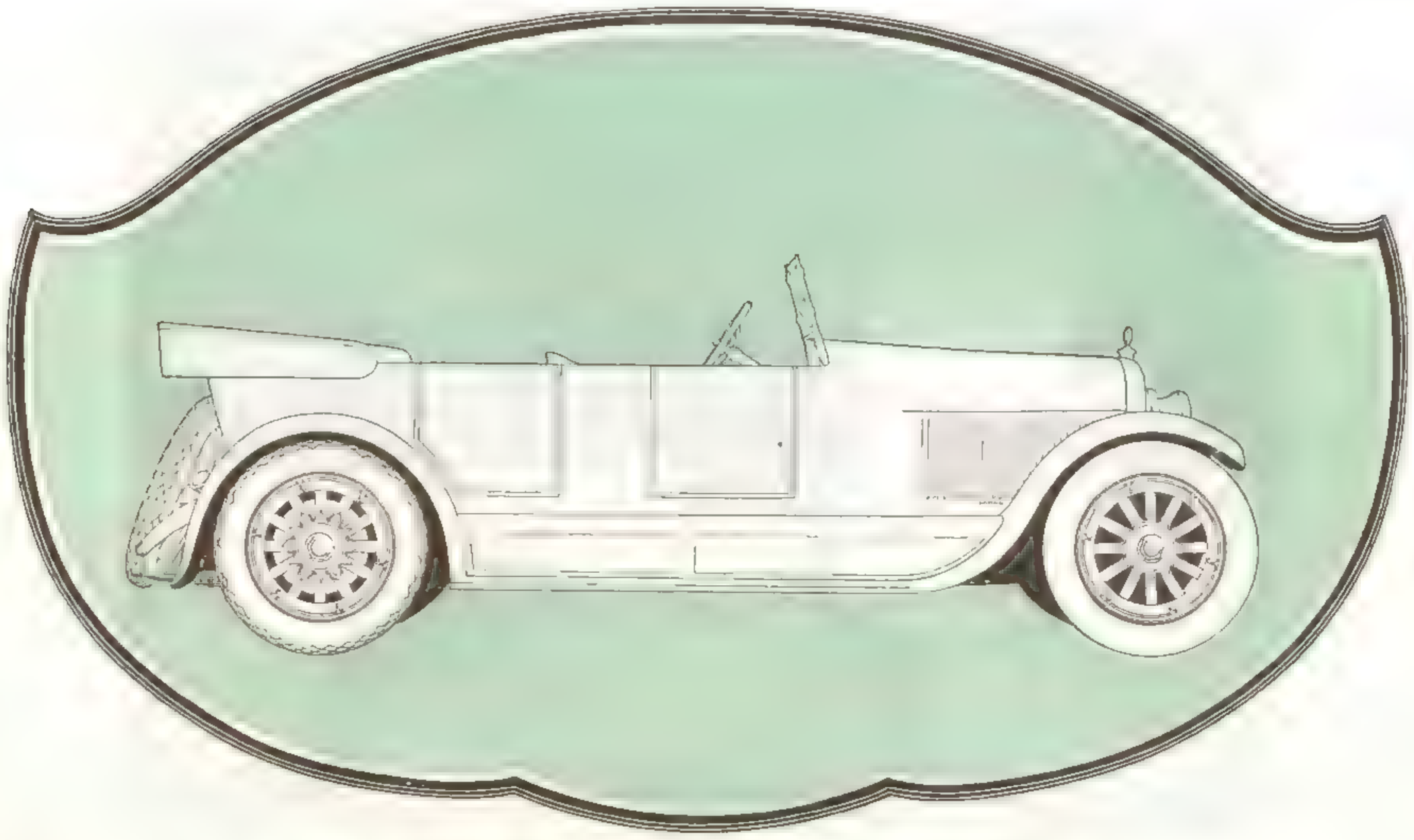

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The essential characteristic of such a car must be quality—quality unstinted and sustained.

For that is the recognized Jordan ideal.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INC., CLEVELAND

JORDAN

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"What do you propose to do?" quavered Jule, for whom everything in that neighborhood began to have a sinister look.

Hanrahan ran his point of light up the nearest pile. It glinted on a tribe of wet little starfish clinging there.

"I am going to furnish your uncle with the only argument that will convince him."

"You can't—you can't possibly be going to take my joking words in earnest?"

"Your joking words? I like that! Force a man into a nasty wet job of this kind and then talk about your joking words!"

"If I had only so much as dreamed——"

"Come now, keep a stiff upper lip and in ten minutes or less you will know what you are worth."

"Mercy," said Jule more faintly, "this will never do! For one thing, how could you possibly establish your innocence if you were caught in the act?"

"I should have to get you to testify in my behalf."

"I'm afraid that wouldn't hold water. Oh, I don't like any part of this, I'm free to confess!" repeated Jule, gripping the sides of the punt. And yet, though she was paralyzed with fright, these were not her heartiest tones after all, for something in Hanrahan's assured tones, coupled with their proximity to the safe, had fanned up in her a devouring flame of curiosity to take her estate into her own hands for once in a way and look at it all round, if such a thing could be brought to pass without undue chicanery. It was high time she knew whether or no she was destined to become a rich woman—in order to get squared away and shape her course accordingly.

Her last objection was feeblest of all.

"I forgot to tell you, the trap door is bolted on the top side," she faltered.

"I slipped the bolt this afternoon, innocence, when I was in back there pretending to look for a potato knife," said Hanrahan, turning back from the ladder, for he had already set his foot on it. He drew his wet forefinger playfully under Jule's chin and thence along the dainty slope of her shoulder line from which the oyster-colored cape had fallen back. Her beautifully finished little shoulders were lustrous as the interior lining of a shell, for their sheen was displayed to very great advantage against these inky backgrounds and set off fetchingly by the tiny silken shoulder straps of baby blue.

"Then do you mean to tell me?" gasped Jule, letting the breath stream out of her to the collapsing point, until the very straps hung limp on her shoulders and her little neck triangles were full of woeful shadow. "Is it possible that you have known all along about this trap door?"

"Only stumbled on it to-day by chance," he whispered. He was halfway up the ladder. Jule seized those two solidly contrived spheres of hair in her two hands fearfully, tilted up her head and followed the upward surge of Mr. Hanrahan's heels with blue eyes opened wide. The trap door yielded to his shoulder easily and he drew himself into the shop. He evidently meant that Jule should sit quietly in the punt and possess her soul in patience.

If so, he reckoned without his host. Though fairly petrified by now, Jule was not a woman to be put aside so lightly. She took hold of the ladder with an inward quaking and began to follow after. On the third rung she slipped, her skirt caught and the flabby kelp moused round among her knees and ankles, causing her to go cold and plenteously prickle all along the spine; but she continued the ascent. The upper rungs were comparatively dry, and with a thumping heart she presently drew herself into the back shop.

A ray of moonlight came in at the cobwebbed back windows, faintly revealing heavy coils of rope in burlap coverings, the palms, flukes and stocks of mighty anchors, lengths of chain cable in kinked-up heaps and giant tackles and purchases hanging in rows with hooks screwed into the ceiling. The dark look of things, the smell of tar and fish, the hanging tackles and the shapes of doom that haunted the farther corners of the shop all conspired to provoke in Jule a sense of horrific wrongdoing, which nothing could root out. And she was not at all reassured to see Mr. Hanrahan kneeling before the safe, the fingers of his left hand, bunched over the end of his torch, showing the color of blood.

"This is altogether too realastic for my blood," said Jule. "I can't help it if it is my own uncle's place, I have a feeling come over me just as if we were breaking and entering. Don't you feel like a cat in a strange garret yourself? Oh, don't look at me like that! I shall begin to think you are the real thing."

"Well, it's no errand of mercy, is it?" inquired Hanrahan. "We've started it and now the thing is to get away clean."

"I think you might refrain from using these awful professional terms," whispered Jule. "They give it *such* an aspect. As it is," she continued, shaking in every limb, "it's got crime written all over it from start to finish. Are you getting anywhere with that door?"

"What was that?" hissed Hanrahan, stopping the movement of his fingers. Jule had just breath enough to utter the words, "Scooch down, can't you?"—feeling the flesh creep on her body all the while. Her companion snapped his light off and there they were in the thick of that fearsome shop, not knowing from what quarter to expect attack or even whether an attack was meditated.

For the life of her she couldn't help reaching out her hand and touching him—it all seemed so unreal. But what her fingers first came in contact with was the cold barrel of a revolver and then as she said to Sade Haskins later she very nearly passed away in her tracks.

"Burglars will always have my sympathy henceforward," she told Sade. "I think it takes more downright courage than to commit suicide."

In point of fact what they had heard was the swish of waters under the building occasioned by the wake of the little excursion steamer which had just slipped into its berth. Jule scarcely knew when Hanrahan resumed operations, so taken up was she with her own predicament; but she presently heard him say, "Here it comes," and the heavy door swung open at one solemn stride.

Even then she lacked animation to take proper advantage of her chance or even to utter a word of protest until she saw him draw out of one of the lower compartments a bundle of crisp money newly minted in notes apparently of large denomination and held together by a broad red elastic.

"I think we've gone quite far enough," Jule whispered at this stage.

Mr. Hanrahan only dropped the money negligently into his side pocket and was next absorbed in the contents of a long bulky yellow envelope, pulling out different items and reading what was on the front faces of them.

"Here's your share of the loot," he said, passing it over his shoulder. "A nice little thing, but not very negotiable. Bonds mostly."

"I think I'll just have you put it back without looking inside," she said in shaky accents. "And I'll thank you to put back that money you just dropped into your coat pocket, Mr. Hanrahan."

"What? Not weakening, little girl, are you?" he said. He snapped off his light, peering through that maze of tackle tensely, and Jule's nervous reaction brought her once more into his neighborhood with a slight gasp.

Fairly encircled, she heard him murmuring into her very ear these words, "What do you say to our beating it together? That speed boat of mine is the fastest thing along this coast. All you have to do is to take what is yours. It's yours when you marry, you know."

Jule now somehow saw Mr. Hanrahan stripped of the last vestige of his sheep's clothing; and then she knew that no less a one than the dreaded yeggman known to fame, shrouded in the dark and smiling his wolf's smile, held her in his clutches.

"Are you going to put that money back in the safe?" she whispered.

"Not this side of the Jordan," answered the professional.

"I shall scream," uttered Miss Horrocks, but the dictating ganglion that caused her heart to beat behind that Nile-green band of pussy-willow silk seemed to have forsaken its function.

"If you utter a sound you're a dead woman!" answered Mr. Hanrahan in a polite whisper. He laid a sheet of paper on top of the safe and unscrewed the cap from his fountain pen. "Now," he continued, "write at my dictation."

Jule took the pen and cramped her fingers round it more from force of habit than free will.

"My dear uncle," said Mr. Hanrahan in distant tones, "you have only yourself to blame in this transaction. Owing to your tyranny I have been forced to take what was mine, using my own poor judgment as to ways and means. Do not try to follow me. I shall be happy, though far away. Your affectionate niece, Jule Horrocks."

"You have really written him a nice little letter," he said, inspecting it closely. "Now then we will pigeonhole it and make for the ladder."

With a despairing heart Jule saw that she and she alone was to be made responsible for this outrageous theft. Indeed was it not true that the full burden of it should be rightfully laid at her door? She it was who had suggested the means by which they had got at the safe. Steeped as she was in this atmosphere of crime, Jule could not but wonder if the opinion she had formerly held of herself as an honest girl were not ill founded. She had lost her bearings. For the fraction of a second it even seemed to her that perhaps flight with Mr. Hanrahan was best, all things considered. There is no accounting for what will come into a person's mind in times of stress. Even the best people play the involuntary host to ideas of dubious moral quality.

Jule's revulsion of feeling was instant and now she felt that if she still had a place in the world of righteous men it was by the side of solid Mr. Blatch, whose countenance had grown more precious than rubies to her. How could she ever have questioned the eligibility of that rugged soul? If he was not a charmer in the full sense of the word he was at least a man you could put some dependence in. He would certainly not sanction an escapade of this character.

But alas, how small was the likelihood of ringing him in aid! The trap door yawned for her and if a film octopus had lurked below she could scarcely have regarded that hole in the flooring with more horror. Perhaps she was bidding good-by to the scenes of her girlhood forever!

Poor Jule, pale phantom that she was, could not hold her knees so close together that they would not knock, though she was quite the reverse of bow-legged; and even at the risk of death she felt that she must lay her hand over her swelling heart or fly in pieces. This motion brought her elbow sharply against a ponderous something hanging there behind her, which moved and gave out a deep note like a cathedral chime.

It was the ship's bell.

What followed had for Jule rather the opportuneness of a happy dream than the angles of reality. Unless her eyes deceived her, she saw Jim Sanderson risen out of the midst of a coil of six-inch stuff and covering Hanrahan with a weapon of some sort; and on the heels of this a racket resounded from the outer shop, occasioned by the forced entrance of Mr. Blatch, whose last mental image of any great clarity had been of Jule in evening dress floating amongst the piles which upheld the shop. After a vain endeavor to seek her out at the wharf end he had returned to the shop as offering the best chance of a meeting.

He came lumbering in like a great honest workhorse. More than anything in the world Jule wanted to return to him, but before doing that she knew that she would have to say a clarifying word or two regarding her situation here at this hour of the night and in such dubious company.

It was a case for inspiration and she fell back upon one all but bodily. Mr. Blatch said nothing; he saw nothing indeed but guilty Jule half fainting in their midst, who with a backward viperous look toward her companionable yeggman cried "Trapped!" in merciless shrill tones—and so it was she snatched the fat out of the fire.

Then before anyone there could speak she threw her arms about Blatch's neck and putting her cheek against his in a passion of welcome, whispered, "I can explain everything, darling," and with a glance at Jim full of understanding, which seemed to say that she would take charge of her own case, she transferred Blatch's ring—behind his back—to her engagement finger.

"The one thing I take exceptions to is your both keeping me in the dark about it all," said Gertie when she and Jim were talking it over on the outskirts of her sunken garden. "You two conspirators, you!"

"Jule was afraid the state of your nerves wouldn't warrant your knowing what she had up her sleeve," Jim answered.

"Well, I don't know how she found strength to go through with it," sighed Gertie. "To play a part as she did and give him to understand that she was heels over head, and all the time leading him on to that final moment when she stood confronting him. The constable says he seemed some surprised—and I don't wonder at it. 'Take it from me, the girl is there,' he said, when they were leading him away. Just you think, he had laid his plans to rob the bank too and they say now he must have given a sleeping potion to the watchman, because he was found asleep later, with his gun on the sidewalk, and they might have walked away with the bank itself and he never have mistrusted a thing.

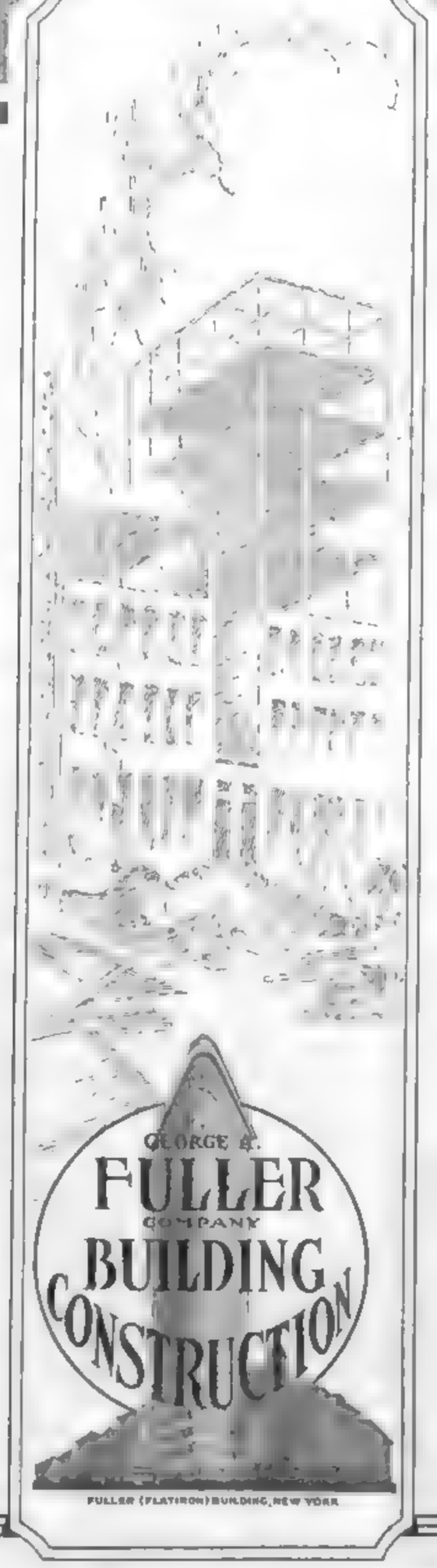
"And to think that you and Jule had it all arranged that you were to appear on the scene when she struck that bell. How one frail woman could summon the courage passes my understanding. I should think some of her critics would feel cheap. Jule says herself she never put in such an evening in her life and never hopes to again. Why she was practically forced, she says, to make love to the man and enter right into his plans, to bring him to the point where he would open the safe and look at her securities.

"Imagine what her state of mind must have been! You know she got a scratch an inch long on one of her limbs getting up that awful ladder and never once mistrusted it at the time, she was keyed up so. But she told me when she came to get her clothes off her and saw this great streak of blood on that white silk she just took one look and down she went in a heap. Isn't that always the way? We seem to bear up under the big trials of life better than we do the trivial ones. I asked her how she came to suspect him in the first place and she said she knew he was bad because he hadn't any hair on the backs of his hands, and it seems that's a sign of their being degenerate. I guess there's no fear for you on that score, is there?"

"How is Blatch feeling about the wedding to-morrow night?" inquired Jim.

"He's coming round. Though he was awfully grouchy at first and so slow of comprehension. He says he doesn't see the need of her taking it on herself to go through all those theatricals under the shop. Really I sometimes think that glimpse he had of Jule's securities is all that is keeping him up to the mark. It's Jule's attitude that I can't understand. She was so lukewarm and now she's so devoted she can't seem to do enough for him. I don't see what she can possibly see in him. How are you going to explain such a right-about face?"

"Everybody to their own taste, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow," responded Jim inscrutably.



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A Knight Without Reproach

By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATION BY J GORDON SMYTH

THAT Daisy Oliver was thoroughly interested in the fascinating game known as the modern health crusade no one who had the privilege of two minutes of conversation with her could doubt. As a matter of fact, she had reached perfection in most of the eleven chores long before she reached the mature age of six years, for at three she was so passionately fond of tooth paste that Mrs. Oliver had the greatest difficulty in preventing her from eating it as one eats marshmallow whip or chocolate fudge. At that tender age she seemed to consider her toothbrush a variety of spoon, and—Mrs. Oliver said—it was really quite necessary to buy a variety of toothpaste that tasted less like a confection or Daisy would have bankrupted the family through overindulgence in the pleasant pink paste, and as for baths it was true that she screamed to be put into the bathtub and howled when she was taken out.

Mr. Oliver said he sometimes feared he had by some freak of Nature become the father of a fish. Not that fish scream or howl, but it must be admitted that they do love bathing.

"Are Ye Right Sure Ye Took a Glass of Water, Micky?" She Asked Anxiously as He Raised the First Forkful to His Mouth

No one seeing Daisy start for school on a pleasant spring day could doubt that she was already by nature and training a knight of the white smile and an eminent exponent of the ideas of the modern health crusade. No one would ever think of wondering whether Daisy Oliver had washed her ears and neck and cleaned her finger nails as required by the knightly Chore Two. Each morning she started for school in a condition that may rightly be called immaculate, and she had always been so, but when Miss Curwin—more often spoken of as Teacher—told the school that any scholar might become a page and then a knight and then a glorious knight banneret by doing each day the simple health chores required Daisy Oliver became a really violent exponent of the principles of the modern knighthood.

It was Daisy who when the Sunday-school teacher asked her what Moses brought down from the mountain answered, "A toothbrush."

Golden-haired, blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked, Daisy was from the first one hundred per cent perfect in her chore charts. When she took the ten slow breaths she took twenty of them and took them so slowly and deeply that the taking resembled a religious rite or the attempt of the frog to swell to the size of the ox. When she drank her glass of water before each meal she chose the largest glass and filled it so full that a pint or so ran over and made a puddle on the table and she held the glass upended above her rosy mouth until the last drop had trickled down her throat. There were not enough places on the chart to check the chore: "I took a full bath on each day of the week that is checked—X."

The thought that there were 3,000,000 children in the United States enrolled in the modern health crusade and that she was perhaps the knight most perfect and most without reproach filled her with elation and made it easy for her to stand up straight. There were moments, when Miss Curwin commented enthusiastically upon the chore card of Miss Oliver, when Miss Oliver stood so straight that she was in danger of falling over backward.

And all the while an obscure knight, scorned by Miss Oliver, was slowly creeping upward in the chore scores, even threatening to equal the peerless champion. It might be said that out of the grime that had obscured his face and neck for years a Roland was emerging to challenge her Oliver, but the name of the knight was Mick Grogan.

Out of the obscurity that had—so to speak—covered his patched breeches and faded shirt Micky Grogan was first dragged by Knight Daisy Oliver the very day Miss Curwin proclaimed the six-row tourney.

"And so," said Miss Curwin, facing her six rows of boys and girls, "we are going to have a real tourney such as the knights had in days of old and I will keep the score of each row separate, and the row that wins will have an honor flag. The row that has the best score for the ten days will win. Now, are there any questions?"

There were six rows—three of boys and three of girls—and from them hands rose until it seemed to Miss Curwin that every hand was in the air.

"Now, now," said Bertha Kubelik excitedly; "now, Chore Eight says I got to be in bed ten hours or more every night, Miss Curwin, and—now—I ain't got no bed, because I sleep in a cot."

"A cot is the same as a bed," said Miss Curwin. "Whatever you usually sleep in is your bed."

"Miss Curwin," said Daisy Oliver, "I don't have to sleep with any windows open, do I, because I sleep outdoors on my sleeping porch—and it don't have any windows, only screens. So I don't have to have any windows open, do I? Because Bertha she says ——"

"Anyone who sleeps outdoors or on a sleeping porch can count as sleeping with the windows open," ruled Miss Curwin.

One by one the questions were answered and the hands fell. It was evident to Miss Curwin that the tourney would be a success. Already a fierce partisanship was developing between the rows. Across the narrow aisle between their seats the blond and inseparable Ferris twins were indulging in a whispered controversy.

"'Tis, too!"

"'Tain't either!"

"'Tis, and I'll tell teacher if you drink a single drop. You're a cheater if you say you didn't when you did!"

"Dorothy Ann! Gladys!" said Miss Curwin. "What is the trouble?"

"Well, grape juice is a injurious drink, ain't it?" demanded Gladys. "Because Dorothy says it ain't, and it is, ain't it? And she can't either say she didn't drink a injurious drink if she drinks grape juice, can she? Because she drinks lots of grape juice."

At such moments one cannot hesitate.

"Grape juice is not an injurious drink," ruled Miss Curwin.

"Yah!" said the Dorothy Ann twin triumphantly to the Gladys twin; "just because you don't like it you think I got to stop drinking it!"

As the less violent knights subsided, their simple queries answered, it became evident that others were prepared to maintain the rights of their rows to the last bitter swish of toothbrush across tooth and to protest every irregularity that might benefit an opposing row.

"Miss Curwin, now," said Bertha Kubelik of the second row, "Rosa Lagomarcino she ain't wholesome when she now sleeps in her undershirt, is she?"

"I don't no such thing!" declared Rosa. "I don't sleep in it, because I don't wear none."

"She does too!" insisted Bertha. "Her mother, now, sews her into it."

"Only winters," Rosa declared. "Summers not. My mother she should take a chance I should maybe take off my undershirt and lose it winters and get sick by my lungs, Miss Curwin. But summers I don't wear none—no, ma'am."

"Does that answer your objection, Bertha?" asked Miss Curwin.

"If she don't believe it," said Rosa, her black eyes snapping, "she could come out in the hall and I show her once I ain't got no undershirt on but my skin."

Bertha seemed to be satisfied, and Miss Curwin—glancing over her six militant rows—had an inspiration.

"I am going to appoint a captain for each row," she said. "If there are any other questions that come up the knights may ask the captains and the captains may ask me. If there are any objections to anything or any protests they can be told to the captains and the captains can tell me."

She paused a moment while she let her eyes run over the faces before her.

"The captains will be," she said, "Row One, Rosa Lagomarcino; Row Two, Bertha Kubelik; Row Three, Daisy Oliver; Row Four, Michael Grogan; Row Five, Edward Petzoff; Row Six, John Schultz."

Instantly Miss Oliver's white and plump hand shot into the air.

"Daisy?" said Miss Curwin.

"Please, Miss Curwin, it ain't fair," said Miss Daisy, "because all my row has two hands to wash and Micky Grogan he only has one hand, so it ain't fair, because his row don't have to wash as many hands as my row does."

Miss Curwin looked from Daisy to where Micky Grogan sat, his left coat sleeve doubled at the elbow and its cuff fastened to his shoulder with a safety pin.

"Aw, gee!" said Micky scornfully. "If she's goin' to kick about dat I'll wash me hand twicet. I know what's eatin' her—she's scared she'll be beat."

"I am not!" declared Daisy. "But his row hasn't got as many hands to wash."

"I am sure Michael would be glad to have another hand to wash," said Miss Curwin. "I shall rule that it is only necessary to wash as many hands as you have."

"It ain't fair!" declared Daisy.

Miss Curwin glanced along Daisy's row. In the mouths of many of Daisy's rowmates were great gaps where the first teeth had departed and the second had not yet come. Even in Daisy's pretty mouth there were gaps from which the pearls had fled.

"If we began making handicaps, Daisy," Miss Curwin said, "we would have to deduct quite a little from your

row's score, too, because your row has so few teeth to brush. Your row has a great many teeth missing, Daisy."

"Well," said Daisy, turning to look at her row of lady knights, and then she took her seat suddenly and said no more. She was a wise captain—the missing teeth vastly outnumbered the missing hand of Row Four. Captain Daisy knew when to file a protest, but she knew equally well when to let the protest go by default. Some of the mouths in Row Three seemed to call less for a toothbrush than for a vacuum cleaner, there being little but a vacuum to clean.

During the days of the tourney—if never before—the chore cards of the pupils of Miss Curwin's room reached perfection. For the moment health and hygiene surpassed Thrift Stamps and tin-foil gathering as matters of vital interest and sources of conversation.

There were incidents that shook the class to its center, as when Mamie Best came to school weeping because during the night she had fallen out of bed without wakening, and feared therefore that she had failed in Chore Eight, which required her to be in bed ten hours or more, while she had slept part of her ten hours on the floor.

As captains of Row Three and Row Four the pink-and-white Daisy Oliver and the red-and-freckled Micky Grogan held their respective rows so strictly to the spirit and letter of the eleven chores that before the morning that began the eighth day of the tourney it was evident that the honor flag would inevitably be won by Row Three or Row Four.

Knight Daisy had for the six little lady knights in Row Three a method of maintaining the proper morale that was different from that used by Knight Michael, for Micky's one fist—however thoroughly it might be washed—was hard and to be dreaded.

"Lemme look at yer neck, San. All right! Lemme see yer finger nails. All right! Lemme look at yer neck, Rocco. All right! An' don't you go an' fergit to wash yer ears like you did once, or you know what I'll give you, see?"

He illustrated with a swing of his right fist against his own jaw, but a tempered swing, not the short-arm jab his faithful knights knew they might expect if they neglected a chore. For Micky was a scrapper when there was need of scrapping. He had learned because it is unfortunately the pleasure of some small boys to pick on those who have lost a hand or are otherwise seemingly easy conquests. Micky had early learned that he must protect himself, and now he was usually left in peace, for he had also learned that one fist can be at a disadvantage against two, and he fought close in so that he could parry and block with his stump of an arm while his right gave short swift blows.

Knight Daisy on the other hand used all the social wiles.

"I guess my mamma'll let me have a party if my row wins, but I guess she won't if it don't. Anyway, I guess she wouldn't want me to 'sociate with anybody that didn't do her chores."

Before the eighth day of the tourney the party was an assured fact—if all the little girls of Row Three bore themselves with knightly honor during the entire ten days. Nor was this difficult, for the chores were not hard—especially for little girls. Row Three having duly impressed its parents with the necessity for a supernormal record bathed as it had never bathed before. Every day was checked by each and every child where the chart said, "I took a full bath on each day of the week that is checked—X." They mourned that there were not more days to check.

For Micky Grogan's knights the schedule was somewhat more difficult to maintain. Micky himself had to wait until the shades of night had fallen before he could be sure of the washtub, for if he got up in the morning before his mother needed it to do her taken-in laundry work he would have had to cut short his ten hours in bed chore, his mother was such an early riser. Washing his hand did not bother him; he had long since learned how to give it a good cleaning by rubbing it on a scrubbing brush submerged in the hand basin. He could attend to his five finger nails with a stick pointed and stuck point up in any crack or crevice. His mother's unalterable objection to open windows he overcame by making his bed in a hammock on the small back porch, and the other chores were simple.

On the morning of the ninth day of the tourney Miss Curwin called the leaders of Row Three and Row Four before her.

"I wanted to tell you, Daisy and Micky," she said, "that your rows have made really wonderful scores thus far. Both of the rows are perfect for the first eight days. Unless you have some unreasonably bad scores to-day and to-morrow one of your two rows is pretty sure to win."

"Dere ain't nobody in my row goin' to make no bad score, I betcher!" said Micky. "He'd better not!"

"My row either!" said Daisy.

But after school Micky thought it as well to gather his faithful round him and give his final instructions.

"Nobody don't want to throw me down to-morrow, see?" he said. "Us an' them girls is scored up jess the same an' they ain't goin' to fall down, and if one of yous does we're goners, see? You got to wash your hands and everything. Don't none of yous go and fergit to drink a glass of water before each meal or nothing, or I got it in for yous. Git to bed early, see? 'Cause maybe the house might burn down or something. Don't take no chances. Do like the chart says."

"Aw! We're goin' to, ain't we? You do like the chart says yourself," said Bud Craggin. "You jaw too much."

"Don't you fret about me," said Micky. "I wouldn't skip a chore if you killed me. Not to-morrow, anyway."

Mrs. Grogan was herself deeply interested in the tourney by this time. When Micky came to supper she asked, "Have ye washed yer hand, Micky?" And demanded to see it before she would serve him. She listened with pride when he told her his row was jousting on even terms with Row Three for the honor flag.

"Are ye right sure ye took a glass of water, Micky?" she asked anxiously as he raised the first forkful to his mouth.

"Sure, I did! I ain't fergittin', you bet!" he answered.

"I left the tub on th' back porch for ye," she told him, "for yer bath, an' full of water it is at that. An' Micky——"

"Yes, ma?"

"I've got to be takin' Mis' Oliver's washin' home, so I'll be lockin' up th' house before I go. I've slung yer hammick on th' back porch for ye, thinkin' maybe ye'll be wantin' to go t' bed early t' git th' full tin hours' slape. I put yer toot'-brush on th' porch railin'."

"Yes, ma"

So Micky retired to his hammock after his bath for a night of the soundest of sleep, and his mother locked the doors and windows safely, and then—as Fate would have it and as she had not deserved—fell down Mrs. Oliver's back steps and broke her leg.

When Micky awakened and tumbled out of his hammock he knew by the slant of the sun that he had put in the full requirement of hours in bed—and more, but his mother was not yet at work at her washtub. He beat on the back door, not knowing yet that she was on her back in one of the beds of the Westcote Hospital, and when she did not answer he decided to get that day's full bath out of the way. He filled the tub at the spigot under the back porch and plunged into it. He rubbed himself down with the towel that hung beside the kitchen door. He brushed his white teeth. He cleaned his finger nails. He took ten and then ten more deep breaths.

And still his mother did not open the kitchen door.

Micky sat on the back steps and waited. Now and then he looked over his shoulder at the closed door of the kitchen. He was getting hungry. He went to the faucet under the back porch and washed his hand. He did his duty by his finger nails. He took the cracked tumbler to the faucet and filled it with cold water and set it on the step. He did not mean to forget the glass of water before each meal on this most important morning.

And still his mother did not open the back door.

At half past eight Micky became restive. The duties of the captaincy of Row Four demanded—he felt—that he be

at the schoolhouse gate to give his knights the once-over and to make sure that their faces and ears and necks had been chored beyond question. He pounded on the back door again and listened. His mother, he decided, was not in the house.

That she should not be in the house did not strike him as particularly strange; she sometimes went out washing and she might have gone early this morning. In that case he would have nothing to eat until noon. Even this did not dismay him; it had happened before. He turned from the door and went slowly down the steps and raised the glass of before-meal water and put the edge of the glass to his lips.

And then he paused.

How could he drink a glass of water before a breakfast that he was not going to have? Breakfast! He might have no dinner and no supper, and he visioned the eager captain of Row Three rising in her place in the class and holding up an imperative hand until Miss Curwin bade her speak. He could hear her saying: "It ain't fair, Miss Curwin, because Micky Grogan didn't drink a glass of water before his meals to-day because he didn't have any meals," and Miss Curwin saying: "Of course, if Micky didn't have any meals he could not drink a glass of water before them, so he did not do Chore Four and your row wins the honor flag, Daisy."

Micky put the glass of water beside him on the step and scowled at the back fence. A fine one the fellows would think him if he was the one to fail the row when he was captain and all! And then he had the great idea.

Four minutes later Daisy Oliver on her way to school stopped and stared over the low picket fence at Micky in the side yard. He had swallowed the glass of water and was having his breakfast on his hands and knees.

"Teacher," shrilled Daisy when school had assembled and her madly waving hand had drawn Miss Curwin's attention. "Teacher, grass ain't breakfast, is it?"

"Grass? Breakfast?" queried Miss Curwin, puzzled. "Whatever do you mean, Daisy?"

"Well, Micky he didn't have any breakfast, because his mother she fell down our steps and her leg it got broke and the amberlance it took her to the hospital, because she was coming to our house with the washing ——"

"You asked something about breakfast?" said Miss Curwin.

"Yes, ma'am, and Micky he drank a glass of water, but I was coming to school and I says, 'What you doing, Micky?' and he says, 'I'm having my breakfast, what you think I'm doing?' And grass ain't breakfast, is it, Miss Curwin?"

"Aw!" exclaimed Micky, his face reddening.

"You mean Micky was eating grass?" asked Miss Curwin, unable to believe her ears.

"Yes'm, like a horse," said Daisy. "On his hands and knees, chewing it in his side yard. And grass ain't breakfast, is it?"

Many difficult matters come before a teacher for settlement and the wise teacher thinks before she speaks. Miss Curwin hesitated.

"Just so he could say he drank a glass of water before breakfast!" said Daisy indignantly. "And grass ain't breakfast, is it? So he didn't do Chore Four, did he, Miss Curwin?"

"Didn't you have any breakfast, Micky?" asked Miss Curwin kindly.

"Yes'm"

"What did you have?"

"Grass," said Micky defiantly. "I got a right to eat grass if I want to."

"Did you forget to drink a glass of water before your regular breakfast, Micky?"

"Aw, chee! I didn't have no other breakfast. I didn't fergit nothin'. I got a right to eat grass if I want to. I ain't the only one what done it."

"You are too!" said Daisy

"I ain't neither. King Neb—Neb ——"

"Nebuchadnezzar?" Miss Curwin aided.

"Yes'm, he done it," said Micky triumphantly. "An' if a king done it a feller can, can't he?"

"But why did you do it?" asked Miss Curwin.

"Well, I got to, ain't I, so I can drink me glass of water before it?" demanded Micky.

Miss Curwin opened her desk and took out her purse. She took a shining quarter dollar in her fingers.

"School!" she said, rapping on her desk with it for attention. "You have heard Micky and Daisy. Let me explain clearly then that Chore Four does not require meals, but only that if meals are eaten a glass of water must be taken before the meal. And I want you to be proud of Micky, even if he misunderstood the chore, because, Micky, you are a gallant, valiant knight without fear and without reproach, and I am proud of you. And now, Micky, I want you to take this quarter and go down and get a real breakfast at the restaurant at the corner."

She stepped down from the platform and laid the coin on Micky's desk.

"Aw, say!" said the Knight Without Fear and Without Reproach, "I can't swaller no more breakfast; I'm all fulled up with hay."

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help to make your boy proud of his figure, proud of the way his clothes fit, appreciative of the true economy which lies in sound woolens, fine tailoring, smart fashion. Long-lasting fabrics and stitched-to-stay needle-work—latest style with greatest sturdiness.

Every "Right-Posture" *Suit* has the "Right-Posture" *Label* sewn under the collar. There should be a "Right-Posture" Clothier in your town. If not, write to us.

TAILORED BY THE SNELLENBURG CLOTHING COMPANY
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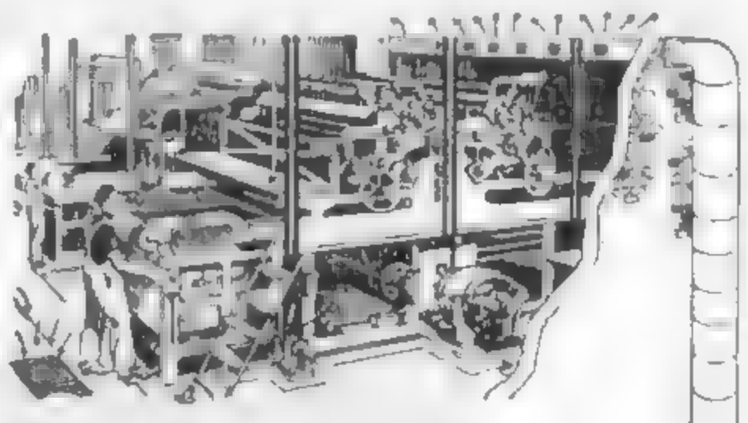
Air Keeps Things Moving

AIR is free. Everyone uses it. Yet few use it in the many ways it can be used. Properly controlled, moving air can do some profitable work in your plant. For the past sixty years it has been our work to make the air do your bidding. Today we make air do more industrial work than most manufacturers realize. There is no doubt that the use of air will permit you to operate under lower production costs.

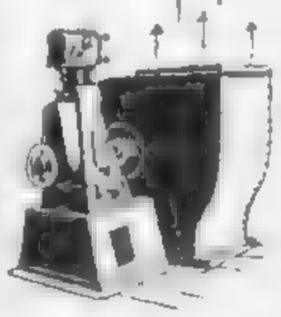
Fresh air does away with the three-o'clock slump



In a large printing plant it was noted that around three o'clock every afternoon production took a decided slump. The men were willing enough to work hard—they simply were forced to slow up.

One of our engineers pointed out that the cause was lack of pure air, and after careful calculation a Sturtevant Ventilating System was installed.

This plant now runs through to quitting time at much better speed. It was simply a case of supplying enough air to the men—clean air, air that could build energy.

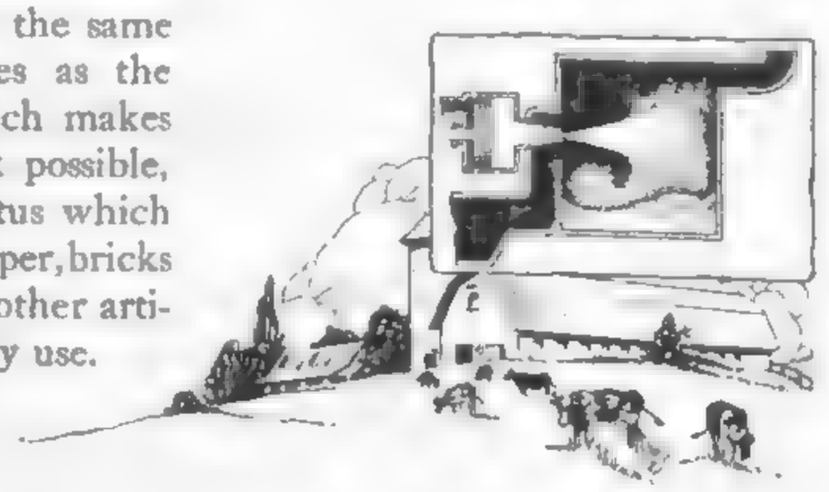


Powdered milk is made possible by air apparatus

You have very likely heard of powdered milk—pure, fresh cow's milk from which the water has been extracted. The water is taken from the milk by currents of dry, heated air which come in contact with a spray of the liquid milk.

Air apparatus has made it possible to ship fresh milk thousands of miles away from where the cow was milked, in small cans for families or in barrels for bakers, confectioners, and large users in general.

Working on the same basic principles as the equipment which makes powdered milk possible, is other apparatus which dries lumber, paper, bricks and numerous other articles of every-day use.



Our business is to take the *air condition* in a plant as we find it and then change it to *the way it should be.* This includes air conditioning, drying, cooling, heating and ventilating, air conveying, mechanical draught, and vacuum cleaning.

To learn how air can be used in your business, write, phone, or wire us. State the exact nature of your business. We will then forward you bulletins describing the use of air in your business. Or, if you specially request it, we will send a representative to visit your plant and go over your problem with you. Address:

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STURTEVANT ENGINEERING COMPANY, LONDON

Bonus Systems in Modern Models

By Frederick S. Bigelow

AMONG the newer phrases in the lexicon of industry is the term "economy sharing." Like most new substantives it is a freshly coined name for an old and quite familiar thing. The term was invented to get away from the word "bonus" and the things that it implies; for to many minds a bonus signifies a tip or gratuity or a piece of impulsive liberality on the part of an employer toward an employee.

Economy sharing is none of these things, but a logical, clean-cut business transaction which is coming into increasing favor as a result of the necessity for increased production, higher personal efficiency and the conservation of costly materials.

Bonus systems and economy-sharing plans have one vital characteristic in common: Both are figured in dollars and cents, and the best authorities are unanimous in agreeing that few employees are so prejudiced that they will reject an extra ten-dollar bill on account of the name applied to it by the paymaster. So long as the bank does not call it a counterfeit no name or nickname can rob it of its purchasing power. Its appellation may, however, diminish its value to the employer as a buyer of service.

Bonus systems and the creations of the economy-sharing experts are in many respects alike, and yet they have their sharply drawn differences.

True economy sharing is always based upon a community of interests between employer and employed. It is never conditioned by circumstances that rob Peter Labor to pay Paul Capital or the other way about. It is never a tug of war, but always a double pull in one direction.

Simple in theory, it is often complex in operation; but as a rule its intricacy is a matter of slow growth, stimulated by increasing stores of experience and changing conditions.

The first step in the adoption of economy-sharing systems is for the executive to determine precisely what results he is getting from his men and their machinery and to ascertain the ideal results that ought to be obtained. Economy sharing is merely one of the devices that have been successfully employed to bring the actual and the ideal within handshaking distance.

Better Work and More of It

SCIENTIFIC economy-sharing systems, no matter how carefully worked out, often have a rough road to travel, for the reason that employers and employees alike are apt to confuse them with older schemes that have been thoroughly tried out and cast aside as incorrigible trouble breeders.

Too often industrial reformers have gone off at half cock with ill-considered programs for hastening the arrival of the millennium and have achieved no substantial result except the creation of bad blood, mutual suspicion and new enmities.

Manufacturers who have fought shy of bonus systems may perhaps profit by the information given to me by Mr. V——, because his methods are readily applicable to operatives who tend a vast variety of automatic machines and because years of practical experience in the operation of such machinery adduce strong testimony in contradiction of an objection often made against bonus systems applied to machine work.

Mr. V—— is an accountant. That is to say, he is not only a bookkeeper but an analyst, a synthesist, an efficiency expert, a leak-stopper, an inventor of economy systems and a money-maker for his employers. A mass of figures is to him what a container of coal tar is to the chemist who can break it up into a series of dyes of every color of the rainbow and make a dozen kinds of medicinal agents out of the residue, to say nothing of a set of useful by-products that will pay for the whole operation. A director of his company told me that the new ideas and systems that originated in Mr. V——'s department saved the house so many times the cost of maintenance of the accounting force that it ranks among the highly productive departments of the business.

"For example," he said, warming to his subject: "Suppose V—— saves us $100,000 a year. We are not at the expense of collecting that money. It is right in our own bank and has been there all along. Another thing: That hundred thousand is absolutely net—and $100,000 net is a lot of money. We are quite satisfied if we make a clear ten per cent; so if V—— saves us a hundred thousand his performance is rather better than that of a salesman who can sell a million dollars' worth of goods, for in making V——'s profit we run no risk of bad debts."

After this introduction I was prepared to listen very respectfully to what Mr. V—— had to say. He began with a statement that seemed scarcely credible:

"My experience is that offering bonuses on automatic-machine work need not result in inferior work or lowered production. Those are the charges made by the opponents of such bonuses; but I think I can show you that the very reverse is true.

"Let me tell you our experience with a battery of Holt machines, for they are so typical of a large class of machinery that what we have discovered about their effective operation applies to every other machine in the same mechanical family.

"As you will see when we walk over to the factory, this is a large and very complex piece of automatic machinery. Partly manufactured material is automatically fed into it at one end. As it passes along, many things happen to it, till at last it comes out at the other end in nearly completed units. These units require only one or two rather simple finishing operations for their completion.

"These machines are so delicately adjusted that not infrequently they are bound to jam or foul, but an automatic device instantly shuts off the power whenever this occurs. The operator then clears the machine, makes whatever little adjustment is necessary and starts up again.

"When we came to analyze the operation of our Holts we found that there were three sources of waste: Small output, spoilage of material, and imperfect units that had to be reworked. The superintendent of our factory warned me that if I tried to increase production our gains would be more than canceled by losses arising from spoilage and imperfections. It was nearly a year before I could persuade him to sanction the introduction of any sort of economy-sharing plan.

"Finally he consented, and we introduced an economy-sharing feature based upon a spoilage record running below a certain standard. At first the men were not strong for it. They agreed with the superintendent that no bonus system could be adapted to their kind of work. Increased production meant more hasty work and more spoilage as a natural and inevitable consequence.

"Well, we tried it out. To my delight I found that we practically eliminated our spoilage! To the surprise of everyone our production jumped 23%. Not only that, but the number of imperfect units was cut down 50%!

"How do I account for it? Well, success doesn't have to be explained—but if you want my personal opinion you shall have it. When our operatives really made up their minds to earn the spoilage bonus they quite unconsciously became very much more alert and watchful than they had ever been before. Despite the fact that they were tending automatic machines their whole minds were on the job. They detected faulty adjustments before the machine did, and remedied them on the instant with the result that production increased as spoilage diminished.

"We have had this experience with so many different classes of machine work that I am almost tempted to say the greater the production the better the work, and vice versa. For purposes of analysis we have platted the performance of our Holt operatives over a long period. Our graphs show not only production but spoilage of material and imperfect units."

Mr. V—— walked over to a filing cabinet and selected a card at random.

"This graph will illustrate my point," he said. "Observe the steady rise of this operator's production line, and note how his spoilage curve has fallen during the same period. Follow this vertical line on the card and you will see that during the week of maximum output the percentage of spoilage was lowest. This card is typical of the others. Pick out some cards for yourself and you will see that for the most part they tell the same story."

Speed and Accuracy March Abreast

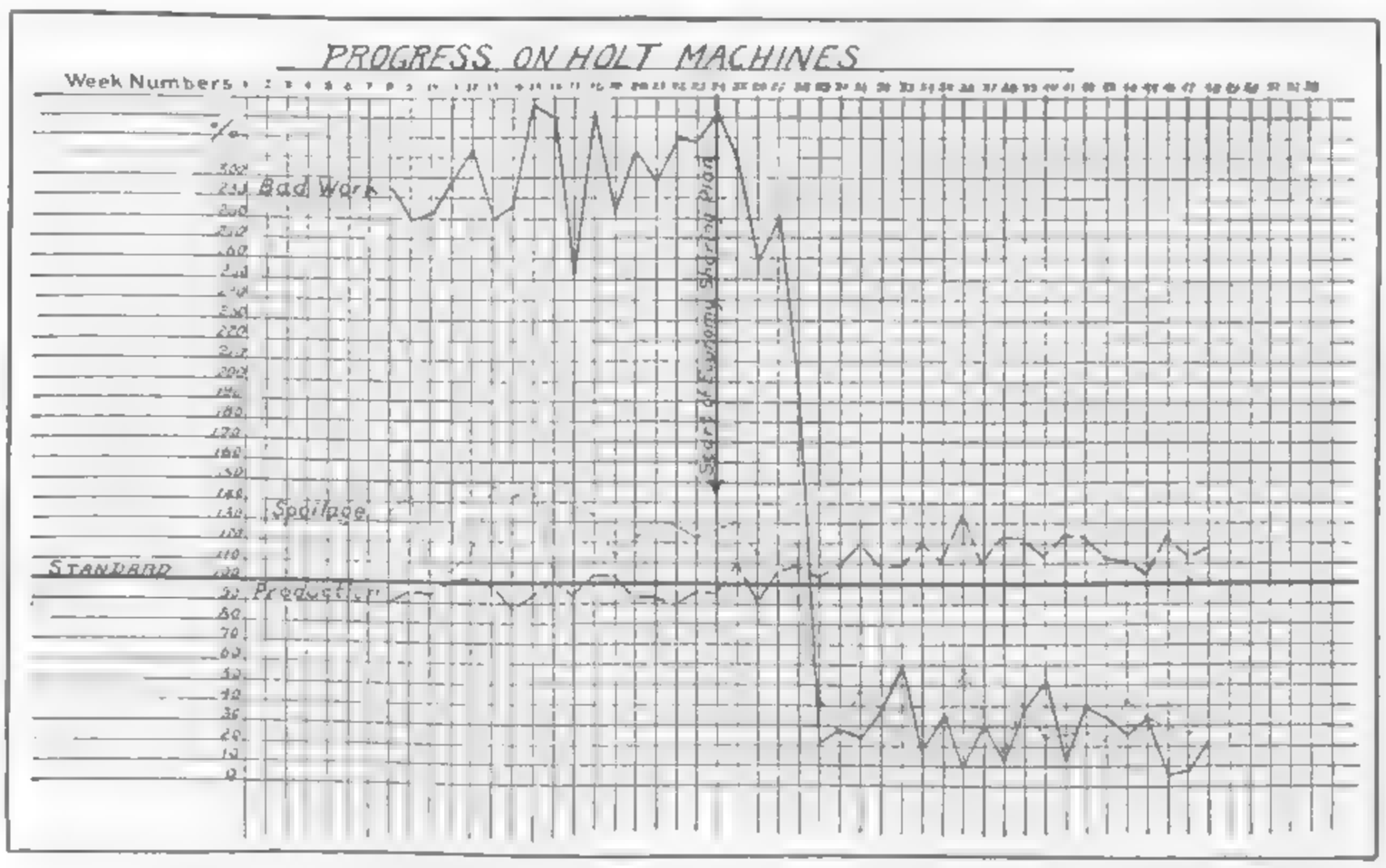
CURIOUSLY enough, what Mr. V—— told me about automatic machine operation appears to be equally true in clerical departments I had visited. I immediately recalled the surprising statement made to me by another executive: "The clerks who are earning the largest quantity bonuses make the fewest errors."

The significant fact about the testimony of these two experts is that they were not expressing mere personal opinions, but literally spoke "by the cards." Their records were precisely the kind of records that would be made by an engineer who was testing out a new type of dynamo or motor in his laboratory. Neither man was stretching the glove of fact to fit the hand of theory.

Mr. V——, after he had outlined to me some ingenious extensions of his economy-sharing methods, went on to discuss the subject from an entirely new angle.

"Of course," he said, "the company pays me for my services as an accountant and not for those of an altruist; but I don't mind saying that I should not take half the interest in my work that I do if I did not feel that the methods I have been describing are doing our employees a lot of real good and teaching them lessons of lifelong value.

"Let me tell you how it works out: If we enable our people to increase their earnings they can improve their living conditions. They can save money and in time own their own homes. They can bring up their children under better conditions and can give them more education than would otherwise be possible. Consider the girls in our manufacturing and clerical departments. If we can teach them how to work to the best advantage and double their efficiency they will apply the same ideas to work in their own homes. When they leave us to marry and settle down they will carry with them lessons that will make them better wives and mothers. Their experience as wage earners will benefit them for many years."



This Record of the Performance of a Battery of Holt Machines Shows How the Introduction of a Quality Bonus Not Only Reduced Spoilage and Bad Work But Actually Increased Production

Remember it was no mawkish sentimentalist or amateur uplifter who spoke thus, but a professional penny splitter—albeit a man who has not yet scrapped his heart to make room for a cash register.

Through the courtesy of a bonus enthusiast who has done much original and valuable work along these lines it is possible to include in this article a summary of fifteen years of study and experimentation in a large clerical department. This review is significant for several reasons: First, it indicates how a similar system may be installed by any manager who is disposed to attempt it; second, it traces the natural development of a very simple and somewhat crude system into one that is highly organized and notably successful; third, it points out the pitfalls that yawn for unwary managers and clearly indicates the paths of procedure that must be followed if the highest goals of success are to be reached.

In the year 1904 Mr. X—— found himself in charge of a large clerical department numbering upward of 200 clerks. Several distinct kinds of work were carried on there. There were orders to be booked, a vast correspondence to be conducted and, alas, thousands of complaints to be investigated and adjusted! Only a small number of the typists in the department were stenographers. For the most part dictating machines were used, and the typists worked directly from the phonograph to the keyboard of the typewriter.

It soon became apparent to Mr. X—— that his department was far less efficient than it was possible to make it; and so he instituted a careful analysis to show up the weak points of his clerical force. His first object of inquiry was the matter of costs. To this end he installed a number of inspectors, each armed with a transparent celluloid scale by which she could readily determine the number of square inches of typed matter turned out by each typist.

A Typical Case of Economy Sharing

THIS was a useful but not a happy beginning. "Simon Legree" was the kindest name by which Mr. X—— was called behind his back; but the celluloid scale stuck for years, and long before it had been superseded by a time-saving improvement it had come to be regarded as a friend rather than as a foe.

After the measuring scale had been in use for a sufficient length of time the wages paid during the period were divided by the number of hundreds of square inches of matter typed. The quotient thus obtained was equivalent to the cost of 100 square inches of typewriting. It worked out at about 23 cents.

As this force was working 44 hours a week it was apparent that the average rate of production should be 100 square inches an hour, in order to earn a weekly salary of $10. This, it should be borne in mind, was in 1904, when the going wage was far lower than it is to-day.

Having definitely ascertained that his typing cost was 23 cents for 100 square inches Mr. X—— was in a position to make his first essay at economy sharing. His first step was to post a notice that for each 100 square inches of work in excess of 4400 a week he would pay 16 cents in addition to the regular wage. Under this arrangement each 100 square inches turned out saved the company 7 cents and netted 16 cents to the employee. In other words, the company profited 30% and the employee 70% on each unit of increased production.

Experience soon proved that the production standard—that is to say, 4400 square inches per 44-hour week—was so reasonable that nearly every girl in the department was able to earn a bonus. It was not long before several $10 girls were earning anywhere from $4 to $8 bonus money every week.

Now to the average clerk bonus money is not like honest-to-goodness salary money. It is, to be sure, paid in bank notes and ringing silver; the shops accept it without question; but to the employee it often seems like a sort of stage money that merchants and movie theaters are foolish enough to accept.

If Sadie gets $10 salary and $5 bonus, week in and week out, she still considers herself to be on a $10 basis. In other words, her employer may get little or no good-will credit for a full third of the money he is paying her.

It took Mr. X—— some time to become aware of this curious psychology; but as soon as he was convinced of its reality he cast about for a new line of procedure calculated to make the bonus money seem like real money and to flatter the financial dignity of his young ladies.

With this end in view he instituted a policy whereby any girl who thought she was entitled to a raise of pay by reason of her ability to earn a bonus might win her raise by earning for six consecutive months a combined amount of salary and bonus 10% in excess of her new basic rate. A specific illustration will show the simplicity of this rather intricate statement.

Let us suppose that a typist who is receiving $10 in salary and $3 or $4 in bonus thinks she should have a flat wage of $12 and as much bonus in addition as she is able to earn.

"Certainly," says Mr. X ——. "Earn a total of $13.20 a week for six months and at the end of that period you shall have your $2 raise and bonus besides. The more you can earn the better I shall like it. Work hard for bonus, and when you are ready to be advanced to $14 your card will show it, and the pay clerk will give you your raise without our even having to remind him of it."

The only flaw in this plan was that six months seemed like a long time to wait for an increase when the ability to earn it could be demonstrated in a much shorter period. Recognizing this defect Mr. X—— has reduced the probationary period from six months to two, and says that the shorter term gives better results. Mr. X—— continually lays stress on the importance of keeping employees interested and encouraged. He never reproaches his clerks with their small output. If he finds a girl who lags behind the others his method of approach is to show her the records of other girls doing the same kind of work and to express regret that she is not taking home $10 or $15 a month extra that she might have just as well as not. No stronger pressure is put upon clerks who appear to be faithful and diligent.

When the cost of living began to advance sharply Mr. X—— found it expedient to raise the basic wage in his department in order to keep it on a level with the going rate in other concerns. Economy-sharing features have been retained and elaborated to such an extent that typists who received $10 a week a few years ago now earn $25 to $27. This is not true in every case; but the amounts named represent the average earnings of many of the brighter and more diligent workers.

In almost any kind of work quality is as much to be desired as quantity. It is the business of certain groups in Mr. X——'s department to read letters, book orders, check remittances and to send inquiries through the proper channels. Errors in this work cause an incredible amount of trouble and occasion considerable needless expense. The standard production rate among these groups had called for the disposal of 70 letters an hour. In order to lessen the number of errors Mr. X——, of his own volition, reduced the requirement from 70 to 50. As an additional incentive he offered to pay a bonus of $2 a week for every week in which not a single error was made. Perfection was his goal. He knew that it cost the house precisely 34 cents to handle every complaint letter that came to it, and in his heart of hearts he dreamed of the day when there should be practically no chance for customers to complain.

Mr. X—— was much elated over his new idea and expected great things of it.

Sad to relate, the new plan was a complete failure. Less work was done than before and the percentage of error was not appreciably reduced. For weeks not a single bonus was earned and it did not seem as if one ever would be.

It appeared upon investigation that the terms of the arrangement were a little too stiff. Suppose a girl learned Monday afternoon that she had made a mistake that morning. The week's bonus was lost beyond possibility of recovery. For the rest of that week the bonus idea was entirely inoperative so far as it concerned that particular clerk. There was every temptation to slack a little until the beginning of a new week brought a new opportunity to try for a bonus prize.

After revolving the matter in his mind for some time Mr. X—— put into effect a new plan calculated to remove the elements of discouragement and lack of incentive. Under the amended rule any clerk who has lost her bonus for a given week may recover it by winning the bonuses for the two succeeding weeks. Even if she has the misfortune to lose for two consecutive weeks she still has a chance to recoup all her losses by a run of unusually good work. The operation of the plan is most readily shown in tabular form:

First week's bonus	Lost
Second week's bonus	Lost
Third week's bonus	Won
Fourth week's bonus	*Won
Fifth week's bonus	†Won

*First week's bonus recovered.
†Second week's bonus recovered.

About the time the amendment to the rule was put into effect Mr. X —— chanced to reorganize this department, and in doing so he learned for the first time the greatest contributing cause of the failure of his original idea. The reorganization took the form of breaking up the department, which had formerly operated as a single large group under one supervisor, into five groups of eight girls each, one of whom acted as supervisor of her own group. Some of these new supervisors had come from other departments, where they had been accustomed to earning considerable bonuses. They were imbued with the bonus idea and thoroughly believed in it. Instantly there rose a rivalry among the different groups having for its object the winning of more bonus money than the other groups.

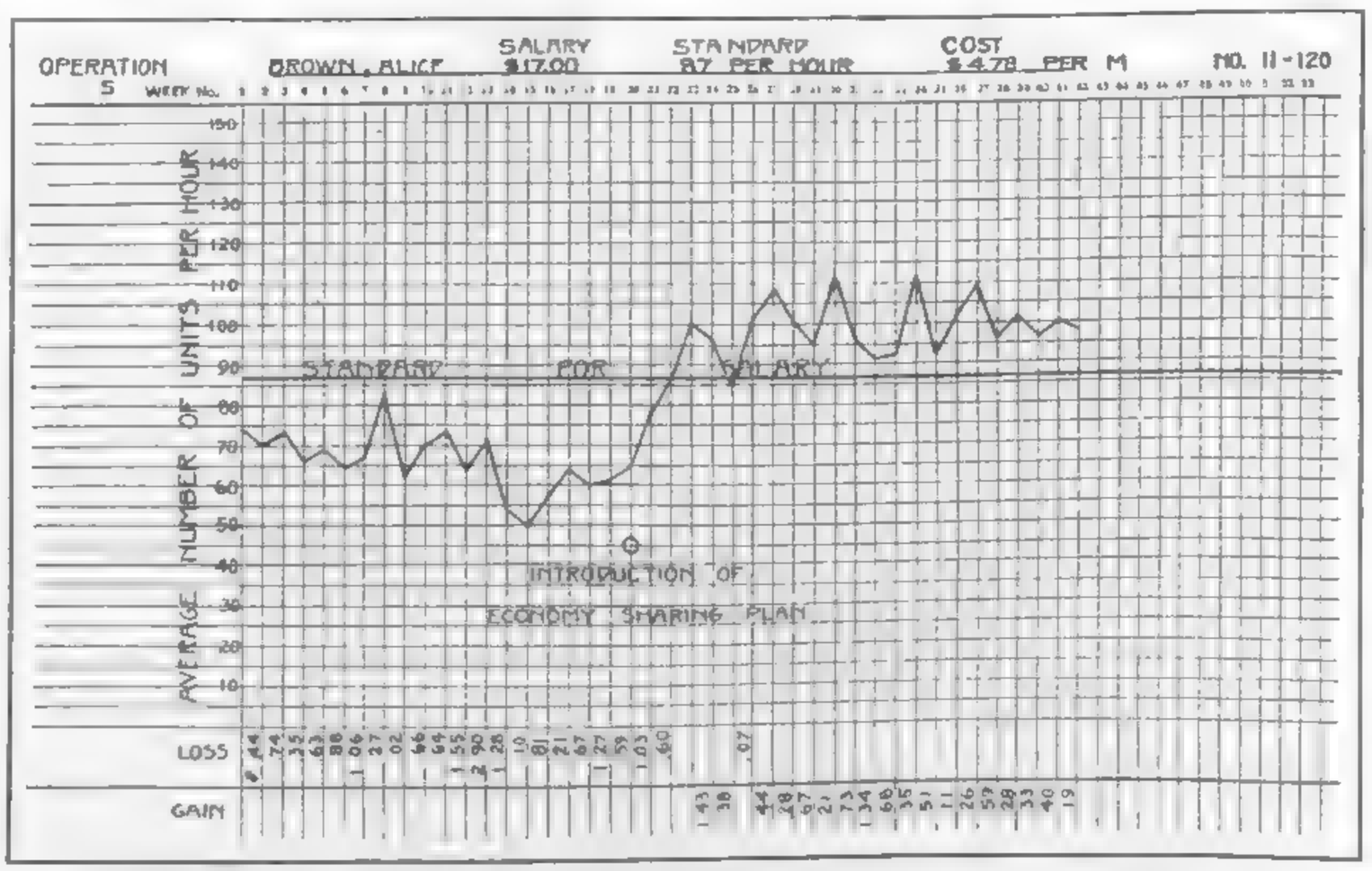
Rivalry Among Bonus-Earning Groups

QUITE by accident Mr. X—— learned that the former supervisor had not been "sold" on the idea. She had had no experience with bonus systems and could not be brought to believe in them. Quite unintentionally, doubtless, she had communicated her aloofness to the other girls, and four or five other skeptics among their number had made the successful adoption of the plan impossible. Mr. X—— says that in point of loyalty and efficiency this division supervisor was one of the best women in his section and he quite absolves her of any intention to thwart his plan.

Under the régime of the group supervisors the scheme came into such full flower that after it had been in operation a year Mr. X —— thought it high time to show some practical recognition of the intelligent coöperation that he was receiving from his supervisors; so he instituted a special supervisors' bonus award.

This was based on a comparison of the error records of the current month with that of the corresponding month of the previous year. The prizes went to the head of those groups that showed the greatest increase of accuracy over the month of the preceding year. Each group speedily developed sufficient esprit de corps to lend a certain sporting interest to the results obtained, quite apart from the extra earnings involved. Rivalry was heightened by posting the group scores on the divisional bulletin board and by awarding gold stars and silver stars to the groups with the best records for sustained accuracy.

(Continued on Page 76)



This Graph Shows the Effect of Economy Sharing on the Efficiency of Alice Brown, a Clerk. Within Three Weeks it Raised Her Out of the Sub-Standard Class Into the Ranks of Bonus Earners

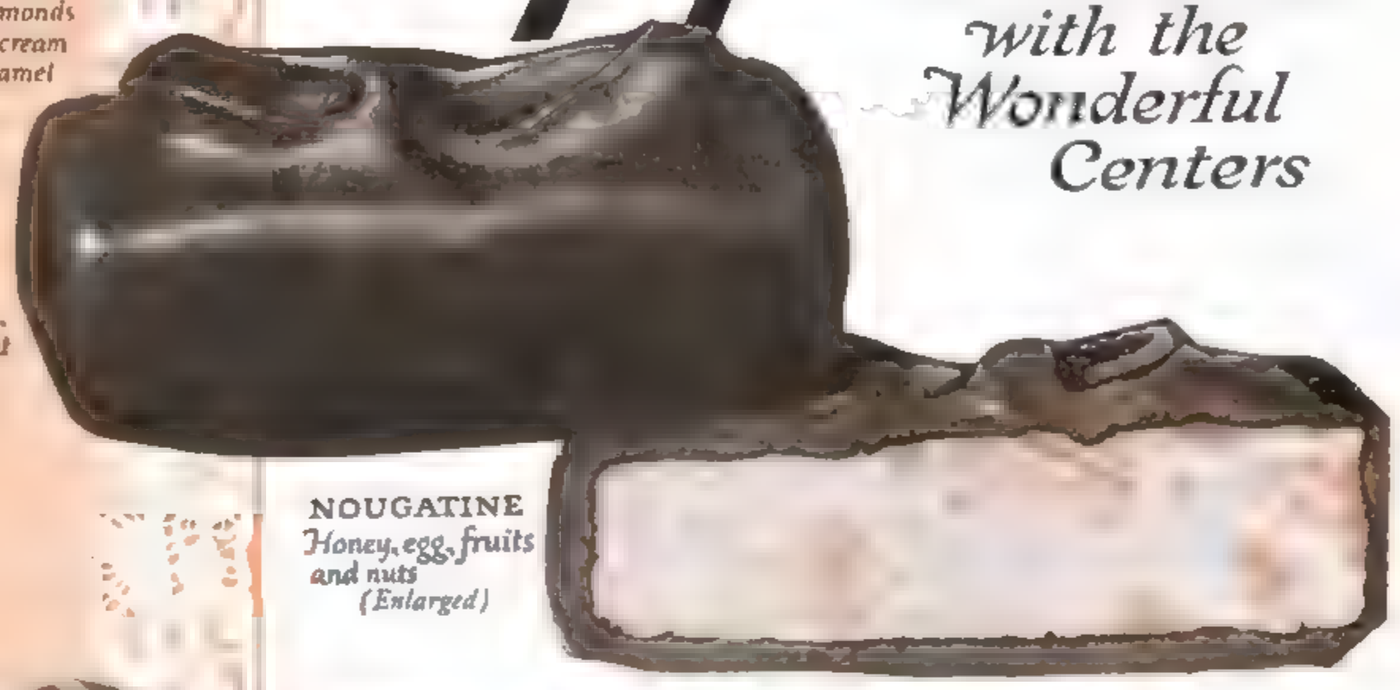
Liggett's

The Chocolates with the Wonderful Centers

MAPLE WALNUT CREAM
Mayette walnut, rich cream, Vermont maple sugar

ALMOND CARAMEL
Alicante almonds in real cream caramel

SOUR ORANGE
Cream fondant, true orange fruit



NOUGATINE
Honey, egg, fruits and nuts (Enlarged)

CATAWBA
Mayette walnut in apricot jelly

CREAM WALNUT
Mayette walnut in vanilla cream

RASPBERRY HEART
A tender raspberry in cream fondant

WHEN you pass around the usual box of chocolates, see people pick and choose—

"Will I like *this* one?"—

"Suppose *that* one's nice?"—

And so on, till the only ones left are kinds that no one really wants.

Not so with Liggett's!

For here's a box made up *only* from the centers people like best—we've a sure way to tell what those are—right down to the last piece—

Take home a box today and we'll prove it.

85c to $1.50 per pound box.

By special arrangement Liggett's Chocolates are featured and sold only at The 8000 Rexall Stores throughout the United States and Canada

(Continued from Page 74)

It is a significant fact that the most ardent advocates of bonus systems are so thoroughly aware of their limitations and of the precise conditions that must exist if they are to thrive.

"It is absolutely necessary," says Mr. X——, "to sell your employees. You must sell them not only collectively but individually. Four or five Doubting Thomases in a large department are enough to wreck the best-laid plan. A single supervisor or foreman if either hostile or aloof can upset the most beneficent scheme that can be devised. On the other hand, when these systems work out as they should, they are capable of increasing the efficiency of a clerical force 100%. I mean literally 100%, for that is the result that I and others have obtained time, time and again.

"There is scarcely any sort of departmental work that cannot be improved by the introduction of these systems. All a manager has to do is to study his problem, make his time studies, decide clearly upon the result he wishes to secure, and ascertain how much he can afford to pay for that result. The rest is merely a matter of patiently working out the details. Be sure you are right before you go ahead. The slightest false step may jeopard the whole system. Above all, the plan must be simple to begin with. It must be intelligible to every employee in the department in which it is to be worked. It must be explained fully and introduced tactfully. The employee's self-interest must be appealed to and he or she must be convinced of its fairness and impartiality.

"Another thing must be borne in mind by managers: The standards of production which are set must be so moderate that a good clerk will find it possible to earn a bonus of 20 or 25% of her basic wage. Shortsighted managers are often obsessed by the idea that employees may derive too great benefits from these economy-sharing systems; but experience has shown that if standards are set with this thought uppermost in the manager's mind his plan is foredoomed to failure."

Mr. X—— told me that the happiest days he has spent during the past fifteen years were those on which he had succeeded in thinking out new and useful adaptations of the economy-sharing idea. During those years he has seen his department transformed from a loose, inefficient organization into a close-knit model of efficiency and accuracy. He has seen his girls double and triple their former pay. He finds them contented, loyal and ambitious; and he has the further satisfaction of reflecting that his constructive and original work has saved his company a great many thousands of dollars a year, with the annual score to his credit continually growing.

Less Checking and More Accuracy

AN INSTRUCTIVE instance of quality economy sharing was found in the administration building of a manufacturing concern which has a vast number of small customers and is obliged to maintain an accurate mailing list of literally hundreds of thousands of names. Before the adoption of newer methods an infinite amount of trouble and no small expense were caused, first, by incorrect addresses and, second, by duplicate mailings of catalogues to careless correspondents.

According to the old procedure names and addresses were taken directly from customers' letters, and addressing-machine stencils were cut by girls employed for the purpose. When this operation had been completed two girls checked the printed addresses, one reading from the stencil and the other verifying it with the customer's letter in her hand. This checking of addresses involved an expenditure of about $3000 a year; but the volume of complaints of merchandise and catalogues not received appeared to indicate that the standard of accuracy attained was far from satisfactory.

At last the matter was put into the hands of the economy-sharing expert. After having made a thorough study of the system and its defects he installed entirely new methods. His first step was a bold one. He abolished the checking system entirely.

Next he called in the stencil girls and asked them if they did not think they might be able to turn out more accurate work if they knew they were not to be checked up; that their errors would remain undiscovered until the complaint letters came in from irate customers. The stencil operators thought they could, but expressed a fear that if they were expected to do very much more careful work their production would be so cut down that they would be unable to maintain their old piecework wage.

The expert came back with a new proposal.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "Do the best you can while the experiment is being tried out and I will see that your pay envelope does not suffer. In the meantime you shall be paid $1 bonus—in addition to what you are now getting—for every 800 stencils you cut, but in order to keep you up on your toes you will be fined 25 cents for every incorrect address that is traced to you."

From the girls' standpoint this was not a very attractive proposal, but they were quite willing to try it out on the understanding that they should lose nothing by the experiment. After a short trial there was a marked improvement in accuracy with practically no diminution of output. Faithful Fanny's knowledge that Hazel and Sadie were not on hand to check her work appeared to act as a constant stimulus to accuracy.

Week after week the red curve on the complaint graph sagged and sagged until it finally straightened out at a low level and ran across the sheet as a sort of permanent low-water mark. Meantime the economy-sharing wages of the stencil girls were steadily rising and everyone was happy.

The executive who installed the system summarized the results obtained:

"In the first place the work was better done. Cutting out the checking process was a long step in advance. This is the most monotonous work you can imagine. After an hour or so the mind wanders and the work becomes mechanical. The checkers are about as useful as a pair of wooden Indians and much of their work is sheer waste.

"Second, the company saved one-half of the $3000 a year the checking had cost.

"Third, the girls were able to earn more and took more interest in their work. Fifteen hundred dollars a year that had been going to checkers went in bonuses to the stencil operators."

The executive quoted above felt so much encouraged by his innovation in the stencil-cutting room that he determined to go a step farther. Every large corporation and mail-order house experiences untold annoyances growing out of the carelessness of customers and correspondents. Blind handwriting can usually be deciphered by someone in the office. Insufficient addresses can often be completed by reference to postmarks and the Official Postal Guide; but if Mrs. John C. Perkins so signs her first letter ordering a small piece of merchandise, and a fortnight later writes over the name Rose Perkins that her order has not been filled, finally taking pen in hand to say that she is putting the matter up to the post-office inspectors, "Yours truly, Mrs. Doctor Perkins"—the tracer has a hard nut to crack. He is very apt to settle the matter by sending the Perkins person a duplicate of the article she ordered, with a soft answer of the sort that turneth away wrath.

The offer of small cash prizes for the mating of letters written by the same person over different signatures has done much to put an end to this annoyance.

A novel application of the economy-sharing principle has recently been tried out with great success by a large concern engaged in a light manufacturing business. In the autumn of 1918 this company found its output growing so materially that it was deemed necessary to increase its fleet of motor trucks by 25%. It then appeared that the motor-truck manufacturers were so far behind on their orders that the newly ordered trucks would scarcely suffice to handle the company's local hauling.

Under these conditions it was suggested the bonus system be given a trial, to ascertain if it would not be possible to make the existing trucks meet current conditions until the new ones could be delivered.

With this end in view the regular hauls were listed and timed and specifications were drawn for the standard day's work. The plan was carefully explained to the truck drivers, the possibilities of time saving were suggested, and the whole trucking force was given to understand that company and drivers should share and share alike in any cash saving that the new system might be responsible for.

Truck-Driving as an Outdoor Sport

WITHIN a very few days all the drivers but one were earning bonuses. Every driver when he put up his truck for the night knew precisely what he had done during the day and just what amount of bonus money that day's work would put into his envelope at the end of the week.

Under the old system these drivers were good men who did a fair day's work; but they were human and were not inclined to crowd themselves. When they brought a load to the freight platform and found that there was not quite room enough to get their trucks into a good position for unloading they were very apt to pull off to one side, find a shady place and smoke a pipe or two while waiting for a vacant berth at the platform.

In a single week the economy-sharing system changed all that. To-day if there is a crowd at the platform something is done about it. At once there is a lively barrage of that hearty teamsters' vernacular which Ralph Waldo Emerson assures us is so much more effective than the suave, well-turned sentences of the most learned Oxford graduate. It is a case of youth will be served, and served quickly; and those truckmen manage to get a chance at the platform or know the reason why.

After this system had been in vogue for a few weeks the records showed that one driver had not earned a bonus on a single day's work. The manager sent for him and asked what was wrong. The driver replied that there was nothing wrong, but that he was perfectly satisfied with his basic wage and would rather go without a bonus than exert himself any more than he had in the past.

The manager told him that this attitude could not be tolerated; that, though the driver had a right to earn as little as he chose, the company could not afford to have slacker trucks at a time when the shortage of motive power was greatest. The company was not slave-driving or trying to get more work than it paid for, but it was wasteful to allow the hauling power of one truck to lag far behind that of all the others of the same type.

The ton-mile haulage of this fleet of trucks has been so greatly increased that it not only does far more work than ever before but it has demonstrated its ability to handle any volume of traffic that the approaching busy season is likely to bring. So confident is the manager of this department of the company that his present equipment is all he needs that he voluntarily proposed that the concern cancel its order for the delayed motor trucks.

"But what is new about this application of the economy-sharing principle?" the executive responsible for it was asked. "Is it not in essence an application of the piecework system, with loads instead of production-units for the basis of payment?"

"Not at all," came the answer. "In piecework the sky is the limit. That was the trouble with many of the so-called efficiency systems, which made men feel that they were just so many machines speeded up to the limit of physical endurance.

"Under the plan I have been explaining to you there is a limit. Obviously we cannot have our trucks dashing about town through crowded streets, running down traffic police and bumping into small-fry motors. My plan is based upon the idea that there is a speed limit, a speed which if exceeded is wasteful for both the company and for the employee.

"There is another thing you should know about the results of economy sharing experienced in our trucking department: The increased efficiency that our records show is by no means entirely due to the opportunity afforded for making higher wages. The bonus system introduced a new element of rivalry into the day's work. The men make a game of it. They boast to one another of the number of trips they are making and lay side bets on the amount of their weekly bonuses."

General Hints for Executives

"THEIR rivalry is so keen that they are impatient of the slightest delay at our shipping platform. The week after we introduced the new system the girls in an office overlooking the loading platforms sent a delegation to me to complain that the language of the truckmen was something awful, and quite unfit for maidenly ears to hear; that the teamsters were so anxious to take on their loads and be off that they cursed each other up hill and down dale if they were kept waiting for a moment. Of course profanity is not a thing to boast of, but in the present instance it is proof positive of a new and wholesome interest in the job.

"Furthermore ——"

The manager's peroration was cut off short by the hilarious entrance of his young assistant.

"Say, boss," the youngster began, "you know you asked me to look into Bob Tucker's record for day before yesterday, and I've just been talking to him."

The manager hastened to put me in touch with the situation.

"Bob is one of our best men," he explained. "He is planning to get married next spring and these bonuses are quite in his line. A stray dollar has to have long legs and a good wind to get away from Bob. On Monday he broke all previous trucking records so handily that I asked my assistant to look into the matter. How about it, son?"

"Well, boss, I had hard work to make Tucker give up, but finally he told me how he managed to set a new record. It seems that just as he was reporting for work at the warehouse on Monday he heard that Larry Thompson was sick and would not show up; so he asked to have Larry's truck loaded and ready to go out in forty minutes. Then he brought his own load to the plant. As soon as he arrived at the unloading platform he hopped off the truck and took a street car back to the warehouse. Larry's truck was all ready for him and he brought that along too. By the time he reached the plant his own truck had been unloaded and was ready for the return trip. In this way he ran two trucks all day Monday and so made his record. I'll tell the world that Bob is some truckman!"

"Irregular! Very irregular!" laughed the manager; "but Bob seems to have gotten away with it this time and I do not see but what he has earned all the bonus his card calls for. . . . I must look into this matter. Perhaps Bob's idea is good enough to adopt as a regular thing. We'll see."

Economy-sharing experts are agreed that when a comprehensive system of bonuses is to be introduced in every department of a large organization it is much the better practice to have it worked out and introduced by a special bureau created for the purpose than to allow each department manager to go ahead on his own account. If one

(Concluded on Page 79)

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NIAGARA SEARCHLIGHTS—FRENCH RAY-O-LITES

(Concluded from Page 76)

set of men devise systems for a dozen departments they profit by an interchange of ideas with departmental managers and are able to view every part of the system in its proper proportion. Furthermore they are able to turn to account the lessons taught by failures or successes in any one department for the benefit of all the others.

By concentrating on this work these inventors of bonus systems become highly expert, and acquire an aptitude for their work that saves a great deal of money by reducing to a minimum the number of ill-considered schemes and the false steps that would inevitably be taken by the inexperienced in the introduction of plans that are, in themselves, entirely sound.

An executive who heads such a bureau and has under him half a dozen young experts in economy sharing says that one of his greatest troubles grows out of the very efficiency of his men. Repeatedly he has sent one of his assistants to study the weaknesses of a run-down and semidemoralized department and set it upon its feet. No sooner has the department been reorganized and brought to a high state of efficiency than the head of it comes to this executive to beg, borrow or steal the young man who did the work, with the intention of making him his right-hand man. It is all the head of this bureau can do to keep the members of his little force away from the clutches of his envious colleagues.

It is interesting to note that the most enthusiastic advocates of economy-sharing systems are able to regard them judicially and without fanaticism. They admit that perhaps these plans are not economically sound; that self-interest is not the loftiest motive for doing better work or more of it; that the bonus is not the infallible cure-all for industrial ills. They simply say that they must take conditions as they find them and that if economy sharing produces beneficent results they will continue to practice it until some better and more efficacious plan is devised.

These experts, almost without exception, have at heart the interests of the employee quite as much as those of the employer, and when they point with pride to increased output or to workmanship of higher quality they call attention, with equal elation, to the higher wages that have been paid. They do not regard labor in the light of raw material to be bought in bulk by the haggling of the market.

From the Year of Peace to the reign of Henry VIII is a long leap backward; but in taking off for a jump into the sixteenth century one has the assurance that it is possible to alight upon an economic idea so basic and timely and significant that it was embodied in one of the early provisions for the League of Nations.

No man can read of social conditions in sixteenth-century England without an involuntary sigh of compassion for the state of the laboring classes.

Everyone knows of the heartbreaking hours of labor; the severity of the apprentice system; the harshness of a penal code that punished with death more than 100 crimes, and inflicted barbarous penalties for trivial offenses; the hardships of daily life; the squalor of lodgings and the roughness of fare.

And yet, with all these conditions in mind, Mr. Froude, in his History of England, favorably contrasts the lot of the workingman who was a subject of Henry VIII with that of his descendant who was a subject of Queen Victoria.

"There was," he says, "this essential difference, that labor was not looked upon as a market commodity; the government—whether wisely or not I do not presume to determine—attempting to portion out the rights of the various classes of society by the rule, not of economy, but of equity."

Thirty or forty pages farther on, Mr. Froude adds:

"Looking, therefore, at the state of England as a whole, I cannot doubt that under Henry the body of the people were prosperous, well-fed, loyal, and contented. In all points of material comfort they were as well off as they had ever been before; better off than they have ever been in later times."

A PARABLE OF TRIFLES

(Concluded from Page 29)

an intense hatred for each other. A grinning little Mongol boy picked up the fragments of the ball and pulled them curiously to pieces.

"Janssen turning abruptly on his heel retired to his room, where he flung himself down and sobbed with rage and mortification. Gay returned to his kang and sat on the edge of it, his chin in his hands, thinking gloomily.

"From that day they would not speak a word to each other.

"This sounds simple enough to you here, where it is cheap to chatter; but these men had before them a journey of months under very trying conditions. Infinite solitude pressed in on all sides. No longer could they rely on the sympathetic guidance and understanding of a friend. Friendship was dead and the nearest acquaintance of their own blood and breed many weeks of travel removed from them. They were in every sense in the center of vast deserts.

"Fortunately to a certain degree they retained their common sense. Each possessed certain qualities that the other was bound for practical purposes to recognize. Though they maintained a sullen silence in their personal relations, on matters of business they had sense enough to speak, though curtly and abruptly, with not a single syllable more than was immediately necessary. In this manner the caravan was able to move on.

"As they swung round the vast arc that brought them nearer the northern buttresses of Tibet the caravan gradually diminished. The cargo was lightened at the villages through which they passed and the unladen camels sent back. Eventually the number of camels was reduced to such a point that it became necessary, when the pads of the survivors were worn through to the quick on the rough and shingly soil, to hog-tie the beasts and stitch bits of rawhide onto the calloused edges of the raw and bleeding pads, while the camels bawled and whistled with pain.

"Occasionally policy required that they accept the hospitality of some of the desert princes. In the homely yurts of felt and withes, grimy and saturated with the smoke of the burning argol they sometimes squatted and ate with seeming relish the delicacies that the plains afforded—tea brewed from dirty cubes that had passed from filthy hand to filthier hand for months, in which green soft cheese of mare's milk was dropped; and quivering lumps of translucent fat cut hot and slimy from the tail of broad-tail sheep.

"They went through these episodes together with outward decorum, but it never revived the slightest confidence. Rather every new occurrence increased the contempt and hatred they felt for one another.

"Little things took on horrid significance. Rheum in the eyes in the morning; an unusual snort in blowing the nose; an unintentional sucking of the teeth—things beyond control and utterly silly filled them with mutual discomfort and disgust. They soon reached a stage where in the waterless tracts they were unable to wash for long periods. This of course is one of the things that people who gloat over the romance of adventurous travel leave out of their reckoning; nevertheless, it is a contingency over which you cannot triumph. They became, therefore, grossly filthy. The season having advanced, the night air in the higher altitudes became very cold and they were obliged to put on their sheepskin coats. These quickly became infested with vermin.

"Now the Mongols of course are always filthy. It is a racial characteristic. They satisfy their religious obligations of one bath a year by baring their heads if a chance flurry of mist scatters from the sky. But the white men had known each other in civilized or near-civilized settings, where they were well-groomed and clean, presenting themselves always in fresh and shining aspects. So, as they became more and more dirty, they resented it in their own case and despised it in the other. Each thought: 'I may be pretty bad. But I'm certainly not so filthy as he is!'

"And the flickering suspicion that perhaps the other entertained the same thought increased their rage. As they rode along they stole surreptitious and surly glances at one another and revolved subtle homicidal schemes in their minds.

"When they reached Lanchow-fu it seemed that only the lack of opportunity had prevented murder, so thoroughly did each resent the presence of the other. Fortunately in the Kansu capital they encountered some Europeans—priests of a French mission which had a station in that remote city.

"Both spoke French, and these priests entertained them joyfully, so that they tasted again some of the fruits and customs of civilization. Particularly they made themselves clean and procured new garments. Nevertheless, there was still no unbending in their personal relations.

"They saw each other again in decent array, acting with natural courtesy toward their hosts and entering into discussions that proved them to be still gentlemen in the eyes of others, familiar with the customs and conventions of the world; but the remembrance of all the little pettinesses of the desert trail was still monstrous in their minds. There still glowed an unalterable scorn. They believed they could never forgive or forget each other's despicableness. Their illusions had been completely shattered. On their next trip, by heaven, they would select each a different type of man for companion!

"Orders came unexpectedly by pony express, via Sigan-fu, to leave the remnants of their cargo with native agents in Lanchow-fu and return in all haste over the mountains before the approaching winter made the passes impracticable.

"Fresh ponies were therefore procured and they set out with great speed eastward toward the province of Shen-si, each pondering over private plans.

"Sometimes the marvelous little ponies accomplished fifty miles a day for several days in succession. It was a supreme test of endurance for men and beasts and all rose to it grandly, though indifferent to their achievement. They felt simply the desire to push on, and their resolution was strengthened by the constant thought that every day brought them nearer the end of their journey and the dissolution of a hated partnership.

"Their hate had now simmered down into a sullen indifference. Had one plunged over a cliff the other would hardly have turned in his saddle! They were done with each other!

"One evening as they entered a small mountain village and were inquiring their way to an inn they were told that another European was already in the village. They learned that this stranger was in the employ of their own company, the company that had sent them to the borders of Tibet. Thrilled and stimulated by this sudden contact with their old firm and the resumption of personal relations with old acquaintances they turned their ponies toward the inn and made off at a fast trot.

"Struck by a vague bashful curiosity that suddenly overtook them they stole glances at each other. The past lay behind them, though recollection had not yet been richened by ripening time. Nevertheless at the moment both came near forgetting the terrible bitterness that had very nearly made the long trip tragic.

"They reached the inn. Swerving abruptly through the great beamed gateway they entered the courtyard in a cloud of dust.

"A man rose as they entered, and taking his pipe reluctantly from his cracked lips stared at them with a sort of defiant welcome. His swarthy complexion intensified the lowering effect of his direct gaze. There was a slight suggestion of affected condescension in his gait as he walked slowly toward the newcomers. His heavy sheepskins exaggerated his swagger.

"Gay reined in his pony to steady it before dismounting; but the more impulsive Janssen swung lightly from his saddle, and walking quickly forward with outstretched hand exclaimed: 'I'm Janssen. We've just got back. We're on our way to Sigan.'

"'My nyme's 'Ammond,' said the stranger unexpectedly. 'Glad to see someone, I can tell yer! No bloomin' fun muckin' abaht this blinkin' plyce!'

"'Well, I'm glad to see you, Mr. Ammond,' said Janssen with enthusiasm.

"A shadow drifted across Hammond's face. His chin set aggressively.

"'Hi said m'nyme's 'Ammond!'

"The Dane was perplexed and embarrassed.

"'Yes. Quite. Well, I say I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Ammond.'

"'Strike me pink!' shouted Hammond with protruding eyes. 'Wot the blinkin' 'ell's the matter wiv yer? Eyn't yer got no ruddy hears? 'Ammond! 'Ammond! 'Ammond!'

"Janssen, growing hot with indignation at he knew not what, turned instinctively to his old friend and said quite naturally:

"'I say, old boy, what the devil's the matter with this chap? Is he mad?'

"Gay had dismounted. The full force of the brief conversation had struck him squarely. In a flash he had visualized himself in the center of Mongolia alone with Hammond! Instantly he realized what unappreciative fools both he and Janssen had been—what consummate asses!

"When Janssen's eyes fell upon his partner, therefore, the latter, overcome by the reaction of his emotions, was lying on his back in the dust of the inn yard, kicking his heels, spluttering, shrieking with laughter and gurgling between gasps: 'Strike me pink! Strike me pink! Strike me pink!'"

The traveler paused.

A cool gentle wind was blowing in from the water, sweet with the mingled perfume of the sea and fresh wet grass. All were aware of a peculiar tenseness at the conclusion of the parable, as though each found its personal application.

"So you see," added the traveler, lighting a fresh cigarette, "how lightly people may make fools of themselves and throw away the chances of happiness that are about them. If only we could realize it! Gay and Janssen of course again became the best of pals. But if they hadn't run into that blustering cockney and understood the possibilities ——"

A strange sound interrupted the traveler. One of the guests had risen to his feet, spluttering and stammering with indignation. Everyone was nonplused.

The traveler trying sardonically to identify him in the dark said: "What the deuce—who in the world are you?"

"My name's 'Am—— Hammersley! Blast you!" Turning to the rest of the company he added: "I can stand some things, but not straight insult. I'm orf!"

Upsetting a chair in his awkward haste, without another word to hostess or guests, muttering explosively, he left the veranda and disappeared in the house. Before anyone seemed equal to the occasion the sound of a motor was heard, and all knew that Hammersley was really off!

Shrill and guttural protests immediately broke forth. Opinions were aired. Indignation was variously expressed. The hostess was restrained but furious. Several expressed the idea that he had taken offense at the traveler's delineation of an Englishman. The traveler laughed.

"He was certainly born in London," observed the traveler. "But I assure you he's not a representative Englishman."

Two only failed to express opinions.

They were the husband and wife who had stood sponsor for the departed guest. Apparently overcome with mortification they had nothing to say. But as the company was breaking up each separately sought out the traveler.

The husband clasped his hand with expressive firmness and said: "I'm glad you agreed with my point. Your description was great! I want to thank you! Eh? Thank you very much!"

The wife was more gushing, possibly in an effort to overcome her embarrassment and mortification, though a more subtle reason was also added thereto.

"Your story was wonderful! Wonderful—and apt! People are inclined to be too unimaginative, I think—don't you? Things like that are so seldom brought home to one. And then, you know, people are so unappreciative! Oh, I want to thank you so much!"

The traveler acknowledged her compliments politely; then watched her as she left, leaning confidingly against her husband, new and false animation in her face as she prattled in his ear, and a heavy expression of contented possession on the face of her spouse.

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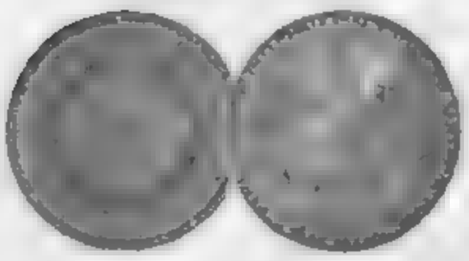

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OVERCOATS MACKINAWS FLANNEL SHIRTS INDIAN BLANKETS MOTOR ROBES BLANKETS

THE CAPTAIN

(Continued from Page 9)

He received an executive pardon, but they dropped him from the Army.

Several things happened immediately after that. Ike O'Brien, the wop cook, tried to whip the top sergeant, and failed dismally; the sergeant was a holy terror in a fight, and had any man in Company F been able to clean him he wouldn't have been holding his job. That's the kind of a company they were. But Ike did so well that the others almost forgave him the slum.

And Kibbey enlisted, though well over draft age—that's what he did. Moreover, he enlisted in the Blanks. Most men would have been content to sink out of sight, to slip off where nobody knew them and start over again. A few of sterner stuff might have enlisted, but it would assuredly have been in organizations which did not know of their disgrace and could not remind them of it daily, hourly, by a thousand unavoidable signs.

Kibbey possessed the finer grain. In the Blanks he had fallen, and in the Blanks he would win back his name. It meant deeper humiliation, but he was prepared for that. What weighed any humiliation his comrades could make him feel, against the bitter humiliation of his self-reproach?

So he enlisted, and they made him a runner at regimental headquarters.

Everybody wondered how the men of Company F would treat him the first time he met them as a private. As a general proposition the man in the ranks would ask nothing better of a kind heaven than a chance to settle scores with his platoon or company commander with the odds even; and if there were many Oskowitzes in Company F, now was their time to square accounts. They could browbeat Kibbey without fear of punishment beyond what he might be able to administer personally.

About a week after his enlistment the test came. Private Kibbey carried a message to the new commander of the company when it was in the line. The officer, who had never met him, scarcely glanced at Kibbey.

"All right," he said, after reading the note. "Wait outside somewhere. I'll have that report ready in twenty minutes."

"Yes, sir." Kibbey clicked his heels together and climbed into the trench.

It was about eleven o'clock in the morning, at which hour the Germans invariably opened up on the company kitchen and also sprayed round the captain's P. C. Therefore he did not remain in the open trench but descended into a dugout where the top sergeant and a bunch of men holed.

Some of them were shooting dice on the floor by candlelight. Two or three of the more industrious were engaged in cleaning their rifles. One was stalking cooties in his underwear. The others slept. Seated on a bench in front of a soap box was the sergeant, busily writing. He raised his head on hearing Kibbey come clattering downstairs, then sprang to his feet.

"'Ten-shun!"

Private Kibbey glanced round at the stiff, rigid figures and his face flamed. Were they mocking him? But surely that respectful silence was never intended for a cruel joke! One questioning look at the top sergeant's face and every doubt was dispelled. Kibbey gulped and turned pale as a sheet.

"Thanks, boys," he said brokenly and sat down.

Then here came Ike O'Brien, hotfoot from the kitchen, with coffee and doughnuts for the "capatin." Not that Ike was actually carrying them, for one Private Oskowitz performed that office; but the coffee was almost as warm as when it left the fire because Ike had taken the precaution to keep close to Oskowitz's heels with a pothook.

From that day not a man of Company F failed to stand at attention whenever Private Kibbey appeared. Not a man of them all but replied to him with "Sir." They might chivvy him about at headquarters like any other doughboy but to Company F he was still the captain.

It must have been fearfully hard on Kibbey during this period. Everyone knew his story and it made him a marked man. With fine delicacy the doughboys among whom he lived made it as easy as possible for him, but Kibbey was never a very approachable person at best, owing to his shyness, and with the weight of humiliation upon him he grew even more retiring. The boys would have welcomed him as a comrade and put him perfectly at ease; he could have become one of them, for being busted counts for nothing with them—they figure it's apt to happen to any man and the bulk of Company F, being new to soldiering, didn't take rank very seriously anyhow. Kibbey, however, never gave them an opportunity to get close. He worked like a red ant and held aloof—a solitary, grieving, broken-hearted man.

The officers of the Blanks were firmly convinced that it was only a question of weeks before Kibbey would get bumped off. No man could take the chances he took and come through. Once—twice—three times, perhaps; but the Lord can't take care of a fool forever, and Kibbey would try it once too often!

In his efforts to do some act which might win him a commission he did take appalling risks. The enemy made a raid on the Blanks just after they took over from another outfit, and telephone communication with the front line was absolutely cut off early in the bombardment. Nobody knew what was happening to two companies out there, and the Old Man raved.

"Fourteen ways of communicating with them, hey?" he stormed. "I guess those're only on paper! They're lost, I tell you! Don't seem to have even a rocket. We've got to reach 'em."

Kibbey penetrated twice through the barrage with messages, though "to attempt to do so seemed like certain death." He showed "an absolute disregard of danger" and "readiness to undertake any mission, however perilous. Although wounded in the abdomen, he refused to be evacuated, but volunteered to go through the barrage a third time with a message, and received medical aid only after he collapsed." The Old Man recommended him for a D.S.C., for "exceptional bravery and eagerness to face any peril," and in talking about it afterward swore even more than he was wont—which is saying a good deal. Also—but of this he did not drop a hint—he recommended Kibbey for a commission.

Kibbey went back to a hospital, where a nurse showed such kindness to him that he told her, in his weakness, a lot nobody in the regiment knew. She didn't take his view of the case at all and roundly denounced a certain girl's conduct as outrageous, selfish and shameful. Later she remarked to her chum, Kemp, that men like Kibbey always fell for hussies like that; and Miss Kemp replied it was queer how that kind of creature always picked the nice men too.

Kibbey did not blame the nurse—women are apt to be harsh judges of their sex, he reflected—but she did not understand. Nobody was to blame—not even the other fellow. It was simply that he, Kibbey, proved not to be the right man.

He rejoined the Blanks just before the Soissons fight in July, and got another wound and a second recommendation for a Cross. That was about the last paper the Old Man signed before leaving the regiment to take command of a brigade in another division.

"If it'd have the same effect on all my officers as it's had on that man," declared the colonel, breathing like a horse with the heaves, "I'd import a keg of the stuff and let 'em all load up."

The feat which called forth this tribute consisted of carrying in a major helpless from a shattered leg, under a hot machine-gun fire. The incident was never mentioned between them.

Kibbey took part in the capture of St. Mihiel, but nothing of special moment happened to him there. He came through without a scratch and was still a runner when the Blanks went into action in the Meuse-Argonne offensive in October. Somewhere at G.H.Q. reposed two recommendations for a D.S.C., and Washington was still considering the matter of his commission, if it had not already pigeonholed the papers; meanwhile he remained Private Kibbey, No. One Million and Something. The prized things of life are so easily lost, so terribly hard to win.

Chilly weather had set in. Transportation was short, as usual, and the regiment had to hike. The first day they hiked from an hour before dawn until eight that night, through rain and mud, along roads jammed with grinding trucks and guns and smoking slum carts and tanks and machine guns and infantry. Everything became hopelessly mixed up, as it always is in open warfare—artillery and engineers and signal corps and doughboys, medical outfits and supply trains and trench-mortar companies—and everybody demanding of everybody else: "Who the hell are you? What outfit's this?" Officers hunting for lost kitchens; a colonel bellowing to high heaven to know whether anybody had seen his third battalion, and where in blankety-blank-blank could it have strayed to?

Poor Kibbey carried messages until his knees shook under him, and then rallied to carry another at the double. About midnight he dropped on a bank beside the road, all in, and slept there in the rain, dreaming that he was warm. And when he woke in the bitter cold of dawn, with aching limbs and body racked with a chill, it was to pray that he might die and get out of it all.

He bummed a breakfast at a slum cart; it was the last hot meal he was to eat. For forty-eight hours he lived on a cake of chocolate. The chow failed to appear, and his iron ration proved to be uneatable. Gas had penetrated it while Kibbey, with an order for Major Biggar, whose battalion stuck obstinately to the wrong side of a hill, was wading through a small mustard-drenched valley.

Meanwhile the Blanks were fighting manfully for the objectives assigned to them, but fighting in vain. Both artillery and machine-gun fire swept them from either flank and when they advanced behind a barrage our own shells smashed into their line.

As he was dog-trotting laterally from left to right across the slope of a ridge to find out from the colonel why Company K did not maintain liaison Kibbey saw two men of an advancing wave killed by one of our own shells not thirty yards from him.

Kibbey Went Back to a Hospital, Where a Nurse Showed Such Kindness to Him That He Told Her, in His Weakness, a Lot Nobody in the Regiment Knew

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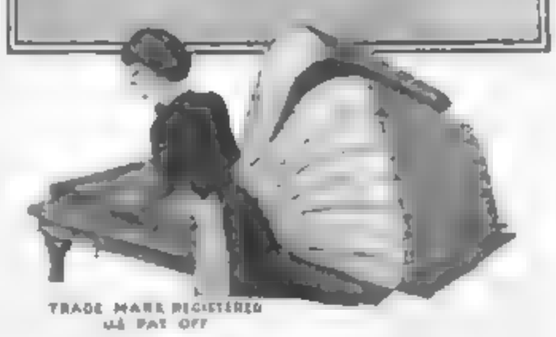

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"Say," yelled a doughboy, "they're shootin' short!"

"Then why don't you back up, you ignorant ——?" he bawled, for the mildest of men will cuss in the heat of battle. Evidently the thought had not occurred to them. The line moderated its pace until the barrage fell well ahead.

At another point in the advance he perceived a company moving slowly across a field against machine-gun nests, over the bodies of comrades. The dead lay in windrows, face downward toward the foe. As he watched, the fire grew so terrific that flesh and blood could not stand against it. Slowly they retired, never turning their backs, but facing the enemy; it was exactly as though an irresistible force were shoving them.

He found Major Biggar in a shell hole crouching over a map; a blanket supported by trench sticks stuck upright in the mud, formed an awning to protect it from the rain. Three or four soldiers sat outside the blanket, on the slope of the crater. Just as Kibbey slid down to join them they heard the screech of a shell and the doughboys made a dive to get under the blanket. The burst showed forty yards beyond, and the absurdity of such protection suddenly struck them. Everybody laughed. But men will instinctively seize any cover; a wild daisy is better than nothing.

"If we could put that damned nest out of business, we might be able to do something. It's holding up the whole show," fumed the major, resuming his study of the map, and Kibbey learned that Company F had failed to win their objective, with disastrous results to the entire operation.

"None of them came back?" the major continued. "And you haven't heard anything from them?"

"No, sir."

"Who didn't come back?" whispered Kibbey to a soldier.

"A bunch volunteered to clean it up, but that's the last we seen of 'em," was the reply.

It was no longer Private Kibbey, but the captain of Company F with the responsibility for all his men upon his shoulders, who now spoke up: "Let me try, sir."

"What could you do?"

"Give me a bag of grenades and you'll see."

They gave him a bag of hand grenades. Armed with these and his rifle, Kibbey set out.

Company F were hiding in a small wood like rats until they could reorganize for a fresh effort. The boche artillery was pounding the position with heavies. Trees toppled and crashed; geysers of dirt and sticks and stones spurted high in air. The doughboys huddled behind rocks and piles of logs and in the fresh shell holes, badly shaken from the terrible drubbing they had received, but ready to try again. They could have gone on against artillery—bad as it was there was a chance against it—but the objective lay beyond a wheat field bare of cover and a machine-gun nest had a clean sweep of every foot.

"It's suicide—plain suicide," declared the lieutenant who had succeeded to command of the company an hour before, after the captain was killed. "We're down to ninety men now—out of two hundred and forty. And the last bunch we sent out—seven of 'em—never showed up again."

Nevertheless, Kibbey went—and alone. How he managed to cross the field without drawing fire they never learned. Company F heard the whang of his first grenade; an interval, then the savage chatter of a machine gun followed by three grenade explosions. After that, silence. They waited for Kibbey to report, but he did not return.

"He's done for, sure," declared the lieutenant.

"Maybe he got 'em" the top sergeant suggested.

"We daren't risk it until we're certain. See if you can draw their fire."

They offered the enemy several fine targets, but not a shot came from the nest. The lieutenant thereupon organized an attack and led the company forward to their objectives, without encountering real resistance.

It was Ike O'Brien who found Kibbey. The cook had abandoned his pots to shoulder a rifle on learning that the battle was going against the Blanks, leaving to his assistants the job of getting up the chow; in more than one fight last year cooks and field clerks and every man in an outfit who could walk went into action.

Approaching a shell hole about ten yards from the machine-gun nest, Ike heard a feeble voice say: "Best keep out of here. There're four stiffs here already and I'll soon be another."

Four indeed; and one of them was Kibbey, with fourteen bullet wounds. The soldier still alive in the hole told the cook that Kibbey reached the spot without being detected and flung a grenade at the nest. It fell wide, and to make sure that the next went true, he had exposed himself above the rim. Though badly shot up, the soldier had handed the grenades to Kibbey, one by one. The Germans killed him as he threw the third.

"Gee, he was a game bird!" he said weakly. "I reckon I'm going west, too, don't you? Look—got it here—right through the stummick."

"Hell, no!" cried Ike, though the death pallor was already round the boy's lips. "You'll be sittin' pretty in a hospital mighty soon, ol'-timer."

Stumbling and panting the cook ran for aid. They carried the wounded man to a dressing station, but Kibbey's body they bore to the new company P. C., just established in the captured German position.

"It's the captain," he explained in a reverent whisper.

"Captain?" cried the lieutenant. "What're you talking about? This man was a runner."

Which is about all there is to Kibbey's story. They found an unmailed letter, sadly stained, in the breast pocket of his blouse. It was unsealed—anyhow, Ike O'Brien read it.

Of course it was to his girl—or rather, to her who had once been that. He did not reproach her; neither did he do any maudlin grieving.

The only sign he betrayed of the mortal hurt she had given was in the request that in the event of anything happening nobody should mourn for him.

"For I'm not half as afraid to die as I am to live. Many a time during this awful, horrible business, when I could hardly stand on my feet and the strain was breaking my nerve, I would have welcomed death—I've actually prayed for it."

"If he leava her the insurance," exclaimed Ike, sniffing as he read on, "I tear up this letter."

But he did not go to that length. The full amount of his insurance, and everything else he possessed, were bequeathed to a small brother living with an aunt in New Hampshire.

His old company buried Kibbey in a little cemetery behind a village church within sight of beetling Cornay Ridge. It is very quiet and peaceful there. He lies in an angle of the old stone wall. A willow whispers to him when a breeze stirs it, and the mellow evening light seems to linger above the spot.

The sexton tells of escorting two American officers to the grave not long after the armistice sent blessed silence over all the country. I happen to know that one was Lieutenant Dougherty, who devoted four days of his leave to the purpose. The other was Ike O'Brien, the wop cook.

"They made a noise with their heels like this," reported the sexton; "and saluted—*comme ça!* Then they strewed flowers they had brought. *Regardez!* They are still there. He must have been a very brave soldier, *hein, m'sieu?*"

Let no one pity him. For he won what he always sought. Not by any Act of Congress was he "officer and gentleman," but by gift of the men he had led. They placed a tiny wooden cross at the head of his grave, and on the cross:

CAPT. FRANK KIBBEY
KILLED IN ACTION OCT. 9, 1918

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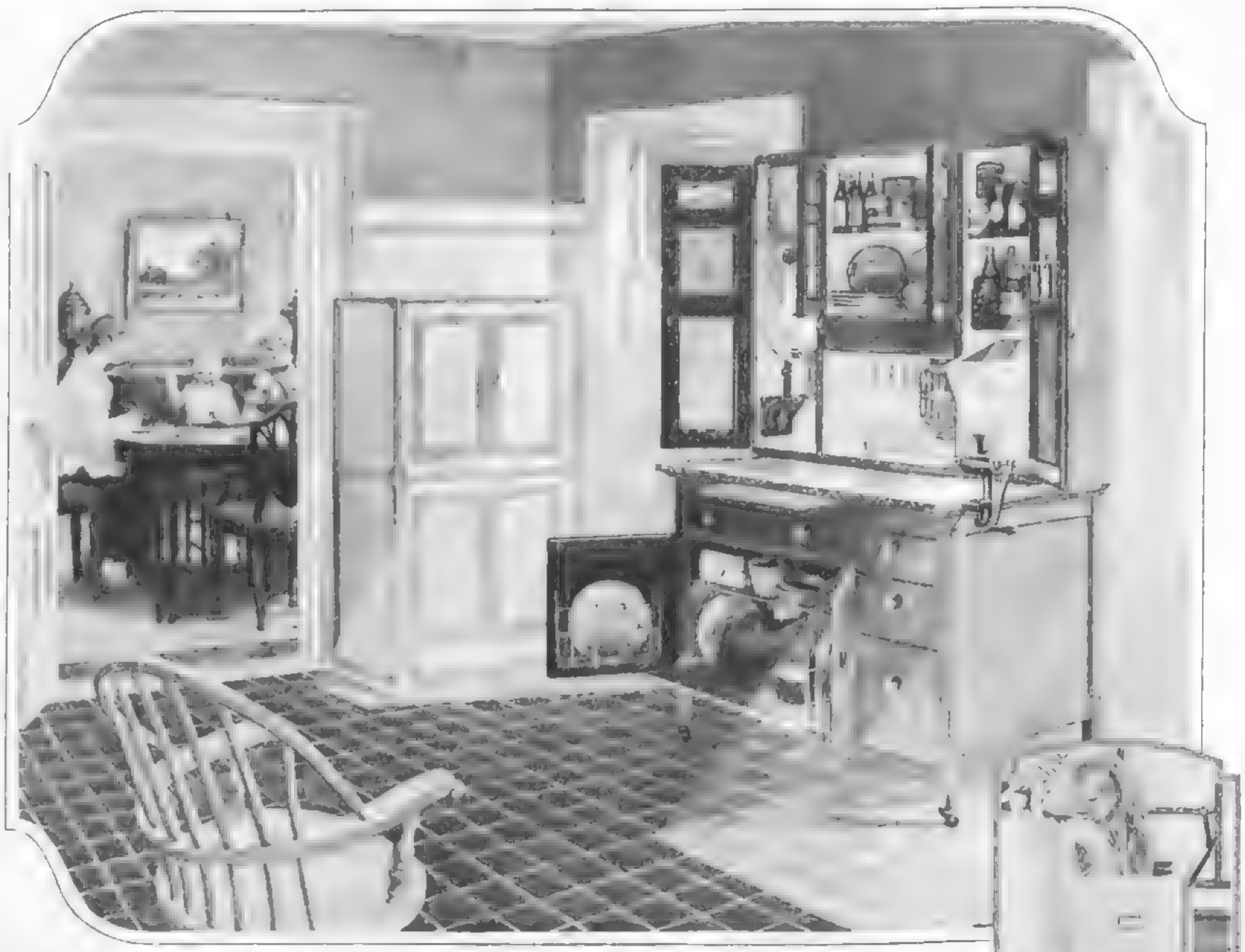

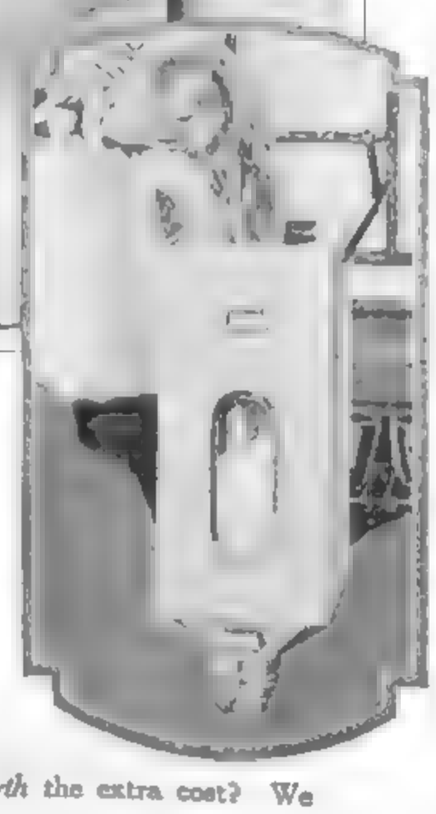

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For example, it costs us $52,000 extra each year to give you the wonderful Automatic Lowering Flour Bin (see illustration at right). But this great invention eliminates one of the biggest sore spots in the kitchen cabinet. It saves all dangerous climbing, lifting and straining when you fill the flour bin. The Automatic Base Shelf Extender costs us $9,000 extra each year; that is, *more* than the usual construction costs. But it adds immeasurably to the convenience. Then there is the Dust-proof Base Top underneath the beautiful Porceliron Work Table; the Ant-proof Casters; the Dovetail Construction; the Sanitary Glass Drawer Pulls; the Oil Hand-rubbed Finish. In all, these major improvements, which no woman would omit from her cabinet, cost us over $100,000 per year more than is customary. Are these long-wanted features *worth* the extra cost? We want you to judge.

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Judge for yourself whether any cabinet without these needed improvements can fully serve you. Sellers Cabinets are not expensive, as you might think. They cost no more than any good cabinet. This superior convenience costs you nothing extra, and most Sellers dealers will arrange terms to suit your income. Write for our "$100,000 Feature Book." It describes and illustrates Sellers Cabinets and clearly explains each improvement. We will mail a copy free upon receipt of your request.

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SELLERS

Kitchen Cabinets

"The Best Servant in your House"

(7A)

SENSE AND NONSENSE

A Delicate Question of Identity

COLONEL McRAE and Mr. Rhodes, two gray-haired, white-mustached, erect old gentlemen of Mississippi, lived in the same sizable community. They might have been taken for twin brothers, so closely did the one resemble the other. Indeed the favor was so striking that it was the occasion of frequent remark in the locality.

Then too their customary clothes were noticeably alike. From broad gaiter shoes to soft felt hats their dress was to all intents and purposes identical.

Woolly-pated Nelse, ex-slave and gentleman extraordinary, knew only one of the town's distinguished citizens, however—Colonel McRae. One day he stopped Mr. Rhodes on the street, mistaking him for the colonel, and lifting his tattered old hat with a flourish which indicated both humility and a consciousness of good breeding, he said with an assumption of great dignity: "Kunnnel McRae, ef hit's convenient, sah, I'd like to git de pay fur dat wood I tuck up to yo' house las' Chuseday, sah."

Mr. Rhodes, sensing fun, answered, "Why, uncle, I am not Colonel McRae."

"Say you ain't?" questioned the negro incredulously.

"No," said Mr. Rhodes, "I assure you that I am not the colonel. However, I am not unconscious of the compliment your mistake implies, and I thank you accordingly."

"Well, sah," continued the negro, "you sho do favor de kunnel. Ef you ain't him den you mus' be his paw."

"No," answered Mr. Rhodes with a gleam of merriment in his shrewd eyes, "I am not the colonel's father. On the contrary, uncle, he is my father."

"Say he is?" said the old darky, seemingly satisfied.

"Well, I thought, sah, dat you all mus' be one anudder's paw."

Now in the Next War——

"YES, an' d'yuh remember the morning after an all-night hike when we wakes up in Nesle Wood with that overdead Jerry layin' right alongside—an' no rations for twenty-four hours past?"

It was at a meeting of the Three-Ought-Zumpth Infantry veterans and as usual past grievances were to the fore.

"Do I! Gee! And how about the day we're up in the Argonne and my right hand's just been gummed up with a machine-gun bullet when some stiff back at headquarters wants me to sign a paper about allotments or somethin'!

"Oh, you can snatch it from me, bo, I'm off the infantry in the next war! Me for a job some place in the quiet sectors—say in the chemical-warfare line. In the next scrap I'm going to be a cross retort."

Epitaph for an Internationalist

HERE lies the body of John Smith. He was born an American; he died an Internationalist—that is to say, an enthusiast for all nations except his own.

He was constantly agitated lest his own country should grow too great, too prosperous, too proud.

His was the type of mind which education succeeds only in making turbid and cantankerous.

He did not believe in force—unless employed to supplant success by failure.

He hated war, unless for the purpose of imposing an untried scheme upon recalcitrants—then it must be pitiless.

He believed vaguely that there must be something fundamentally wrong with any system of government which has been found workable.

In political economy his notion was that the ideal wheel should have no hub; and that the direction of the vehicle should be decided by vote of the spokes.

He overflowed with sympathy for felons, bombers, jailbirds; but for the plodding honest citizen he had only a cynical smile.

All things foreign seemed to him admirable; all things at home undesirable.

As he decried patriotism as a selfish frailty; scorned national pride as weakness; spat upon flags, boundaries and homes ——

And as he craved to live the broader life free from vulgar acceptations of honor, courage and chivalry:

HERE HE LIES

In a land where his remains will not be disturbed by that vulgar acceptation of honor, courage or chivalry; where instead of a nation there is a flagless mob; where the wheel has no hub and the spokes vote early and often; where the last honest man was long ago murdered for his boots; where nobody is great, prosperous or proud:

REQUIESCAT IN PETROGRAD

FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 23)

exhaustively expressed my views on this subject in the aforementioned memorandum of March, 1897, as well as in my dispatches from Japan, I did not make any attempt at pressing them upon him again in a brief personal interview, considering that any such endeavor on my part would according to bureaucratic ethics be held to be an encroachment on the province of my successor at Tokio, and being convinced, moreover, that Mr. Iswolsky would very soon come to share these views and would not fail to take them up in his reports to the Foreign Department.

After a short stay at St. Petersburg and a farewell audience with the emperor, in the course of which Japan was not even mentioned, we left for our new destination—that is to say, Munich, by way of Warsaw and Vienna. The post of Munich being merely, so to speak, a post of courtesy, devoid of any business importance, we might have prolonged our stay at St. Petersburg for a couple of months but for our desire not to miss the celebrated Octoberfest—something like the national festival of Bavaria.

We arrived at Munich in the early morning of a beautiful autumnal day. Having seen my family comfortably installed in the Continental Hotel, which in those days was the favorite hostelry of Bavarian swelldom and traveling royalties, I went out for a walk, just for exercise, without any particular object in view. Puffing away at my cigar and lost in thoughts thousands of miles away from Bavaria and Europe I hardly knew where I was going and suddenly raising my eyes found myself in an open space with in front the Propylæa, and at the left and right buildings in the classical Greek style. The thought flashed through my mind: "This is not Munich it's Athens." It was a curious confirmation of the truth of the saying: "Coming events cast their shadows before"—for exactly a year later we arrived at Athens, the only difference being that it was late at night and it was raining cats and dogs.

I shall not attempt to give a description of this beautiful and interesting town with its narrow streets and medieval architecture in the old parts and beautiful avenues and fine modern buildings in the new part, interspersed with such samples of Greek classical style as the Propylæa or the Pinakothek and Glyptothek which had evoked in my mind's eye the image of Athens, though I had never before seen that city so poetically called the "City of the Violet Crown." But when I look back these nineteen years and recall my first impressions of Munich it seems to me almost incredible—though I have seen with my own eyes what a pathetic wreck human madness could make of the magnificent capital of a once mighty empire—that this beautiful capital of all the arts and sciences with its staid, laborious and well-disciplined population should have become the theater of such events as Spartacide riots, sanguinary street fights and the installation of a soviet government, that insane device of Russian Bolshevism.

Shortly after my arrival I had my audience with the prince regent for the presentation of my letters of credit. Prince Luitpold had been governing Bavaria as regent ever since his nephew, King Ludwig II, had been declared insane, as well as after his mysterious death by drowning in the Stahrenberg Lake, when his brother, likewise mad and confined in one of his castles, had nominally succeeded him on the throne. The prince regent was a very old man but hale and hearty, and a great chamois hunter, with the exquisite manners of a *grand seigneur* of the *ancien régime*. He governed his kingdom constitutionally with level-headed wisdom and discretion, and as far as I could judge to the entire satisfaction of his people, with whom he was fairly popular, though strange to say their enthusiastic love was still faithful to the memory of mad King Ludwig in spite of his having done everything to ruin the state by his insane extravagance and mania for building palaces and castles. One could watch manifestations of this curious trait of the popular character at moving-picture shows when at the close of the performances the usual loyal counterfeit presentments would appear on the screen; that of the Emperor William always being received in dead though respectful silence, that of the regent being greeted with perfunctory applause, but that of King Ludwig never failing to evoke outbursts of manifestly sincere enthusiasm.

We had not long to wait for the famous Octoberfest. It takes place in a vast open space on the confines of the town in front of the colossal statue of Bavaria. A pavilion is erected in the center for the accommodation of the royal family, the diplomatic body and the ministers of state. That was where we were to be presented to all the numerous princes and princesses of the royal house, thus obviating the necessity of special separate audiences with each one of them. The center of attraction for the masses seemed to be the arrival, one after the other, of the various princely turnouts, which were greeted with graduated applause according to the degree of popularity of their owners. On this occasion the most enthusiastic applause fell to the lot of Prince Louis Ferdinand, a practicing physician, and his wife, a Spanish princess, who came in an old-world Spanish state coach drawn by a team of Spanish mules. The whole thing was a combination of country fair, cattle show and race meeting for the peasantry, who galloped along quite informally on a kind of primitive race track. The all-pervading atmosphere was one of cheery good nature abundantly sustained by libations of the famous Munich beer.

Munich is quite, or used to be, the center of the German art world. Most of the noted painters and sculptors live and have their studios in what they like to call the German Athens. One of the means by which the aged prince regent had known how to acquire a wide popularity in the world of artists and savants in his capital is the care he would take to pay periodical visits to the studios not only of the celebrated but even to those of the more or less obscure painters and sculptors, and the frequent dinner invitations he used to shower on them and the scientific luminaries of the university. The fortune of the royal house being greatly embarrassed through the financial follies of mad King Ludwig and part of the civil list serving to pay off his enormous debts, the prince regent, who personally was not rich, was allowed by the state a certain sum to cover daily dinners of a dozen or so covers, to which he was in the habit of asking painters, sculptors or professors, the lists of his dinner guests being published in the papers the following day. In this way everyone would have at least once the honor of being the guest at the royal table and having all his friends appraised of the fact the next day.

Everything belonging to the court was kept in perfect state in spite of the embarrassed condition of the royal finances, as we had occasion to convince ourselves directly after the Octoberfest, when we were invited to witness in the chapel of the castle the ceremony of the marriage of the present King of the Belgians to the Duchess Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke Charles Theodore, of Bavaria, the celebrated oculist, and

Pipe-Smokers are Concentrated Thinkers

Authors are heavy smokers and notably heavy pipe-smokers.

Why?

Well, for one reason, because they have to do so much highly concentrated thinking.

As one author once put it, "I smoke to keep me from thinking."

That sounded sleeveless, but it turned out to be a perfectly sound habit. When he ran into a snag in his work, he thought hard for a time to get past it, then if he failed, he automatically picked up his pipe, lighted it and began calmly to smoke.

He appeared lazily to be dodging the issue, only he wasn't. He was merely relaxing in preparation for a fresh attack.

While lighting his pipe, he ceased to worry his fagged mind with the problem perplexing it.

Presently his rested mind swung back on that subject with a refreshed clearness not to be stopped.

The reason why so many highly concentrated thinkers are pipe-smokers is that they work so much better after the temporary relaxation that a pipeful of the right tobacco affords them.

It has to be the tobacco that just suits them or else they go up against certain other petty irritations that keep a troubled mind from relaxing completely.

The petty irritation of not having just the tobacco you want never seems at these times like a petty irritation at all.

It seems like the last straw.

To secure the kind of smoking tobacco that just suits you is not always the easiest thing in the world to do.

Individual tastes differ so widely.

Many men have found that Edgeworth is the tobacco that just suits them. That may be the pipe-tobacco that just suits you, and then again—well, it may not be.

Would you like to learn?

Merely send us upon a postcard your name and address, together with that of the dealer usually supplying your smoking needs, and we will despatch to you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Then you can try it and judge it in your leisure, quite at your own convenience.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then cut by keen knives into thin, moist slices. You rub a slice for a moment between your hands. You have an average pipe-load.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed arrives ready to be poured right from can to pipe. It packs splendidly; it burns freely, evenly, to the very bottom of the bowl.

For the free samples, which we should be glad to have you judge, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE
SMOKING TOBACCO

sister of the Princess Rupprecht, since deceased. The diplomatic body was accommodated with seats in the choir from where we could watch the arrival of the procession headed by the prince regent and King Leopold of the Belgians, who had arrived from Brussels by special train just in time to be present at the ceremony, after which, apparently not being on good terms with Prince Luitpold, he left immediately so as not to be present at the formal wedding breakfast.

At the close of the religious ceremony a court functionary conducted us downstairs and placed us in the hall in a position from which we could see the procession on its return from the chapel descending one monumental staircase and mounting another leading to the interior apartments of the royal palace. When the young couple, handsome and radiantly happy, leading the procession, appeared at the head of the stairs, a hidden orchestra struck up and played softly Elsa's Wedding March from Lohengrin, and as the procession, preceded by Court functionaries, the ladies' trains being borne by pages in blue and white, moved slowly and silently down the stairs lined by the stalwart men of the traditional bodyguard called *hartschiere* in medieval costumes of blue and silver and shining armor, it was like a scene from fairyland in its poetic beauty.

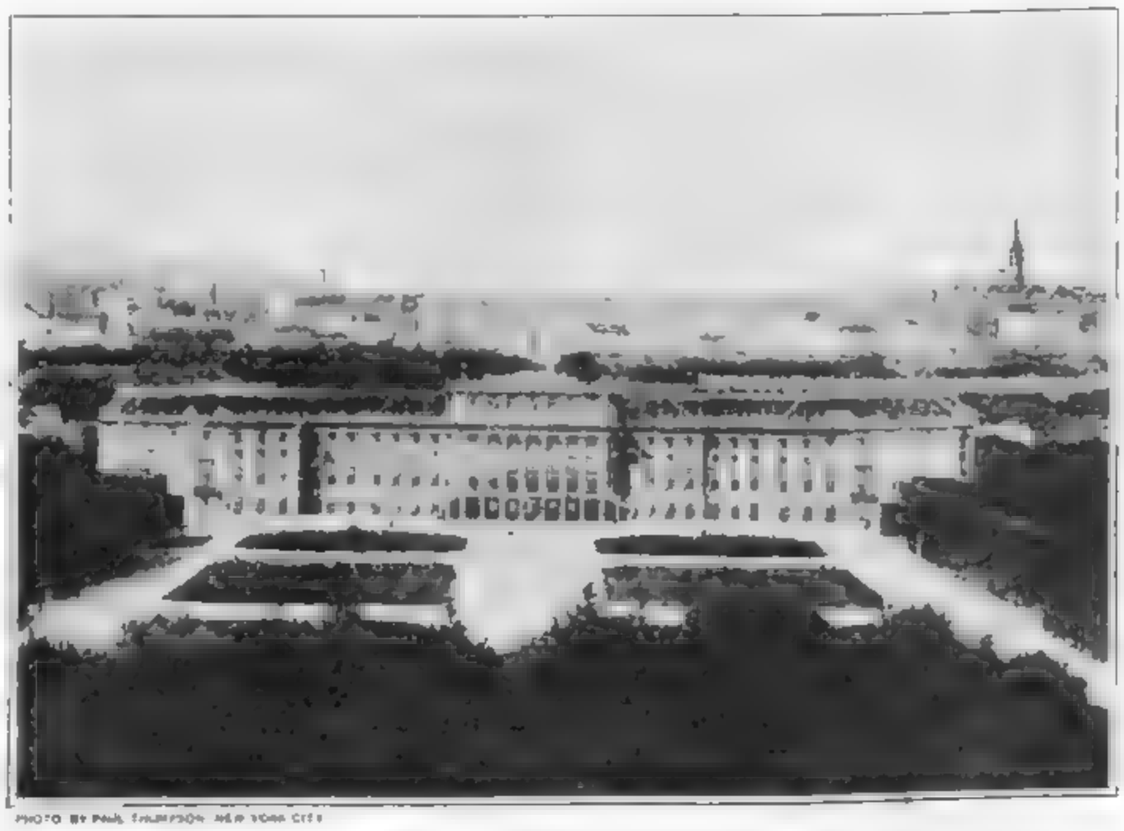
It was my first experience of life in Germany, not counting the three weeks I had spent in Doctor Pagenstecher's clinic at Wiesbaden, and a day or two at Berlin on the way to or from Paris, and I was greatly interested in sensing the social and political atmosphere. Having merely a book or newspaper knowledge of life in North Germany, or rather Prussia, I had no criterion by which I could have determined precisely in what respect it differed from life in the southern part of the country, whose population is perhaps of purer Teuton stock than the Prussians, Pomeranians or Mecklenburgers, who must have absorbed no small amount of admixture of the blood of the Slav aborigines. This may perhaps account for the differentiation in the characteristics in the two branches of the same nation. There is, however, one thing that strikes even a superficial observer, and that is the strong dislike Bavarians feel for their Prussian countrymen, a dislike they are at no pains to conceal.

Nor was there much love lost between the courts of Munich and Berlin. The Wittelsbach dynasty, reigning in Bavaria, counted among their ancestors wearers of the imperial crown of the "Holy Roman Empire of German Nationality" when that crown was an elective one, and they were said to be inclined to look upon the Hohenzollerns as upstarts.

Personally the Emperor William was certainly not popular in Bavaria, for which he had mostly himself to blame. For instance, on one of his state visits to Munich, when asked to inscribe his name in the Golden Book of Royal Visitors at the City Hall, he had written above his signature the following sentence: "*Suprema lex regis voluntas.*" He evidently failed to realize that the ostentatious parading of similar medieval ideas of kingship might not please a people who for many decades already had been accustomed to live under a moderate but nevertheless real constitutional régime.

And then again, an incident that occurred during my short stay in the Bavarian capital: The lower house of the Bavarian Parliament had for some reason failed to vote an appropriation of a hundred thousand marks for a patriotic object—an addition to the building of the national museum, I believe, or some similar object—whereupon the Emperor William had immediately sent a telegraphic message to the prince regent expressing the profound indignation he felt on learning of the unpatriotic action of the Bavarian Chamber, and offering to place the required sum at the regent's disposal out of his own funds. This tactless offer, inspired evidently by the kindest intentions, naturally hurt the feelings of the legislators accused of want of patriotism; nor did the prince regent or, for the matter of that, the Bavarian people enjoy being treated as poor relations in need of charitable assistance. The prince regent was, however, able to reply immediately, thanking the emperor for his kind intention and adding that one of the peers of his realm had already made good the deficiency in the appropriation voted by the Chamber of Deputies. This little incident provoked no end of sarcastic comments in society and in the press, and did not add to the emperor's very limited popularity in the country.

Berlin being naturally the center of the political life of united Germany, Munich might justly claim to be to some extent the capital of German art and letters and science. There seems to be something in the social atmosphere of Munich in which devotees of art and science find it easier to breathe than in the stifling air of the northern capital, where the military and bureaucratic elements are supreme. The same attraction and the same repulsion seemed to influence likewise the highest ranks of the German aristocracy—that is to say, the so-called "mediatized nobility," who had been holding sovereign power and rank in their sometimes even very small possessions, and to whom the Congress of Vienna in 1815 in depriving them of their sovereign powers had granted the right of equality of birth with actually reigning houses. Many of the leading families of the mediatized nobility had their town residences in Munich, adding luster and distinction to the social life of the southern capital.



Palace of Emperor Francis Joseph, Vienna

It would, however, be a mistake to conclude from the unquestionably existing differentiation in the social as well as political atmosphere as between South and North Germany that the governments and populations of South Germany would go in for what Germans call "particularism," as far as to entertain really separatistic tendencies. That was one of the erroneous impressions upon which were based the calculations of Napoleon III's diplomacy in opposing and trying to block the way of German unification, a policy which led to the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War.

As there was nothing in particular to do at Munich, and I was entitled to a three months' leave of absence, we left after the usual reception at court on New Year's Day and went to spend the rest of the winter and early spring on the beautiful shore of the Lake of Geneva near our former home at Vevey. On our return to Munich we busied ourselves house hunting for our definite installation in that capital, where I supposed my sojourn would be a very prolonged one, considering that not being in favor at our Foreign Department my chances of promotion in the service were slender indeed. For the coming summer we had rented a charming villa belonging to the father of the present Queen of the Belgians, in the mountain country surrounding the beautiful Lake of Tegernsee. We had barely established ourselves and spent there a couple of weeks when I received a telegram from Count Lamsdorff asking me in most obliging terms whether I would be willing to accept the post of Athens, which had just become vacant through the sudden death of Mr. Onou, our minister there. Considering that this offer was evidently meant as a kind of reparation for my undeserved recall from Japan, because the legation at Athens ranked in our service higher than the other legations in Europe, due to the fact that the Queen of Greece was a Russian grand duchess, I could but accept the offered post in spite of the personal inconvenience and considerable expense entailed by a new change of residence.

When I had my farewell audience with the prince regent he expressed in most gracious terms his regret at our departure, but said that he was also sorry to find that of late the legation at Munich seemed to have become in the eyes of our diplomacy merely a stepping-stone to something better. He had some reason, by the way, for being a little touchy on the subject of our diplomatic representation, which had for a time been entirely abolished for motives of economy, and had been reëstablished only at the request of Prince Bismarck, who was always most anxious to spare the susceptibilities of the Bavarian court. The prince regent took pains, however, not to make us feel his displeasure and came the next day to our hotel bringing with him a large photograph in an artistic frame which with true old-world gallantry he insisted on carrying upstairs himself to present to my wife.

XX

ON ARRIVAL at St. Petersburg I found that I was not expected to join my new post before the return of the king, who was spending his usual summer vacation in Denmark and France and whose arrival at Athens was not expected before the end of October. This left us plenty of time to go to Paris and attend to the complicated business of preparing for our removal to Athens, which included the necessity of completely furnishing from top to bottom the house which the government was renting for the accommodation of the legation and where only the bare walls were ready to receive us.

In the beginning of October we returned to St. Petersburg and started from there for Athens by way of Vienna and Triest, where we embarked on an Austro-Hungarian Lloyd steamer which after touching at some way ports, as far as I can remember, landed us safely at Patræ, a small port on the north coast of the Peloponnesus. From there we reached Athens by rail, crossing the Canal of Corinth over a bridge high enough for allowing the passage under it of the necessarily small craft which use the very narrow and I suppose rather shallow canal.

We had landed at Patræ in a rainstorm and all the way we had atrocious weather, which may have affected my disposition and made me take a gloomy view of things. Thus, when our train stopped at the station of Corinth, and I could see from afar what appeared to be a wretched hovel standing on the very site of the magnificent city which ages ago had been one of the glories of the ancient world, I could not fight off the gloomiest reflections on the perishable nature of all human achievements and on the almost complete disappearance of the material monuments of the proudest and most refined civilization mankind had ever known, a fate which may be in store for our own as well.

We arrived at Athens late at night and went to the Hôtel Grande Bretagne, where rooms had been prepared for us and where we stayed until our departure, in June of the following year, as our furniture had not arrived in time to allow us to take up our residence in the legation building. However, mine host Lampsa and his very amiable and accomplished wife, a French lady, made us very comfortable indeed, so that we had no reason to regret not having been able to move into our own house. I am glad of the occasion to express here to this worthy couple my sincere gratitude for the kind attention they showed my wife and daughter when they returned to Athens in the second year of the great war after they had been obliged hurriedly to leave Paris, where we had established our household after my recall from Washington at the time of the threatening approach of the enemy to Compiègne.

The Hôtel Grande Bretagne stands in the Place de la Constitution, and from its windows one has a good view of the royal palace on the left, and on the right, in the distance, of the rock of the Acropolis, whose outline as seen from the windows of my room in the hotel bears a striking resemblance to the profile of Gladstone—after Lord Byron the most popular Englishman—whose name will always be gratefully remembered by the Greek people as that of the statesman who made restitution to Greece of the Ionian Islands, which for half a century—for their own good, be it said—had been under British rule.

A week or so after our arrival we were startled by the outbreak of something like a revolution on a small scale, provoked by the most extraordinary of causes and initiated by the people whom one would have least suspected of being inclined to organize a popular uprising for such a cause. The facts of the case were as follows: Queen Olga, who was, as mentioned above, by birth a Russian grand duchess, a niece of Emperor Alexander II, was, though most loyally attached to the country of her adoption, nevertheless a great Russian patriot, and on that account rather unpopular in Greece. She was a most kind-hearted woman and entirely devoted to all works of charity, especially to the care of the sick and wounded. During the Greco-Turkish War she had been naturally a daily visitor to the military hospitals, and in trying to read the Gospels to the wounded soldiers she had noticed that the language of Holy Scripture, which was the classical ancient Greek, was quite unintelligible to the men. As there was no translation of the Bible into modern Greek in existence, the queen determined to have such a translation made by duly qualified ecclesiastics, and to have it published for the benefit of the masses of the people, to whom ancient classical Greek is a closed book.

She had naturally consulted the metropolitan archbishop of Athens, who had not only unreservedly approved the queen's plan but had even, if I am not mistaken, actively supervised the work of translation.

Apparently there was nothing in this work, undertaken entirely and exclusively in the interest of the people, that could have furnished ground for malevolent criticism, let alone open dissatisfaction and revolt. But, strange as it may seem, the publication of the translation of the Gospels into modern Greek excited the patriotic indignation of the university students to an extraordinary degree against the queen and the metropolitan archbishop, as the authors of such a profanation of what was held to be the palladium of Hellenism—that is to say, the original text of the Gospels as written by their authors in the ancient Greek.

(Concluded on Page 88)

Guaranteed Tensile Strength 1½ Tons Per Square Inch

Pennsylvania AUTO TUBE "TON TESTED"

Unusually strong stock goes into the "Ton Tested" Tube—all detrimental foreign substances are removed *before* it is calendered. It therefore is not subjected to the harmful, weakening effects of working over or re-running.

As a result of this stock purity, slow leaks and other annoying troubles encountered in ordinary tubes are entirely absent from the "Ton Tested" Tube.

Exceptional strength, toughness, and wear-resistance are thus acquired, eliminating the ordinary causes of blowouts.

Guaranteed tensile strength 1½ tons per square inch. Unaffected by extremes of heating up and cooling down. Impervious to the effects of light and air exposure—can be carried indefinitely as a "spare."

A Pennsylvania quality product at the price of mediocre tubes.

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PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY, Jeannette, Pa.

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(Concluded from Page 86)

It appears, besides, that at the same time one of the Athenian sensational newspapers, To Asti, had begun the publication of the Gospels in a translation of its own and printed in that part of its paper which in Continental European news sheets is called *feuilleton* and is mostly reserved for literary productions in a lighter vein—a proceeding which indeed deserved to be called a profanation. The queen having been the originator of the idea of having the Gospels translated into modern Greek, the publication of the translation was attributed to Russian or Panslavist intrigues against Greek supremacy over the Orthodox populations in the East, and the streets resounded with shouts of "Down with Olga!" "Down with Russia!" "Long live the king!"

Mild rioting continued for three days. I call it "mild" because its manifestations were mostly limited to formidable-sounding vociferations by seemingly infuriated crowds without any damage being done to life or property. The whole garrison, however, was on foot, including artillery, part of it guarding the royal palace, being lined up along the boulevard between the palace and the Place de la Constitution. I had to traverse the cordon of troops stationed there every day in order to reach the office of the legation in the street behind the palace, and had no difficulty whatsoever in doing so, though I had no pass or permit to show, and as a newcomer could hardly have been known to any of the officers in command of the troops. Altogether, a certain amount of good nature seemed to prevail, to which I could testify from personal experience. Nothing of an alarming nature happening, I saw no reason why I should interrupt my official round of calls on my colleagues, and it so happened that in order to reach one of the foreign legations I had to cross one of the main streets filled with a ferociously howling mob.

My cabby dashed at a gallop right into the crowd, and nothing daunted by their wild shouts of indignation turned round to me with a broad grin and said in broken French: "Never mind them, monsieur; their howls are not against you but against Minister Theotokes."

The Premier's Resignation

The queen continued her daily drives in an open landau accompanied only by her lady in waiting on the road leading to the Piræus, where she was in the habit of visiting the Russian hospital, one of her charitable foundations; and to the credit of the populace of Athens let it be said, she could quite safely drive through the streets filled with the hostile crowds, who would always let her pass in respectful silence. I have since had some experience with so-called bloodless revolutions and would not wish even my worst enemy to have to witness one; but if what I saw of the rioting on that occasion is to be dignified by the sinister name of revolution I would not mind so much seeing another one myself—in Athens, of course.

However, on the third day the troops, probably thoroughly tired of their long inactivity and defenseless exposure to the jeers of the rabble, were ordered to fire a volley, with the result that six or seven innocent bystanders were killed, one of whom fell dead at the feet of a twelve-year-old boy whom his father, one of my colleagues, had taken out to see the fun and who paid for his curiosity with a bad attack of hysteria.

One of the curious features of these riots I had occasion to notice during these three days was the presence, sometimes in the thickest of the trouble, of numbers of babies in perambulators attended by their excitement-loving nurses.

The funeral of the victims of the shooting took place the same evening, the corpses being carried in open coffins past our hotel on the way to the palace, presumably to be paraded before the eyes of the king.

The next day perfect quiet was restored and the whole affair ended with the resignations of the prime minister and of the metropolitan archbishop, who had sanctioned the translation of the original text of the Gospels into modern Greek.

It must be noted also that the events of these troubled November days, though implicating in a measure the responsibility of the queen, in no way impaired the popularity of the king. Shouts of "Long live the king!" were mostly intermingled with cries of "Down with Olga!" When in speaking of the king I used the word "popularity" I was perhaps slightly stretching a point. He was too much of a typical, blue-eyed, blond-haired Norseman, not only in appearance but also in his whole mental make-up, ever to have become a really popular figure among a people of a southern race. He also disdained all such cheap devices of popularity catching as, for instance, his predecessor's—King Otho, who was a Bavarian prince—habit of wearing sometimes the supposedly Greek but really Albanian national costume with white leggings and a fluted short white petticoat, which made him look like a great burly red-bearded ballet girl. But King George unquestionably enjoyed the highest esteem and the fullest confidence of the nation, which could not but recognize the invaluable services he had been able to render to his adopted country, thanks to his intimate family connection with the reigning dynasties of Russia and Great Britain as brother-in-law of Emperor Alexander III and King Edward.

Relations With Greece

At the time of my arrival at Athens the memory of the recent Greco-Turkish War had apparently been more or less obliterated, and the fact seemed to have been thoroughly forgotten that it was Russia's ultimatum to Turkey which had arrested the triumphal march on Athens of victorious Edhem Pasha and had saved Greece from the horrors of a Turkish invasion. Popular feeling seemed to be decidedly unfriendly to Russia, to some extent, no doubt, as a result of the part our government had taken in the curious muddle the Great Powers had made of the settlement of the Cretan question in attempting to conciliate Turkish claims with the national aspirations of the Greeks. In this question, as in every other connected with Near Eastern politics, the traditional rivalries among the Great Powers played the same baleful part that for so long had served merely to bolster up Turkish domination over subject Christian races, and it was but natural that Russia's participation in policies antagonistic to Greek national aspirations should have appeared in the eyes of the Greek people as a particularly odious betrayal of a long-suffering and helpless coreligionist.

In a confidential letter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs I took the liberty of pointing out that none of our political interests could possibly be served by an attitude that could not but alienate the sympathy of the Greek people, the same people who in the hour of our need at the time of the Crimean War had stood by us and had at grave risk to their own country sent a brigade of volunteers to fight in the ranks of our army; a people who, though they could call but a small territory their own, represented Hellenism—that is to say, a very great ideal and cultural force in the whole Near East, which could not by any means be treated as a negligible quantity. I further called attention to the fact that the change in the attitude of the Greek people toward Russia dated back from the time in the seventies of last century, when in order to favor the political interests of our Bulgarian protégés we deliberately provoked a schism in the Orthodox Greek Church by giving our powerful support to the severance of the Bulgarian Church from the Ecumenical Patriarchate of Constantinople. The Greeks could never forgive us an action which they interpreted as a desire on our part to undermine their supremacy over the Orthodox populations in the Orient. Lastly, I suggested that a day might come when perhaps we would be but too glad to welcome the support of Hellenism as a counterpoise to Bulgarian preponderance in the Balkan Peninsula.

My advocacy of the discontinuance of our opposition to the annexation of Crete to the Greek Kingdom as the only logical and rational solution of the Cretan question may have been attributed to a desire on my part to ingratiate myself with the Greek court and government though, of course, neither of them could possibly have had any knowledge of it, as my confidential correspondence was always forwarded by courier. All I know is that it remained resultless.

The most interesting personality in Athens was unquestionably King George, with whom I had the honor of being brought into closer contact than my colleagues—except the British Minister, whose wife, Lady Egerton, née Princess Lobanoff-Rostovsky, was a special favorite of the queen—owing to the circumstances that Queen Olga as a great Russian patriot never failed to attend the numerous lunches and dinners which were constantly being given in her honor on one or the other of the vessels of our Mediterranean squadron, one of which was always stationed at the Piræus. On these occasions the queen was usually accompanied by the king, and in this way I had many a chance for private and quite informal chats with His Majesty.

I remember that one beautiful spring day, after a copious lunch on board our flagship, the king asked me to come with him on the bridge as he wanted to show me some object—I forget what—of interest in the harbor. Having done so he turned round and pointing out to me the new part of the town he said that all that part of the Piræus, which was now worth millions, had been nothing but a hopeless-looking dreary waste when he first arrived in his kingdom, and that he could have bought it up for a few thousand drachmas. To my rather indiscreet inquiry why, then, he had not jumped at such a rare chance for a magnificent real-estate speculation he laughingly replied: "To begin with, I hadn't the cash"; and added in a serious tone: "To tell you the truth, I did not know how long I was going to stay in Greece."

Then he went on to tell me how, as a mere boy of sixteen or seventeen, having been elected to the throne of Greece after the expulsion of King Otho, he had arrived in his new kingdom among total strangers, whose very language he did not understand, with nobody of his own people to counsel and support him, and how he had spent his first night in the royal palace, which he found absolutely bare of every vestige of furniture except a camp bed and a cane chair, on which he placed his watch and his revolver, in the great throne room where he had given me audience for the presentation of my letters of credence.

I could only express my profound admiration for the wonderful success the king had achieved in his reign of nearly forty years. Aside from such advantages as he derived from his family connections his success was entirely due to his personal qualities, his liberal mind, his dispassionate, always level-headed judgment, his knowledge of men and consummate skill in handling them.

I must confess I was very much under the charm of his extremely winning personality and never enjoyed anything so much as my occasional long and always most interesting and illuminating conversations with the king.

With the beginning of spring the court was in the habit of retiring to Tattoi, a property not far from Athens, which the king had acquired for a summer residence and where he had laid out a large park of which he was very proud and which he liked to show personally to visitors.

Royal Entertainment

The chiefs of foreign legations with their wives would every now and then be invited, each legation in its turn, to spend the day at Tattoi, when the program always followed consisted of luncheon with Their Majesties in the garden, a siesta in the rooms reserved for guests; at five P. M. a drive round the park lasting exactly one hour, the king himself driving in the front seat of the *char-à-bancs* with the minister by his side and the queen occupying the back seat with the minister's wife; and finally tea with the royal family in the château, and return by rail to Athens. The great attraction at these outings to the royal summer residence was the occasion they offered for a very long and undisturbed conversation with the king on every subject under the sun as the fancy would strike him.

On one such occasion I remember a conversation after luncheon in the garden at Tattoi when the queen, who always has had a tender spot in her heart for our navy, of which her father, the Grand Duke Constantine, had been the grand admiral, and who took a lively interest in the state of affairs in the Far East, where our fleet was naturally expected to take an active share in events in case of war, asked me what I thought of the political situation in that part of the world.

I replied that I had no doubt that unless we abandoned our aggressive policy in Korea we should in the near future find ourselves engaged in an armed conflict with Japan, the issue of which, I apprehended, would spell disaster for us, considering that we did not seem to make any adequate preparations for meeting such an eventuality. This casual expression of opinion turned out to have much impressed the queen and caused her to report it to whom it most concerned, a circumstance which stood me in good stead later on, as will be seen in one of the following chapters of these reminiscences.

In the beginning of June our furniture began to arrive and we were kept busy preparing our house for occupancy in the winter. When the heat became unbearable in the beginning of July we made up our minds to spend the summer somewhere in the Swiss mountains. I procured a three months' leave of absence and we started on our journey from the Piræus in an Italian steamer which took us round Cape Matapan, on the southern extremity of the Peloponnesus, to Corfu and, touching at Brindisi and Ancona, finally to Venice. We arrived there in the morning of the thirteenth of July.

Having made a sight-seeing excursion in one of the lugubrious black floating coffins they call gondolas we went to dine at the Quadri restaurant on the Piazza di San Marco, and after dinner we had a look at the famous Campanile. In walking round the monument we noticed some cracks in the walls, which did not seem very unnatural in a building that had been standing for so many centuries, and without giving the matter a second thought we sat down on one of the benches in the piazza to listen to the brass band, which had just struck up a lively tune. However, the band suddenly stopped playing and went away, another circumstance to which we paid no attention and of the meaning of which we did not learn till the next day from the afternoon papers. Being rather tired we followed the band's example and went home to our hotel.

The Fall of the Campanile

The next morning—it was the fourteenth of July, the date of the fall of the Bastile—I went out early to have my coffee on the Piazza di San Marco. Having bought a copy of the Paris Herald, and while I was duly studying the snobs column sitting at a table in the open in front of the Café Florian with my back turned to the Campanile I was startled by a sinister crackling sound which made me turn round, and I saw the Campanile not falling but settling down on its base in a most extraordinary way, the top only having fallen off and smashed the outer wall of the Biblioteca Reale. It was a most astonishing sight, so I pulled out my watch, ceding to the instinctive impulse for timing things which every diplomat should cultivate, and found that my timepiece marked exactly nine-fifty-two A. M.

At the same moment a soul-stirring shout of "*Fuggiam*" went up from the crowd of some two or three hundred people who happened to be on the piazza, and they came in a wild rush in my direction, followed by an enormous cloud of marble dust—the dust of centuries—from both of which I discreetly sought safety in precipitate flight into the courtyard of the royal palace.

As soon as the dust was laid I made off to the telegraph station in the proud possession of such a marvelous scoop, and dashed off to my editor—I mean my ministerial chief—a rush telegram couched in the terms of the most exquisite journalese I could command, giving all possible details about the tragic end of "the witness of forty centuries of a glorious history" or words to that effect.

I did this because I happened to have seen in the morning papers that the King of Italy, who was on a visit to the Russian court, would attend that very evening a state banquet at the Palace of Peterhof, and I wanted to enable my chief to parade before a foreign monarch the wonderful efficiency of the information service of his department. The next thing I did was to buy up all the postcards with pictures of the piazza and Campanile and to send them off to all my friends whose addresses I could recollect, marked with the date and the hour of the event and the words "*Caduto il Campanile.*" Had I then possessed the gift of second sight I should not have failed to send an extra-fine photograph of the Piazza and Campanile to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST as a souvenir from a future contributor.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.

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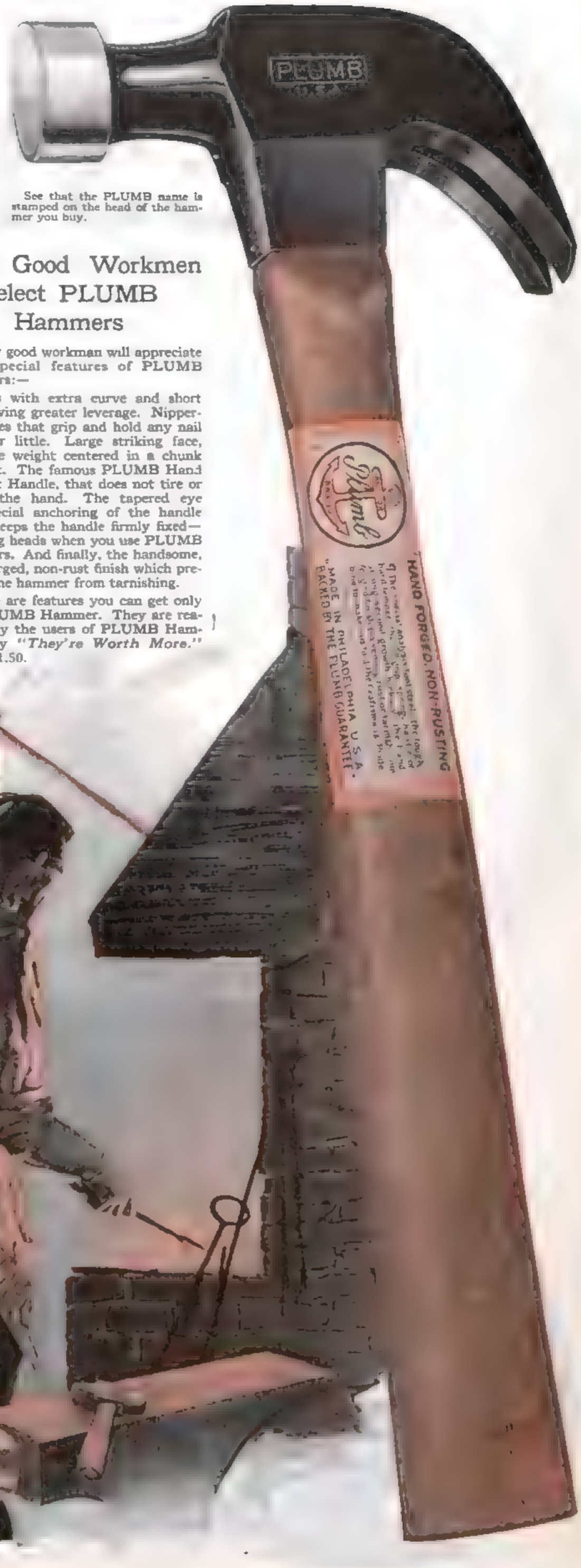

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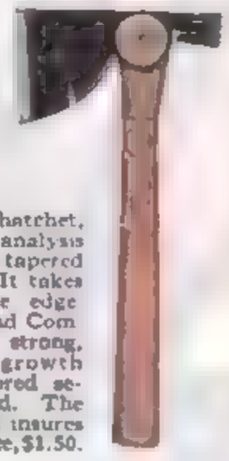

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The "Lighter Six" Five Passenger Sedan

THE LEAGUE OF NOTIONS

(Continued from Page 7)

my thumb. I've been fishing for that lettuce for ten solid minutes. Look what I got!" She indicated a small heap of mangled outer wrappers on the floor. "I wish you'd get it out for me, Bruno, and not just stand there staring at me. That doesn't help much."

Mr. Bangs had already removed his coat and was baring his stalwart right arm.

"Don't get excited, dear. Golly, that's cold! What in thunder did she leave for? She acted pretty well satisfied, I thought. I thought we'd got one that would stay a while."

"She left because I wouldn't raise her to sixty dollars a month! They've got up a union, and that's what a cook's going to get in Wellington after this! All the cooks in the neighborhood sprang it to-day. And Ingred left, and the Vaughns' cook left, and the Johnsons' cook left, and the Hendrixes' cook left, and the ——"

"Union!" exploded Mr. Bangs, and stood upright.

Sylvia cried out, and motioned impetuously at him.

"You had it, Bruno! You had it, and you dropped it back! Oh, dear! Isn't that just like a man!"

"Dropped what back?" demanded Mr. Bangs, addled.

"Why, the lettuce!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Bangs, and again took soundings. "When was all this? Tell me about it."

"Right after lunch. They all did it at the same time. And I told her she could go plumb to. And I telephoned and telephoned all round town. Bruno, they want from sixty dollars a month to start, and every Thursday all day off, and every Sunday afternoon and evening, and be driven to church every Sunday morning, and their tickets to New York given to them, and I won't do it, and that's all there is about it. . . . Thank goodness!"

Mr. Bangs had delivered the elusive vegetable to her, but his mind was above such things. Nor had he vision now to perceive that Sylvia, the habitually immaculate, was not arrayed as one who plans to scurry to the front door to meet a loving husband. His jaw was flexed, and the shame of civilization was gnawing at him afresh.

"She quit you like that, did she? How much do we owe her?"

"That's the worst of it. She was paid yesterday." Here she became sensitive to her appearance. "I hate to have you see me looking like this, Bruno, but I sat telephoning until half past four, and baby was under my feet every minute. And then there wasn't anything in the house for dinner. And she'd let the fire go out too. And of course it had to be on such a hot day that it took baby hours and hours to go to sleep. I'm going to run up and change in just half a second."

"That's all right," said Mr. Bangs, viciously adjusting his cuff links. "So it's got round to the cooks, too, has it?" With his coat half on he attempted a sweeping gesture, which ended so abruptly as to disconcert him. "All right! That's the finish! I've stood all I'm going to, and so have you, and we're through! We've had something like eleven cooks in five months, haven't we? Well, by George! Here's one place where they can't get our goats again. If we can't have any peace in a house of our own, we'll go live in an apartment, by George! And we'll eat in restaurants and ——"

"Don't be silly, Bruno! You can't decide things on the spur of the moment like that. Now if you'll just pour some water and put everything that's on that table on the tea cart, I'll run upstairs."

"Take your time, take your time," said Mr. Bangs soothingly. "I'm going to have a bath and change my clothes. I don't give a whoop whether we eat at seven or at midnight, but I'm going to be respectable when I do it, cook or no cook! And I've got a scheme too. It occurred to me this afternoon when the newsboys boycotted the Journal. All we need to do to protect ourselves from this sort of mess is to get together and protect ourselves. Listen ——"

Behold them, then, an hour later—Mr. Bangs in blue coat and white flannels, and Sylvia, her normal attractive self in crisp white linen—smiling brightly at each other across the dining table. Mr. Bangs, rendered eloquent by applause, had not only related what had occurred to him this afternoon, but he had also enlarged upon it extemporaneously. He had pictured Wellington as an ideal community, whose every industry could be governed by sheer bulk of public opinion. Could strikes be called if the public forbade? Impossible. Could retailers cheat a public which declined, in

"And Then You Volunteer to Do a Constitution; Don't Say You've Done Most of It Already. Understand?"

mass, to be cheated? Nonsense! Crystallize your public opinion, and the thing was done!

"It's a lovely scheme, dear," said Sylvia a little breathlessly. "It's wonderful! And the best part of it is that it might work. But won't it be awfully hard to get the people together?"

Mr. Bangs shook his head. "No. This isn't like starting something that costs money, and it isn't anything that has to be argued. You and I and the Eversons and the Kelloggs can begin. That's plenty. It'll spread like wildfire."

"Well, when shall we begin?"

"Why not to-night? The only way to start a reform is to start it. And this isn't a new condition; it's universal. When we're through here you can go over and get the Kelloggs and I'll get the Eversons, and bring them over, and we'll thrash the whole thing out before bedtime. If they'll come in with us we can have headway inside of a week. And to-morrow I'll work out a sort of prospectus, and inside of two weeks, by George! we'll have a hundred members or I'm a lobster! And a hundred representative people in a town of this size can do anything they put their minds to." He rose, confident, and nervously energetic. "Finished? Let's rustle these things out, then, and put some ginger ale on the ice and go recruiting. Shall we?"

III

AT THE first mention of reform the Eversons, whose horrid fear was that sometime they might be considered socialists, had balked visibly and tried to invent an alibi, but as soon as Mr. Bangs had introduced the servant problem Mrs. Everson was ready to address a mass meeting, or speak from a cart tail at any street corner. The Kelloggs, as Mr. Bangs learned afterward, had required little solicitation; for Ruth Kellogg had been without a cook or nurse for seven weeks, and Henry was an inveterate joiner. By half past nine the sextet was comfortably established on the mosquito-proofed veranda, where Mr. Bangs had set out cold beverages, cigars and bonbons.

"Now what I propose," said Mr. Bangs forcefully, "is to beat these Bolsheviki at their own game. So far the game has been both ends against the middle; capital and labor are the two ends, and all the people like us are in the middle. The trouble's always been that everybody's organized but us. We're the prize suckers of the universe—the consumers. No matter which of the two ends wins all these strikes and things, we pay the bills. And I'm absolutely convinced that if we stick together we can get pretty nearly everything we want. Of course we'll have to go at it gradually. And there can't be anything very extreme at first. Slow, steady, resistless plugging. The question right now isn't whether we're going to do anything, because we know we are—but it's what we're going to do first."

Mr. Everson, who could always be counted upon to skip blithely over the major topic and land with both feet on a trifling detail, lifted up his majestic voice:

"One of the most vital necessities in any cause, in any progressive movement ——"

He paused for effect; the five others gazed at him, attentive. He wasn't a particularly successful real-estate broker, but he had the presence and the delivery of a great orator.

"Yes?" asked Mr. Bangs, hanging on his words.

"—— is a good slogan," said Mr. Everson; and having pronounced judgment, he sat back and blew smoke through the wire screen.

There was a little silence.

"That's a very good idea," said Mr. Bangs finally; "but it comes in a little later. The question is, What special problem do we want to attack first?"

It was Sylvia who answered.

"Servants," she said promptly. "Ruth and I both say so. Here we are, three families in a row, without a cook or a maid or a nurse or anything. And wages are awful, and they won't do any work, anyway, and there's no use trying to get away from it. So here's an idea: Why don't we make a beginning among ourselves? Suppose Monday, for example, all of us eat at our house. Ruth helps me get breakfast and lunch and dinner, and helps me round the house for part of the morning, and I go over and help her with hers. And she helps me after dinner too. Helen doesn't do a thing; she has a vacation. Ruth and I look after Dickie for her, so all the children play together, and they're the same age, so that'll be all right; and they'll have the same things to eat. And I'll have done the buying for all of us for that day, and there won't be nearly so much waste, and probably it wouldn't cost quite so much either, divided up.

"And Tuesday, it's at Ruth's house, and they use up left-overs for lunch, and all; and Helen helps her and I have a vacation. And Wednesday, it's at Helen's house, and I help her, and Ruth has a vacation. I simply can't see any sense in our duplicating all our housework for nothing when we might just as well combine and get it over with quicker, and let one of us have a rest. And then on Thursday we start all over again."

Henry Kellogg laughed aloud. He took life less seriously than any of the others, and was content to let his companions do most of his thinking for him.

"Well," he said, "if you could get a whole neighborhood to split up into groups of three like that you'd solve your servant problem. Not just for yourselves but for everybody. You wouldn't need any servants, and you'd all have more time off than you do now. I think it's a corking good idea."

"What would the servant class find to do?" asked Mr. Everson.

Mr. Bangs was tapping his foot restlessly.

"Rupert, you remind me of the story about the old Scotch lady who heard about kerosene for the first time. Years ago, of course. They'd always used whale oil in lamps. And when they told her how fine kerosene was, and how much cheaper, all she said was: 'Then what's to become of the puir whales?' . . . Sylvia, that's not half bad! There's the germ of coöperation in it, and that's what we're after. And Henry's on the trail too. Suppose, for instance, we could interest thirty people. Suppose we hired some bright girl who'd graduated from a domestic-science school to do the buying for the whole crowd. Have the orders ready for her at a certain time, and she'd consolidate them and then go shopping. By George, there's a purchasing power for you! Think what a cudgel it would be on the retailer!

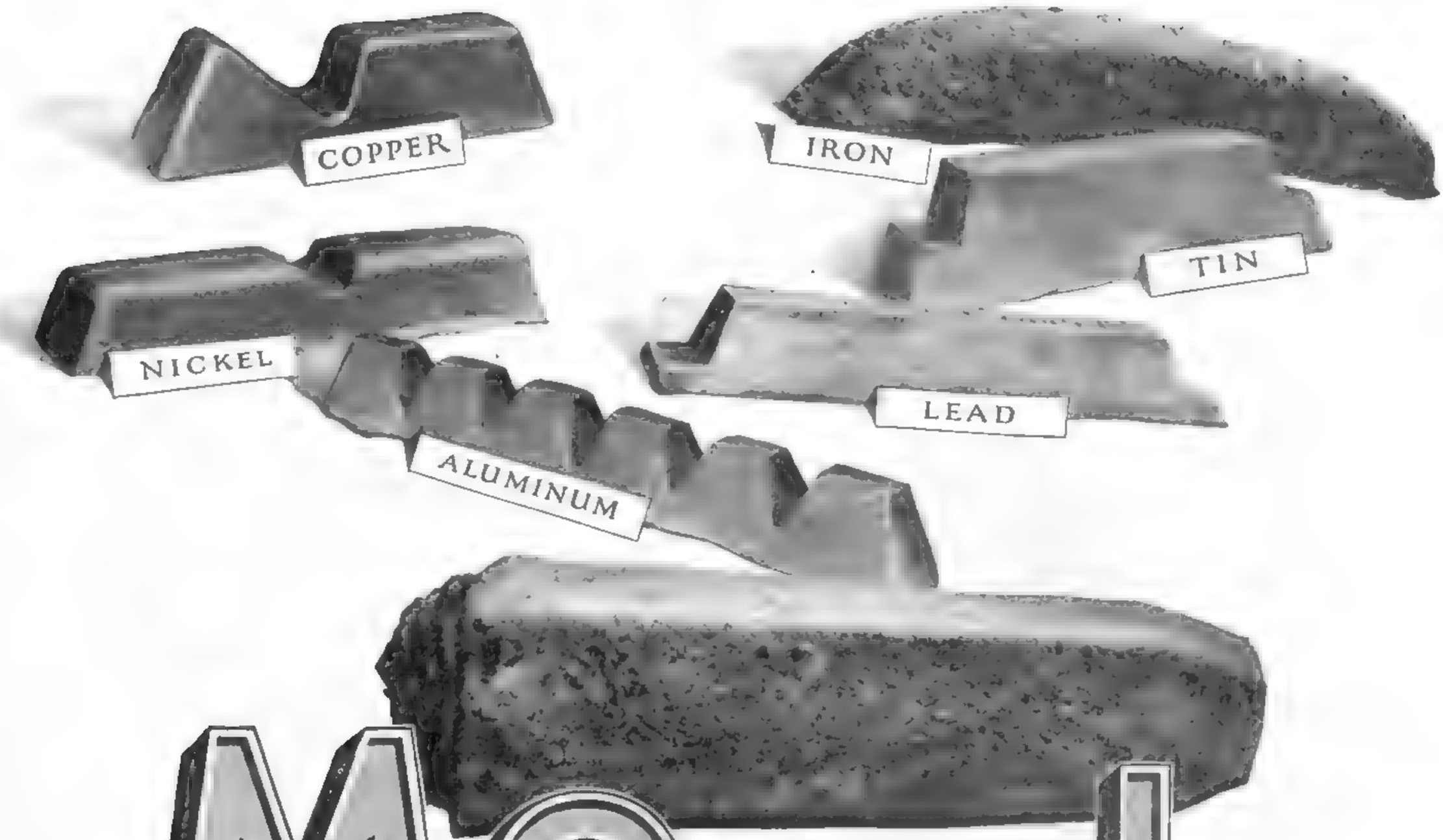
"Thirty people's business at once! And that gives the high cost of living and the servant question one wallop apiece at the same time!"

His eyes were brilliant, and he was galvanizing the others to an approximation of his own mood. Furthermore, the conception of a series of cowed and respectful butchers and grocers was fundamentally absorbing.

"Think of it!" said Sylvia. "Twenty cents for a head of lettuce that used to be five."

"My dear! Do you remember when bacon was twenty cents a pound?"

(Continued on Page 93)



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THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 91)

"Eggs!" said Ruth Kellogg mournfully. "Henry and I love eggs. Oh, how we do love eggs! And ——"

"Bananas!" said Sylvia, her eyes shining. "A cent apiece when we were married, and fifty cents a dozen now. Oh, dear!"

"But, personally," said Mr. Everson, clearing his throat with abandon, "I think we ought to take up another equally important subject at the same time. Speaking of the high cost of living reminded me of it. That's the tipping nuisance."

Mr. Bangs hesitated, approved, and smacked his hand down on the wicker table.

"Well, we will! We'll go at the whole situation. One thing at a time. But the main premises are these: Cut out the servants, cut out the middleman, cut down prices and do something about these infernal strikes."

"We might start an antistrike strike," said Helen Everson cheerfully. "Only I don't exactly see how we could do it. Does anybody else?"

Nobody did, but no one cared to admit it, because the expression was so fascinating. It rested for an instant on five appreciative tongues.

"That's something to take up later," said Mr. Bangs cordially. "Now the next step is to get people interested, and there's no use in wasting time trying to catch them one by one. We want a lot of representative people talking at once about this thing. Don't you girls have a reading club or something? How many are there in it?"

"Twelve."

"That's a good nucleus. One of you can spring it at your next meeting? And isn't there a current-events class?"

"With forty members," said Ruth Kellogg complacently. "And I'm president of it; and if the servant question and the food question aren't current events, then I don't know what are. If I ever do bring them up there won't be much discussion about the Archangel reds that day."

"There may be about the Rhode Island reds, though," murmured her husband, but no one paid any attention to him.

"Bully! And Sylvia, isn't there a bridge club you ——"

"Oh, no," said Sylvia hastily. "You're thinking of the reading club. Won't someone have some more ginger ale? Ruth?"

Her tone was casual enough, but it had a faint echo of warning in it, and Mr. Bangs knew from experience that when Sylvia sidestepped she had a reason, and wasn't to be pursued. He was puzzled, and though he dropped the subject he stored it away in his brain for future reference.

"Well, you can reach fifty or sixty women, then, in two meetings; and I'll speak to all the men I know. Oh, I forgot to tell you that Sam Bowker's interested in this with me. I spoke to him on the way out to-night, and he's keen about it."

Three women displayed much animation, and two men were interested.

"And—and Mrs. Bowker?"

"Well," said Mr. Bangs, "you've got to remember that we're setting out with a lot of pretty novel and pretty different ideas. I can't say the Bowkers would want to fire their servants, and all that; but the point is that we're a league of—of ——"

"—— notions," said Mr. Everson. "A League of Notions. There's your slogan."

"We're a reform club in the most general sense. Anybody can belong, and go as far as he likes, swallow the whole plan or nibble at it whenever he wants to. The principle of the thing is to cut down the cost of living. And from time to time we'll go out after big evils like these strikes. But the job now is to get people excited about it, and have a general meeting, say, a week from to-night, in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium, and perfect an organization. And Sam Bowker'll like some of it if he doesn't like all of it, and he said that if I got it up he'd join."

Henry Kellogg grinned to himself. "Good politics! Catch Bowker passing up a chance to run a crowd like us. He'll eat it alive."

"Yes," said Rupert. "I hear he thinks he's going to be mayor some day."

"And in the meantime," said Sylvia, "if you girls will give me lists of what Henry and Rupert don't like to eat we'll begin cooperating to-morrow morning—that is, if all of you want to try it. I'll start. I've got enough eggs and fruit and things anyway; or you can bring some over."

"As long as I never take any breakfast but one cup of coffee and a slice of bread," began Mr. Everson, "it seems to me that we ought to take into account my ——"

"Sh-h! Rupert!" Helen Everson silenced him, and beamed upon the company. "There surely can't be any harm in trying it for a week or two, and it certainly will save work for all of us, whether it saves money or not. I'll come if Helen will."

"I'll come," said Helen promptly. "And Henry'd love to. Don't bother to ask him—I dare him to say he wouldn't."

"It's agreed, then," asked Mr. Bangs, "that we'll make a serious effort to put this over? You'll all promise to help?"

The consent was unanimous and enthusiastic, except that Ruth reserved the privilege of hiring a nurse if she could find one.

"Only I suppose," said Rupert Everson, rising to depart, "that if we're going to be a regular organization we'll have to get some stationery printed, won't we? . . . Well, I suppose of course that will come later."

After they had gone, all four of them thoughtful and optimistic, which Mr. Bangs took as a very great compliment and augury, he turned perplexedly to Sylvia.

"What's queer about that bridge club of yours?" he demanded. "You told me day before yesterday, when you were elected, it was a great honor to be in it. Is it a secret sorority or what?"

Sylvia was a highly admired wife, but there were moments when Mr. Bangs was impelled to take his brain into a corner and tell it that all women were illogical, but that Sylvia held the championship trophy.

"Why, Bruno! Haven't you any tact? I'm the only woman on Elm Street who's in it. It's only three tables, and it's supposed to be quite the thing. Don't you know if you go and talk about it like that you'll spoil this whole new plan of yours? Ruth and Helen don't know it yet. I've been trying to think of the most tactful way to let them know."

Mr. Bangs might corrugate his brows indefinitely without coming any closer to a solution.

"I know I'm a poor half-witted imbecile, but I'm hanged if I can see what you're driving at, Sylvia."

"Why, just this: Ruth and Helen and some of the others won't be jealous, exactly, when they find out, and I've been ever so careful not to say anything for fear it would seem like—well, like crowing, or something; but after all it's Mrs. Bowker's own bridge club, and you know where Mrs. Bowker stands in Wellington. And I can't afford to have them think we're letting them bring in the reading club and the current-events class while I bring in the Bowker crowd. Not unless I were actually asked to do it. Don't you see?"

Mr. Bangs shook his head weakly.

"Well, I asked you, didn't I?"

"That isn't what I mean. The girls would have had to ask me, and they couldn't very well do it because they don't know that Mrs. Bowker's sort of—well, taken me up just recently. We can't start out with any cliques in this new club of ours, or it'll go all to pieces in no time. It's got to be absolutely democratic. Can't you understand my position, Bruno? If anybody ever thought we're climbers the whole plan's doomed."

"Oh!" said Mr. Bangs. "You're afraid they'll think the reform club's our private scaling ladder? I don't see how anybody could think that."

"Well, I don't want anybody to have the chance. That's why I didn't want you to drag in the bridge club. And the way things are going now we don't need any ladder at all. And it was all right for you to mention Mr. Bowker, because you're all men, and that's different. In fact, it was probably a good thing you did. But there's one thing certain, Bruno—you and I can offer as many suggestions as we like and do as much work as we like, but as long as the Bowkers are coming in neither one of us can be an officer of this thing, not even so much as chairman of a committee. That's positive."

Mr. Bangs' jaw dropped. "No credit for starting it, either?"

"Not a bit. We don't want it. And there are always people who do, and we'd better let them have it."

Mr. Bangs surveyed her with melancholy, for a beloved child of his brain was in process of being abducted.

"Well, who does get it then?"

Sylvia pondered briefly, and looked up with a bubbling laugh. "Why not Mrs. Bowker? Then none of us will look like climbers."

"It's darned funny," said Mr. Bangs helplessly; "you all say you don't like her, and yet ——"

"And you men all say Mr. Bowker's an old hypocrite—and yet ——"

"But business is business."

"And society's society. Why, Bruno—if the Bowkers run it and we don't like the way they run it we can get out, can't we? But if we run it and don't like the way they act we can't put them out; and we wouldn't want to resign, either. Don't you see that—silly?"

Mr. Bangs was unable to bestow upon her any order of merit more thoroughly convincing than his kiss. And it wasn't the customary embrace by any means; it was a solemn investiture, and Mr. Bangs held his breath while he was doing it. For the moment he was almost afraid of Sylvia.

"But how," he said, "are you going to manage to get to that bridge club, anyway, if there's nobody in the house to take care of the baby?"

"It meets Fridays," said Sylvia; and two minutes later Mr. Bangs saw the point and laughed.

IV

IT WAS a cheerful and inspiring breakfast which the six conspirators shared together the next morning—so cheerful, in fact, that nobody minded the pitched battle in oatmeal which the Bangs baby and the Everson brat and the two Kellogg brats—the terminology being that of Mr. Bangs—waged with abandon at their separate table; and it was a dynamic Mr. Bangs who waved to Sylvia from the oak tree, the hydrant and the letter box, and hurried downtown to dictate the preliminary draft of the constitution. Fortunately for the embryo league, his law practice was based upon the management of two large estates, which left him plenty of time to conceive and execute a Magna Charta.

Almost immediately, however, his horizon dipped out of sight. He had just dictated: "The purpose of this organization shall be ——" when it came spontaneously to him that a list of all the various purposes was impracticable, because so many of them hadn't yet been envisioned, even in his dreams. There was Henry Kellogg's ultimatum of this morning against the robber barons of the garages, and there was Rupert Everson's antitipping campaign, and there was the matter of the servants and the foodstuffs, and vaguely there was something to be done about strikes; but these were merely the avenues to some vast and as yet unfathomed ideal.

Mr. Bangs couldn't define that ideal nor did he know that what his imagination was reaching toward was a world in which the law of economics would be repealed in a body; but he was dazzled, nevertheless. It seemed to him as though he were charged with responsibility which might put him later upon a pedestal with those geniuses who wrote the Constitution of the United States. Indeed, his present occupation was due entirely to the failure of that mouth-filling guaranty concerning the pursuit of happiness. The reform club of Wellington might rise to power that would alter first the cosmogony of Wellington, then of the county, then of the state, then ——

Mr. Bangs caught himself as he was about to step, mentally, off the Atlantic seaboard.

"The purpose of this organization," he said carefully to the stenographer, "shall be to insure to each member thereof that individual liberty of action which can exist only in a community free from labor agitations, food and fuel speculations, inflation of the value of personal services, and all other impediments to a sane and continuous civic progress."

It was done! And Mr. Bangs hearkening to the roar of the syllables in his own ears was almost awed by their tremendous purport. "There!" he said to himself. "That's history!"

While he was thus exalted he went on with the minutiæ of administration. He provided for the usual number of officers, all without salary. Then he thought unexpectedly of a young and practical consultant in New York who specialized in the organization of all sorts of enterprises, and who, if given rope enough, would surely make a whirlwind success of this venture; so that he added to the project a managing director, with salary. A directorate of eight men and seven women would be about right; and there could also be an advisory council of thirteen men and twelve women. Might as well remember that sometimes there would probably be a vote on strictly sex lines.

When it was finished, it was a thoroughly exhaustive document, and Mr. Bangs was

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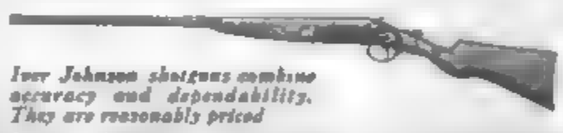

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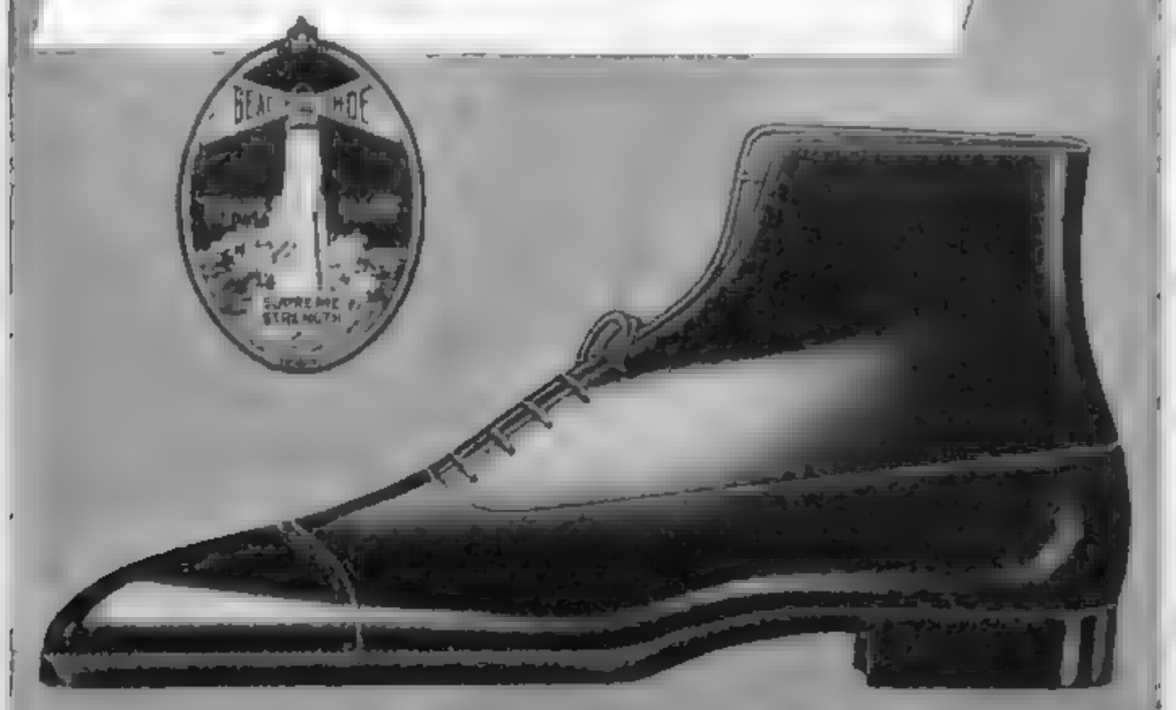

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proud of it; so proud that he never even lost color when a parade of the striking members of Lunch Room Workers' Union No. 146 went past the Bowker Building. The day would come when a strike in Wellington would be as rare as a day without a strike now. And he, John Huntington Bangs, a youthful lawyer in a twelve-by-twelve room on the top floor, had dictated the covenants which would free his city from the octopus—and so on.

On impulse he telephoned to New York, and was fortunate enough to locate the organizer within the hour. Mr. Sugden was resting from the exertion of raising, in two weeks, a fund of $50,000 to build a Y. W. C. A. in Sheldrake, Ohio, and though he was frankly interested in the possibility of fat commissions, he said that coöperative enterprises were his hobby, and that he wasn't so much concerned about the pay as about the principle.

"You'd better come out and talk it over, then," said Mr. Bangs seductively. "If you can sell your personality to this outfit—why, I shouldn't wonder if you could write your own ticket, and then you'll have your fun and your fortune both. I think it's going to be a hummer."

"When can I come?" inquired Mr. Sugden, whose mind sparked readily.

Following instructions he caught the 4:20 train, and arrived in ample time for dinner. He was a most presentable person, with good features and an engaging manner, and he took by storm the five pioneers who hadn't previously met him. And he was quickly impressed by what they had done already, and what they had planned.

"Of course it's feasible!" he said to them. "It's sound and sensible, and if your friends support it it's sure to go through, but don't make these coöperative dining arrangements a part of your formal set-up. I doubt if they'll serve their purpose for very long. It's a pleasant novelty, but you'll get tired of it. Let people do it if they want to. Encourage it, possibly, but leave it out of your constitution, because there's too many chances of friction in it. And make all these other plans side issues. Begin with straight coöperative buying; and then build up your other creeds one by one. The whole platform's a little too heavy just now. Pick up one idea at a time."

"How would we buy our things, then?" inquired Sylvia.

"Exactly as you yourself suggested, only on a larger scale. You speak of forty or fifty members—you ought to have two or three hundred. If I put this club on its feet, I'll work out a system that'll satisfy you, only you'll have to anticipate your wants by a day or two. No system of coöperation is any good unless you really coöperate. If you're willing to plan out your menus and your household requirements so that you could order in quantities, and give me more leeway, I'll save you so much more money." He smiled warmly at Sylvia. "Any kind of economy takes a little effort."

"Suppose we made it. What could we save?"

"Oh, fifteen or twenty per cent."

The women looked at each other and mechanically estimated what they would do with the savings. Sylvia saw a beautiful picture of the runabout she had always craved. She had had the baby instead.

"I have a question," said Mr. Everson blandly.

"Yes, sir?"

"Would the orders have to be mailed to you; or telephoned?"

"That'll come later," said Mr. Bangs with a shade of asperity. "By the way, has anybody spoken to Mrs. Bowker yet? Well, why wouldn't it be a good idea for me to take Mr. Sugden right up to talk to her?"

Sylvia gave him a glance which was a marvel of compact and interrelated instructions. It told him, among other things, that it was a brilliant inspiration, but that he wasn't to advance one inch toward Mrs. Bowker until there had been a private consultation.

"Why, would Mrs. Bowker be interested?" said Sylvia innocently.

Two feminine voices in concert assured her that Mrs. Bowker would be crazy about it, and that it wasn't worth doing except under Mrs. Bowker's patronage. Her name alone would bring in all her friends, all those who wanted to be her friends, and all those who weren't willing to admit that they didn't want to be her friends.

"She's the very one for president!" exclaimed Ruth. "The very one!"

"No—Mr. Bowker," said Sylvia gently. "Mrs. Bowker ought to be chairman of the board of directors. And Rupert and Henry have simply got to be directors themselves—haven't they, Bruno? And Ruth and Helen councilors. It was their idea—or so much of it was. Go ahead up there, Bruno, if you want to. I'll get your hat. You left it upstairs."

Mr. Bangs, instinctively trailing, found her in their own room, with the hat in her hand. She had picked it off the hall table as she passed.

"Now, listen, Bruno. I like your young man a lot, and I think he's all right. We'll be lucky if he'll come and run this for us. But this is a wonderful chance to get at the Bowkers, and you know how we need them. Now don't say a word of what we've done already. Tell it to her as though you'd come to her first. Because if she sponsors it everybody who is anybody will have to belong, and that'll mean it'll go. And if she doesn't come in, it'll be a lot harder to get members. Let Mr. Sugden tell the story, only be sure he says he wants Mr. Bowker to be president, and Mrs. Bowker for chairman. And then ask her who'd she suggest for the other officers. And then you volunteer to do a constitution; don't say you've done most of it already. Understand?"

Mr. Bangs nodded slowly. "Yes, but I don't see why on earth we should go about this as though it had so much politics mixed up in it. It strikes me that if we went at it in a perfectly simple and straightforward manner we'd accomplish the same thing, wouldn't we?"

Sylvia gave him a little push, intended to imply an affectionate sorrow for his density. "Well, the more support we have the stronger we're going to be, aren't we? And the more members we have the more money we'll save. Don't stop to argue, Bruno; just run along and mind mother."

V

THE social supremacy of the Bowkers was one of those mysterious puzzles which tax the hardiest imagination. Neither of them was personally appealing, and neither was equipped with social attributes; indeed, the most frequent characterizations of them were to the general effect that Mr. Bowker was a tightwad and Mrs. Bowker was a cat. They entertained but little, and were still less entertaining. There were several families in Wellington which had more money, and dozens of families that spent more, whether they had it or not. Yet somehow, by one of those paradoxes that flourish in small cities as well as in the metropolis, the Bowkers had assumed and maintained the status of social arbiters; they considered themselves rulers by divine right, and the marvel was that the populace believed them.

The living room into which Mr. Bangs and Mr. Sugden were presently ushered had about it some of the largeness of atmosphere found in a wholesale furniture department. Topheavy standing lamps with spreading shades guarded the flanks of massive upholstered divans; the chairs were of the heavy-artillery type, with one thin skirmish line of light gilt inutilities round the wall. The thickest of deep blue portières hung at the doors and windows, and made an admirable foil for a few old pieces of carved black walnut, heavy as lead and not much more invigorating to the beholder. And the smaller the picture the larger the frame. Gilt frames. Nothing could have conveyed a greater impression of solid respectability and utter lack of imagination.

In the midst of all this sober grandeur Mr. and Mrs. Bowker had reluctantly risen to greet their visitors.

"We've come," said Mr. Bangs with deferential formality, "to ask you to accept the two principal offices in that organization I mentioned to you the other afternoon, Mr. Bowker."

For an instant Mr. Bowker was stumped. "Oh! So you're out for blood, are you? That's very interesting. Sit down, sit down. What's this gentleman got to do with it?"

According to Mr. Bangs' advice en route, Mr. Sugden promptly took up the task of ingratiating himself with Mrs. Bowker, and in ten minutes he had discovered that he could make as thick a paste of flattery as he liked. She could digest it as fast as it came, and faster.

"What we want to do is to find a way to make the dog stop chasing his tail," he said winningly to the lady.

"Dog? Dog? What dog?" she demanded.

(Continued on Page 97)

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(Continued from Page 94)

"Why, high prices make the workingman fight for high wages. Then the high wages give prices another boost, and so on, in a vicious circle. It's a rare dog that'll keep it up forever, and we propose to begin calling him off. There's practically no use in starting this thing unless you and Mr. Bowker are going to support it. And since I'm sure you will—because it's a real duty you owe to the commonwealth—while I'm here I want to get your views about the other officers. It'll be a good idea to have a ticket in mind before the public meeting next Tuesday. We can probably handle the situation all right, but as it wouldn't be very diplomatic for either you or Mr. Bowker to seem to be controlling the meeting at which we're going to ask you to be our executives, I think it's only fair for you to tell us who you'd like to work with."

Mrs. Bowker smiled regally. "Anyone at all. I—I am quite accustomed to chairmanships. I can work with anyone."

Mr. Sugden smote her squarely between the eyes with the sharp edge of a compliment. "I can believe that too. I've heard a good deal about your executive ability."

In the meantime Mr. Bowker was already saving money for the club. "I don't suppose you'd charge for drawing up the papers, then, John, would you?"

"Not a cent," said Mr. Bangs heartily. "It's a private contribution I'm only too happy to make."

The two Bowkers exchanged glances. By virtue of Mr. Bowker's directorships in industrial concerns, they were morally opposed to strikes of every description. They were captivated by the prospect of reducing costs, although, as Mr. Bowker naïvely pointed out, he had conducted a personal antitipping crusade for years. They perceived simultaneously the value of high office in an association which was inevitably destined to enhance their own prestige. And Mr. Bowker had a devastating ambition not yet disclosed except to his wife. Like many another citizen who is great but unpopular, he craved the signs of popularity. He wanted to be mayor. And he saw in the reform club the nucleus of a powerful new party, which should be nonpartisan, except as to Mr. Bowker himself.

"We shall be charmed to accept," said Mr. Bowker indulgently.

It was with deep satisfaction, then, that the ambassadors turned homeward with the pledge of the two Bowkers a matter of record.

"Now," said Mr. Sugden, "I want to have a look at your papers. What's the fastest time you can rush through an incorporation?"

"Why, if I ran over to the capital I could get it by Monday."

"Better make all the speed you can. Temporary stockholders. Put in dummy directors so as to get in motion. I want to see your constitution. All members have got to be shareholders—a share costs twenty-five dollars, and every adult member of a family has to hold a share. That's for working capital. And every family has to maintain a constant balance of deposit of one hundred dollars, against which we'll charge off the price of everything they buy. You can't bother with collecting bills against your members, and we've always got to have cash enough on hand to jump at quick bargains. Now for the managing director's profit—he gets ten dollars bonus for every member, and he also gets a commission figured like this: When a member buys anything he's charged for it at the current market price. Every quarter we pay a dividend, or a rebate to each member, of the proportionate share of what the whole club has saved—figuring in the overhead of course. We'll pay up to twenty per cent if we earn it, and then everything over twenty per cent is my commission. I won't make much, I promise you. I'll get mine out of a membership campaign—and the more members I get the more business we'll do, and the more you'll save. And I want a contract. Is that fair?"

"For how long?"

"Oh, six months. I'm not a manager; I'm an organizer. And—oh, one very important item: If we're going to do this thing right every member ought to agree not to buy one solitary thing, from an onion to a touring car, except through the club, unless it's something the club can't get any cheaper or doesn't care to handle. That's vital.

"It'll take only a tiny bit more time after I've got the system going, and it's the crux of the whole thing. That's what'll give us the leverage on the dealers."

"I'll put that in the constitution," said Mr. Bangs approvingly.

It was Sylvia, however, Sylvia who struggled desperately over the household bookkeeping, who saw a magnificent relief in prospect.

"Would we buy even ice and milk and coal that way, too, Mr. Sugden?"

"The easiest thing in the world," he assured her. "Take ice, for instance. There must be four or five ice companies within ten miles of here. Don't you suppose any one of them would be overjoyed to make one blanket contract to supply so many different families? They deliver as usual, but instead of running a couple of hundred small accounts and fussing about collections they get one check from us every month, on the nail. Why, that's worth a tremendous discount right there."

Heaven was reflected on her countenance.

"But, Bruno! Don't you see what that means to us too? We won't have to mess round with all those horrid little household bills? Ice or anything else. We'll send one check a month to the club, and get back all our receipts, and it's finished! Isn't it wonderful!"

"By George," said Mr. Bangs, "I hadn't thought of it! It's a community clearing house, sure enough. It'll save you three evenings a month trying to check up your bills, and it'll save me having to balance your check book for you. Sugden, you're another Napoleon! And that gives me an idea on the strike situation too. It's a negative sort of thing, and it's strictly local, but it might do. We might allow nonmembers to buy stuff through the club at a flat discount of, say, ten per cent from market prices, and the rest of the rebate goes to the club. But strikers' families lose the privilege. Well, when you remember that mighty few strikes are for wage increases of more than ten per cent, do you see the point? And I'll take a small bet that after three months we're doing more buying for nonmembers than we are for members. And we active members will have a profit on that."

Sylvia blinked thoughtfully. "But why won't everybody join as active members?"

"Because there'll be so many people who can't afford to buy stock and maintain that constant balance, Sylvia, and so many who wouldn't be willing to back up our other schemes. And those are the very people who need to save their ten per cent more than you want to save twenty. They'll be glad to buy from us, but they won't want to join. And in the long run it's their men folks who do the striking. All right—what's the use of striking for a wage increase of ten per cent when it means losing the privilege of buying through the club? It's a stand-off."

Sugden shook his head. "I'm not sold on that, John."

"But it's the backbone of the whole thing. I insist on it. There's no argument."

Sugden shrugged his shoulders. All right. You're the doctor. Only I hope you know what you're stirring up, old man."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TIFFANY & Co.

JEWELRY SILVERWARE STATIONERY
WATCHES AND CLOCKS

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PURCHASES MAY BE MADE BY MAIL

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
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How will you make up that hour?

Do you need it for work?
Do you want it for play?

THE answer to the ever-pressing need for more hours in a crowded day is Daylo—the light that makes daylight saving a year 'round actuality.

Get 100% value out of your precious hours of pleasure and profit. Daylo makes you master of the clock by making night as safe and light as day.

If you have an idle "flashlight" put it on the job now with a new Eveready Tungsten Battery—there's one for every Daylo or flashlight.

All leading hardware, sporting goods and drug stores can supply you. Insist on the long-lived bright burning Eveready Tungsten Battery

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THE GREAT ACCIDENT

(Continued from Page 27)

warned Wint what to expect. But in spite of that warning Wint had looked for no more than a polite and friendly rivalry; a congenial conflict; a good-natured tussle between friends.

He was to find that Routt had meant exactly what he said; that Routt as a political opponent and Routt as a friend were two very different personalities. On the heels of his open announcement that he was a candidate Jack began a canvass of the town and a direct and virulent assault upon Wint.

Wint heard what Routt was doing first through his father.

The elder Chase came home to supper one evening in a fuming rage; and he said while they were eating, "Wint, this Routt is a fine friend of yours!"

Wint looked at his father in some surprise. "Why, Jack's all right," he declared.

"All right?" Chase demanded. "Do you know what he's doing?"

"I know he's out for mayor. That's all right. I've no string on the job. I want to be reëlected, just as a sort of a—testimonial that I've made good. And I intend to be reelected. But at the same time, anyone has a right to run against me."

"Nobody denies that," his father exclaimed. "But no one has a right to hark back ten months for mud to throw at you."

Wint said, "Pshaw! There's always mud throwing in politics."

Chase challenged: "Do you mean to say you think Routt has a right to do as he is doing?"

"Well, just what is he doing?" Wint asked good-naturedly.

"What is he doing? He's saying you're a common drunkard; that you always have been; that you are still, in secret."

Wint flushed with slow anger. "Well," he said, "if anyone believes that, he's welcome to."

"But damn it, son, you're not!" Chase exclaimed; and there was such a fierce rush of pride in his father's voice that Wint was startled; and he was suddenly very happy about nothing.

He said: "I'm glad you know it, anyway, dad."

"Damn it!" Chase repeated. "Don't you suppose I can see? Don't you suppose I have a right to be proud of my own son when he does something to be proud of? Your mother and I have—well, Wint, we're—we're a good deal happier than we were a year ago."

Wint said gently: "I'm only sorry I didn't make you happy a year ago."

"That's all right," his father declared. "You were a headstrong youngster; and I didn't know how to control you. An unruly colt takes careful handling. I'm not a—tactful man. But I'll be damned if I can see how you can take this from the man you call your friend."

Wint smiled slowly, and he said: "That's three times in two minutes you've said 'damn,' dad. Cut it out. Don't get profane in your excitement. Routt's all right, really. Don't swear at him."

"Do you realize that he's saying you're drinking as regularly as ever, while you pretend to keep this a dry town?"

"Well, no one will believe him."

"You can find men to believe anything; and there are plenty in Hardiston that want to believe anything against you."

"Let them," said Wint confidently. "There are plenty who will stand back of me."

"But what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm not going to call names," Wint told him cheerfully. "I'll fight it out quietly and decently; and I'll win. That's what I mean to do."

"You act as though you had expected this."

"Well, as a matter of fact, Jack came to me and told me, before he told anyone else, that he was going to run; and he warned me he was going to make it a real fight."

"A real fight? This is assassination!"

Wint laughed. "You're taking it too hard. I know it's just because you're—proud of me? Are you going to back me in this?"

Chase frowned. "As a matter of fact, Wint, I'm in a hard position. I want to back you—of course. But I can't stomach Caretall. If you weren't tied up with him."

"He's been a pretty good friend to me. Can't you take him on that ground?"

"If I tied up with him I'd be called a bootlicker; and justly. After what he did to me I can't cater to him and keep my self-respect."

"Pshaw, dad! The world has a short memory. That's all forgotten."

"I've not forgotten."

"Everyone else has."

"I'm not talking about everyone else. I'm talking about my own self-respect."

They had finished supper; and they got up and went into the other room. Mrs. Chase—she was doing her own work since Hetty left her—began to clear away the dishes.

Nevertheless, Wint could not deny to himself that Routt's move troubled him; not for its effect on his candidacy but for the light in which it showed Routt himself. For all his loyalty, Wint thought it was unworthy, thought Routt was hurting himself and sullying himself. He met Jack uptown that night, and told him so in a friendly way.

"Do as you like," he said. "But I think it hurts you more than it does me," he suggested.

Routt laughed and asked: "It's not getting under your skin, is it? I told you I'd give you a run."

"Pshaw, no! Say anything you like about me. But it doesn't get you any votes."

"Start Something. Keep Telling Them to Elect You; Tell Them Louder and Longer and Oftener Than Routt Does, and They Will"

In the sitting room Wint said, "I've been counting on you, dad."

Chase said: "I'll do what I can—quietly. But I cannot come out in the open and side with Amos. If he'd turn against you ——"

Wint laughed. "I might kick up a row with him."

"You'll never regret breaking with Caretall. He's a crooked politician of the worst type, without honor. A traitor to his own friends. He'd be a traitor to you when it pleases ——"

His son said quickly: "Don't. Please don't talk against him to me. Let's just not talk about him. After all, he's been square to me."

Chase flung up his hand. "All right. But how about Routt? Are you going to sit still and take the mud he's throwing?"

"Jack will be too busy to throw mud, pretty soon," Wint promised cheerfully. "Mud is trimmings. I'll bring him down to brass tacks."

"You ought to shut his lying ——"

"Come, dad, don't take it so seriously."

"Well, then, you take it more seriously."

Wint laughed. "All right. You wait and see."

"You'll know better than that on the tenth of November," Jack told him; and Wint smiled and let it go at that. After all, it was Routt's own concern.

But if Wint took Routt's tactics equably Hardiston did not. Hardiston folks love politics. The great American game is the breath in their nostrils. They have an expert's appreciation of the tactical value of this move and that; and they are keen spectators at such a battle as Routt and Wint were staging.

Wint would have liked to consult with Amos at this time; but it happened that Amos was out of town. He had gone to Columbus for a day or two. In lieu of Amos, Wint went to Peter Gergue and asked him how things looked to him. Gergue fumbled in his back hair in the thoughtful way he had and said he guessed Routt was making a lively fight of it anyway.

"Do you think he's making votes?" Wint asked.

"We-ell," said Peter, "you can't always tell what folks will do? I'd say he's persuading every enemy you've got to vote against you."

Wint said, "They would, anyway."

"Sure."

"The question is: Is he persuading any of my friends?"

"I'd say not."

"Then I don't need to worry."

Gergue spat at the curb. "Can't say. You see, Wint, there's about sixty per cent of this town—or any town—that's neither enemy nor friend. Just neutral. Them's the votes you got to get."

"I don't believe Routt will get many of those votes by lies."

"Not if they're knowed to be lies."

"Everyone knows they are lies."

"It's a funny thing," Gergue ruminated, "but lots of folks take a kind of pleasure out of believing lies about other folks—knowing they're lies all the time."

Wint shook his head. "I don't believe Routt is accomplishing a thing."

"We-ell," said Gergue, "matter of fact I'm thinking you may be right. Thing is, he's laying a foundation, like."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean he's laying the tracks. He's doing a lot of talk that won't be believed much now; but he might bring on something later along that would make folks say: 'Well, maybe that other was true too.'"

"What can he bring?" Wint challenged. "Has he got anything on you?"

"Everyone knows all there is to know about me, I suppose."

Gergue scratched his head. "We-ell, I dunno," he said. "Anyway, that's what I was kind of thinking."

Wint met V. R. Kite one day, and the little man spoke to him so affably that Wint asked, "Well, how are things, Mr. Kite?"

"Excellent. First-class, young man."

"I suppose you'll vote for me for mayor?" Wint asked, grinning good-naturedly; and Kite chuckled and said he guessed not.

"Routt's more my style," he said.

"Don't waste your vote on a loser," Wint told him; but Kite said Routt might be a loser and might not. He left Wint with an unpleasant feeling that there had been a secretly triumphant note in the little old buzzard's voice.

Jim Radabaugh met James T. Hollow at the post office one morning and said cheerfully: "Well, James T., how's it happen you're not out for mayor again?"

"I try to do what is right," Hollow said earnestly. "But I really don't know what to do, Mister Marshal. I have thought of coming out, but Congressman Caretall gives me very little encouragement. Do you think ——"

"Don't encourage you, eh?"

"No. In fact, I might say he discouraged ——"

"Well now," said Radabaugh, "maybe you'd best just lie low."

Hollow looked doubtful and said he didn't know.

Thus all Hardiston talked, each man after his fashion. Ed Skinner, of the Sun, maintained a strict neutrality. He was closely allied with Wint's father; and the elder Chase held his hand. B. B. Beecham seldom let the Journal take an active part in local politics, except on broad party lines, and Wint—since he had the patronage of Amos Caretall—was of the same party as Routt, who had been Amos' ally. B. B. carried the announcement cards of both men and let it go at that. But he went so far as to say to Wint and to those who dropped in at the Journal office that Routt's methods were not likely to be profitable.

"It never pays to open up old sores," he said. "And it's never a good plan to say anything that will unjustly hurt another man's feelings. He may be in a position to resent it some day."

Sam O'Brien, the restaurant man, told Wint that Routt would never get his vote. "I like nerve," he said; "and you've got it. You've made me laugh sometimes, Wint. Lord, I've thought you'd be the death of me. But you've took your nerve in your hands. You've got me, boy. More power to your elbow."

The first two weeks of October slid swiftly by. Wint heard Routt was planning for a rally or two; and he began to make his own arrangements to a similar end. But in mid-October word came to him which put the mayoralty race out of his mind.

The word came through Ote Runns, that hopeless drunkard whose cheerful services

(Continued on Page 103)

FULTON

Travel FULTON Highway!

FULTON HIGHWAY is a *manner* of truck travel which gets the most out of all thoroughfares and gets the best out of the worst of them. The speed, flexible control and double-wrapped steel springs of the Fulton Motor Truck equalize all road conditions.

Sometimes Fulton Highway is associated with the evenest, fastest of asphalt or macadam roadways, again with a rough and ill-kept country road. Note Fulton's manner in these widely varying circumstances. There is an ease and certainty of movement, an extraordinary joltless tensility of steel springs. A two-finger pressure gives a smooth, tugless glide to the transmission gear. The steering gear seems part and parcel of the driver's thought. The motor responds like a live creature, picking up from 2 to 20 miles an hour on high without shifting gears. And Fulton turns in less than 40 feet.

Yes, haulage efficiency is in the truck, not in the road. Countless millions might be spent on good roads without developing the remarkable speed and economy of transport that are inherent in the Fulton Triple-Heated-Gas Motor, with its consistent average of 14 miles to the gallon of gasoline. And what has the road builder to do with the infinite comfort of the snug driver's cab of Fulton with its self-ventilating wind shield, patented storm windows hinged as doors, and 8-inch comfort cushion with easy-back rest?

The Standard Oil Co., Borden Farm Products Co., Jones & Laughlin Steel Co., Allis-Chalmers Co., and similarly great national carriers have seen Fulton Trucks in action and chosen them for their fleets.

Anyone interested in the *possibilities* of a 2-ton truck will find them embodied as *practical realities* in the Fulton. At your pleasure we will drive you over Fulton Highway—and let you judge at the finish. Meanwhile write for the modern booklet "Ultimate Transportation."

The price of the new Fulton Model "C", including the De Luxe Steel Cab, is $2,350, F. O. B. Farmingdale.

DEALERS: A limited amount of desirable territory is open. Write for details.

THE FULTON MOTOR TRUCK CO. Office: 1710 Broadway, New York. Factory: Farmingdale, Long Island

Canadian Distribution by Grace Motors, Ltd., Toronto, Can.
Export: Fulton Motors Export Co., 1710 Broadway, New York

"The Repeat Order TRUCK"

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Columbia
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Models, $25 t

Grafonola

ristmas Present that Fills the Year

bia Grafonola and Columbia Records will put real, heart-
your Christmas.

will carry the glad Christmas spirit on through all the year.
music is joyous music—new, sparkling dance records, the
gems of grand opera, popular and classic selections played
greatest bands and orchestras.

Records mirror magically the voice of the singer, the rich
wood-winds, strings, and brass. The Grafonola makes every
t joy, so wonderfully pure and clear is its tone. Standard
$300; Period Designs, $300 to $2100.

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Columbia Records — Grafonola

Ask your dealer for a copy of the Columbia Novelty Record Booklet, containing the music of many lands.

SUN FLAKES

FOR LAUNDERING THE THINGS YOU CHERISH

Recommended by Miss Rit

PRESERVES THE COLOR OF YOUR MOST DAINTY CREPES SILKS OR LACES

LAUNDERS ALL FINE FABRICS

WILL NOT SHRINK WOOLENS. . .

KEEPS WHITE GOODS WHITE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF "RIT"

SUN FLAKES

GIVE YOUR WASHABLE GARMENTS A SUN FLAKE BATH

10¢

RECOMMENDED BY Miss Rit

SOFTER—finer—flakier! Not chips of soap but feathery flakes, light and fluffy. They touch the water and instantly dissolve. A rich and foamy lather bubbles up. Each little flake dissolves completely.

Into this suds plunge anything from sheer fabrics to heavy blankets, sweaters, and all other washable woolens. SUN FLAKES are absolutely pure. They assist in preserving colors and keep white goods white.

For children's washable wearing apparel, fine silken underwear, your luncheon cloth of filet lace, embroidered sheets and pillow cases—for all the washable things you treasure and want to preserve—use SUN FLAKES.

SUN FLAKES being absolutely pure, are especially recommended for all toilet uses, shampooing, manicuring, etc.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and address, enclosing ten cents for postage for a trial sized box of SUN FLAKES Address Miss Rit Sunbeam Chemical Company, 2436-62 W 15th St. Chicago, Illinois

Made by the Makers of RIT and OZOL

SUNBEAM CHEMICAL COMPANY

A CORPORATION

Chicago Los Angeles Cable Wis.
Toronto New York Paris London

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PRESERVES COLORS — KEEPS WHITE GOODS WHITE

(Continued from Page 98)

were in such demand by Hardiston housewives at rug-beating time. Wint met Ote one evening on his way home, and Ote was bibulously cheerful. He greeted Wint hilariously and told him in triumphant tones that Hardiston was itself again.

Wint, with a suspicion of what was coming, asked Ote what he meant; and Ote chortled: "'S a good ol' town. Good ol' wet town! Plenny o' booze again."

Wint asked Ote where he got it, but the man put his finger to his nose and shook his head. Wint left him and went on his way.

When he got home he telephoned Radabaugh. "They're selling again, Jim," he said.

The marshal asked: "Who?"

"Don't know," said Wint. "I met Ote Runns with a load aboard. I want you to get after them right away."

"I'm started now," said Jim Radabaugh. "I'm on my way."

XLII

WINT was rather pleased than otherwise to learn that Kite or others of his ilk had resumed their illicit traffic in Hardiston. It gave him something to do. He had none of the instincts of a political campaigner; he could not for the life of him have made a really rousing speech. And it was next to impossible for him to ask a man for his vote. The old pride, the stubborn pride that had done him so much harm, was still alive in Wint; and this pride made him uncomfortable when he found himself asking favors.

He hated campaigning. If there had been no opposition for him to fight, if the way had been made easy before him it is not unlikely that he would have quit the race. But there was opposition, and strenuous opposition. Jack Routt had kept his word; he was making a real fight out of it. When he encountered Wint he was friendly—profusely so—and affable enough; but when he was canvassing he made no bones of attacking Wint unmercifully, striking below the belt or above it as the moment might inspire him. He had dragged up Wint's old drunken record and aired it until people were beginning to ask themselves if there wasn't something in what he said, after all.

Against this, up till the middle of October, Wint had made a very poor fight indeed. He would not denounce Routt as Routt denounced him. As a matter of fact there was no particular charge he could bring against Routt. Jack was no hypocrite, at least; he took an honest and straightforward stand. The liquor issue, for example. He was a drinker; he believed in it. And he said so. At the same time, he added that Wint was a drinker but pretended not to be. He said Wint was a hypocrite.

The viciousness of Routt's campaign stunned Wint at first; he was half incredulous. The thing didn't seem possible. When he was forced to understand that it was not only possible but true he was left at a loss. It was in the midst of his floundering attempts to find some means to advocate his cause that he got through Ote Runns the first word that the lawbreakers were at work again.

He grasped at that as though it were an opportunity. He telephoned Jim Radabaugh that night; and he sent for Jim the first thing in the morning and asked the marshal what he had discovered. Radabaugh shifted the knob in his cheek, and spat, and said he had discovered nothing.

"Did you find Ote?" Wint asked.

"Sure. I just listened, and then went where he was. He was singing, some."

"Question him?"

"Oh, yes."

"What did he say? Where did he get it?"

"He wouldn't say," Radabaugh explained.

Wint nodded. "I suppose not. What then?"

"We-ell, I scouted round."

"Find out anything?"

"Skinny Marsh had a skinful too. And there was a drunk in the Weaver House when I drifted over there."

"Is it Mrs. Moody that's selling?"

Radabaugh shook his head. "I guess not."

Wint banged his desk. "Damn it, Jim! Who is it, then?"

"I couldn't say."

"Well, I want you to find out."

Radabaugh spat and considered. "They's one thing," he suggested mildly. "You might not have thought of it."

Wint grinned. "You talk like B. B. Beecham. What is it, Jim?"

"I mean to say," said Radabaugh, "this didn't just happen. What I mean is, it didn't just happen to happen. It was meant."

Wint studied him. "What's in your mind?"

"They'd have held off till after election, maybe," Jim suggested. "Looks to me like they're starting this to hit the election somehow. I can't say just how. Don't know, but it looks to me it was meant——"

"You mean they're trying to discredit me, say I don't enforce the laws?"

"Maybe that. Maybe something else. Just struck me it was something."

Wint got up abruptly. "I don't give a hoot. This campaign business bores me anyhow. But I'm not going to stand for this. You get busy, Jim. If you need help say so. I'll bring a man in from outside if necessary. But I want to grab the man that's selling. You understand?"

"It's your funeral," said Radabaugh cheerfully, shifting the bulge in his cheek. "I'll do my do."

"Go to it," Wint told him. "I'm leaving it to you."

But nothing happened. A week dragged past; a week in which it was reasonably clear that Wint was losing ground to Routt. Wint himself saw this as quickly as any man, and it troubled him. He asked Peter Gergue for advice—Amos was still out of town—and Peter told him to get up on his hind legs and rear and tear, but Wint shook his head.

"I can't do that. It isn't in me. The whole thing makes me sick."

"You've naturally got to do it," Gergue assured him. "Routt's telling 'em to vote for him; and he's telling them the same thing over and over, till they know their lesson like a parrot. That's advertising, Wint. Keep a-telling them the same thing till they know what they're to do. You got to. Might as well come to it first as last."

"I can't ask a man to vote for me."

"Why not?"

Wint grinned, and flushed, and gave it up. And Gergue told him again that he would have to make a noise if he wanted to be heard in Hardiston, and left Wint to think it over.

B. B. Beecham a day or two later gave Wint the same advice, but to more purpose. Wint had dropped in at the Journal office casually enough and talked with two or three others who were there before him, till they drifted away and left him with B. B.

Wint asked, "Well, how do things look to you, B. B.?"

B. B. looked doubtful. "You're not making a very strong campaign," he said.

Wint nodded. "I know it. It goes against the grain."

The editor was surprised. "Is that so? Just how do you mean?"

"Oh, I hate to ask a man to vote for me. I hate to ask favors."

B. B. smiled. "Who are you going to vote for?"

"Why, Routt, of course. I can't vote for myself."

The editor looked blandly interested and commented: "Well, if that's the case, of course you can't ask anyone else to vote for you."

"Why not?" Wint was puzzled.

"You know yourself better than they do. If you can't vote for yourself——"

"Oh, it isn't—why, you naturally vote for the other fellow."

"This isn't a class election at college, you know," B. B. reminded him. "It's more serious. Not play. You want to remember that. But if you don't think enough of yourself to vote for yourself——"

Wint laughed. "All right," he said. "I'll vote for myself. You've persuaded me."

B. B. nodded. "Who do you think will make the best mayor; you or Routt?" he asked.

"I don't——" Wint flushed. "Why——"

"Routt?"

"No!" Wint exclaimed angrily. "I've done a good job; and I'd do another. He'd open the town up; let things go."

"Do you want to be mayor? For your own sake?"

"Why, yes."

"Like the job so well?"

"No, not particularly. But I want—well, it would show that people think I've made good."

"If you're going to make a better mayor than Routt your election is best for the town, isn't it?"

"I suppose so."

"Then it's best for every man in Hardiston, isn't it?"

"In a way."

B. B. tilted back in his chair and lifted his hand in a gesture of confirmation: "That's what I was getting at. The fact of the matter is, when you ask a man to vote for you you're not asking him to do you a favor. You're asking him to do himself a favor. I don't suppose you ever thought of that."

Wint grinned. "Well, no."

"It's true?"

"I guess it is."

B. B. leaned forward. "Then go out and say so. Start something. Keep telling them to elect you; tell them louder and longer and oftener than Routt does, and they will."

This was so like what Gergue had said that Wint told B. B. so; and the editor nodded and said Gergue was a wise man.

"But I can't do it," Wint protested. "I don't know. I'll never make a speaker."

B. B. considered that for a while; and then he said: "You know, printed advertising was invented by the first tongue-tied man."

"I don't get it," Wint confessed.

"He had something to sell, but he couldn't tell people about it, so he put an ad in the papers; and after that everyone got the habit."

"You mean I ought to advertise?"

B. B. said that was exactly what he meant. And Wint was interested; he asked some questions. He had heard of advertising rates as things of astounding proportions; and so he was surprised to find that a full-page advertisement in the Journal would cost him only ten dollars. He laughed and said he could stand half a dozen of those. B. B. told him to put an ad in each Hardiston paper, and let them appear in every issue till the election.

"Say the same thing, over and over, in different ways," he advised. "Try it. You'll be surprised."

In the end Wint decided to do just this. B. B. helped him write the advertisements. In them Wint recited what he had done and what he meant to do, but briefly. In each full black-lettered page the burden of his song was just three words, repeated over and over:

"Vote for Chase; vote for Chase; vote for Chase."

Amos came home toward the end of October; and when Wint heard he was in town he telephoned and made arrangements to see him at his home that night. When he got there Amos was upstairs. He called to Wint to go into the sitting room and wait, and Wint went in there and sat down. After a moment Agnes came in to restore a book to its place on the shelves, and Wint got up and stood talking with her. He thought she seemed uneasy, on edge. Her eyes went now and then through the open door toward the stairs down which Amos would come. She fumbled with her hair, and a lock became disarranged and fell down beside her face.

She said abruptly that there was something in her shoe; and she held to his arm with one hand and stood on one foot and pulled off her slipper and shook it, upside down. Then she seemed to lose her balance and toppled toward Wint; and he caught her in his arms. She straightened up and pushed him away with what seemed to him unnecessary force; and then turned and went swiftly out into the hall without a word. He looked after her, and saw Amos, halfway down the stairs, watching them with a curiously grave countenance; and Wint, for no reason in the world, was confused and felt his face burning. He looked down and saw Agnes' slipper on the floor where she had dropped it; and he slid it out of sight under the bookcase before Amos came into the room.

He was sorry as soon as he had done this; but Agnes had somehow contrived to make him feel guilty. He could hardly face Amos when the congressman came into the room. He had a miserable feeling that everything was going wrong; all the trifles in the world seemed conspiring to harass him.

But Amos seemed to have seen nothing. He was perfectly amiable, bade Wint sit down, filled his black pipe, squinted at Wint with his head on one side and asked how things were going.

Wint said they were going badly; and Amos smiled.

"Why, now, that's too bad," he declared.

"I wasn't made for a campaigner," Wint said. "I'll never be able to make a speech."

"You write a good ad," Amos told him. Wint asked, "You've read them?"

"I guess everybody's read them."

"Are they all right?"

"First-rate. They'll do."

Wint said impatiently, "I'm sick of the whole thing."

Amos studied him. "Routt getting under your skin?"

"No. He's playing it pretty strong though."

"I'll say he is."

"Of course it's just politics. He and I are as friendly as ever."

"Oh, sure," Amos agreed indolently. "He told you so, didn't he?"

"Yes. He came to me in the beginning."

"I heard so."

"I don't know how to answer him—the line he's taking," Wint explained. "That's all."

"Don't have to answer him, do you? Don't have to answer a lie."

Wint laughed uneasily. "Just the same, he's stirring people up."

"I never heard of anybody being permanently hurt by a lie but the liar," said Amos.

Wint leaned forward. "I tell you, Amos, I want to be elected. I've gone into this; and I want to win. Routt and I are friendly enough; but he started this fight and I want to beat him. I want to beat him to a whisper. I'd like to see him skunked. I don't care if he doesn't get two votes in Hardiston. That's the way I feel." His fierce enthusiasm dropped away from him; he said hopelessly, "But I'm darned if I know how to manage it."

Amos nodded slowly. "Sick of it, eh?"

"Yes."

The congressman puffed for a while in silence, thinking; and Wint waited for the other man to speak. At last Amos looked at him and asked curiously: "Wint, you dead set on being mayor?"

Something in his tone put Wint on guard. "Dead set? Why?" he said.

Amos lifted a hand. "Why, just this," he explained: "I've been talking round, here and there. Far as I hear, they've heard about you in Columbus. The way it strikes me right now, if you was to run for the House, say, you could get it; and you'd have a good start up there. That's all."

Wint laughed uneasily. "That can come later—maybe."

"Thing is," said Amos, "if you was to get licked for mayor it'd hurt you."

"I'm not going to get licked," Wint exclaimed. "I'm going to win."

"Well—maybe," Amos agreed. "Only I just want you to know that if you'd rather try for something else I'd back you to the limit."

"You mean after election? Next year?"

"I couldn't do much if you was licked."

Wint leaned toward him. "Just what do you mean?"

"Just what I say."

"Are you asking me to withdraw?" Wint asked. His heart was in his mouth. "I know you and Routt have always worked together. Do you want me to get out and let him have it?"

"I'm not asking you to do a thing. I'm offering you a good excuse to—maybe—dodge a licking."

"I'm not going to get licked," Wint insisted. "And if there's a licking waiting for me I won't dodge!"

Amos looked at him curiously. "Well, that's all right. I just put the thing up to you."

"But I owe you enough," said Wint, "so that if you asked me to quit—I'd do it."

"I'm not asking you."

"Then," Wint declared, "I stick; and I win."

Amos moved a little in his chair; and he sighed. "Well," he drawled, "I'm watching you."

Wint left Amos a little later; and he walked home with a weight on his shoulders. He had counted on the congressman; but—this was half-hearted support at best that Amos was offering. Wint was puzzled, he could not understand; and he was depressed and worried and unhappy. He had an impulse to get out, throw the whole matter to one side, forget it all, but on the heels of the thought his jaw hardened and he shook his head.

"No," he said. "No; I'll stick it out to the end."

He would have been more concerned and he would have been thoroughly angry if he could have heard Agnes Caretall talk to

(Continued on Page 107)

Throughout the civilized world, on new roads and old alike, you will find written in the clean sharp characters of the Goodyear All-Weather Tread the story that more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

This is an actual photograph, taken at the junction of a concrete and dirt highway, showing the pattern left by the Goodyear All-Weather Tread on both types of road

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Is Equipped With

DISTEEL WHEELS

The Wheels That Complete The Car

In making this decision—in officially adopting Disteel Wheels as equipment for the Columbia Six—still another group of motor car engineers have recognized the advisability of giving their patrons the maximum of motoring comfort, safety and convenience; in short, of bringing Science to the Wheels of the Motor Car.

The indisputable fact that Disteel Wheels add greatly to the Beauty and Distinctiveness of the finely designed car has, of course, been a potent factor in their world-wide adoption. However, it is to the prompt acceptance of the obvious mechanical superiorities of Disteel Wheels in the judgment of discriminating motorists that we ascribe their instantaneous popularity.

The Disteel Wheel is a single, concave, tapered disc of sheet steel. It is lighter and stronger. It saves tires, gasoline and the mechanism of the car.

Disteel Wheels are noiseless. They make tire-changing easy. They are easily cleaned. They are, literally, Science brought to the Wheels of the Motor Car. That is why the Motor Car Industry and the Motoring Public have adopted Disteel Wheels.

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Detroit, U. S. A.

NEW YORK, 1846 Broadway at 61st St. BOSTON, 925 Boylston St. CHICAGO, 732 Michigan Ave. SAN FRANCISCO, 326 Rialto Bldg

(Continued from Page 103)

Amos when he had left. She came in to retrieve her lost slipper; and she was fuming indignantly. Old Maria Hale, setting the table for breakfast as she always did, the last thing at night, overheard a word or two of their talk.

She heard Agnes exclaim: "I don't see how you can be so calm. Just because you elected him. But that doesn't give him any right to think he can do a thing like that with me."

And she heard Amos' slow even voice reply: "No; it doesn't give him any right."

"I should think you could say something," Agnes cried. "Your own daughter!"

Maria heard Amos say something about fooling.

And Agnes retorted: "It wasn't fooling! It was plain insulting!"

"Well, we can't let him do that," Amos agreed drawlingly.

Then Maria departed to the kitchen and heard no more. She had paid no particular attention. The old darky lived in a world of her own—a quiet world, a world that was not far from coming to its end. She was very old.

After Agnes left him and went upstairs Amos sat for a long time, very still, before the fire. His eyes were weary and his calm face was troubled.

Once he lifted his glance from the fire and saw a picture of Agnes on the mantel; and he got up and took it in his big hands. It had been taken two or three years ago; and it was very beautiful. A gay happy face; the face of a child without cares. A good face, Amos thought. An honest one.

He compared it in his thoughts with Agnes as she was now; and the trouble in his countenance deepened. After a little he said to himself as he had said once before: "I wish her mother hadn't 've died."

He put the picture slowly back on the mantel, and sat down and once more became motionless, staring into the fire. To one watching him it would have seemed in that moment that Amos, too, was very old.

XLIII

CONGRESSMAN AMOS CARETALL staged, next morning in the post office, one of the those dramatic incidents which had checkered his career and done a good deal to make him what he was. These scenes were meat and drink to Amos. He liked to hark back to them and chuckle at the memory. In Washington last winter, for example, he had told over and over the story of his speech at the rally of Winthrop Chase, Senior; his pledge to vote for a Chase, and the sequel to that pledge. The thing appealed to his sense of humor.

This morning he met Wint in the post office and snubbed him. And within half an hour all Hardiston knew about it and was talking about it. The way of the thing was this: Wint had met Jack Routt on the way uptown; and they came up Broad Street together, and down Main to the post office. Wint was thoughtful and a little silent; Routt expansively amiable in the fashion that had become habitual with him since the campaign opened. He asked Wint jocularly whether he was downhearted, and Wint said he was not. Routt told him he would be.

"You'll be ready to quit before I'm through with you, old man," he warned Wint. "You'll be ready to crawl into your hole. Oh, I'm laying for you."

"Go ahead," Wint told him quietly.

"All your ads in the papers won't do you a bit of good, either. That's good money wasted. You have to get out and talk to the voters, Wint. Take a tip from me. It's the word of mouth that does the trick."

Wint said if this were so Routt would surely come out on top. "You've used word-of-mouth pretty freely," he remarked.

"Getting into the quick, am I?"

"Why, no. I just commented on the fact that ——"

Routt asked solicitously: "Look here, you're not sore, are you? You know the understanding was that this was to be a real fight."

"Of course," Wint agreed. "And I'm not sore. Go as far as you like."

A moment later Routt said: "I heard Amos was going to throw you down. Anything in that? If he does you haven't got a chance."

"Nothing in it," Wint told him. "I had a talk with Amos last night."

Routt laughed and said Amos' promises didn't amount to anything. "Is he backing you or is he holding off?" he asked. "I haven't heard that he's doing much."

"You'll hear in due time," Wint told him.

He thought afterward that it was a curious coincidence that Routt should have said this about Amos on this particular morning. It was almost as though Routt had really had some foreknowledge. But at the time the question made no great impression on him.

When they turned into the post office the mail had not yet been distributed, and the windows were closed. There were perhaps a dozen men there waiting before their boxes, talking, smoking, spitting on the floor. Routt and Wint took their places among these men; and Routt stuck near Wint. There was some good-natured chaffing. After a little Amos and Peter Gergue came in together. Everyone had a word for Amos. It was a minute or two after he came in the door before he worked back through the groups to where Routt and Wint stood.

He looked at the two, head on one side, and Wint said "Good morning, Amos."

Amos squinted a little; then without replying to Wint he turned to Jack Routt, at Wint's side, and thrust out his hand: "Morning, Routt."

He and Routt shook hands, and Wint went a little white with surprise, still not fully understanding.

Routt said cheerfully: "Back in time to see the election, Amos."

Amos nodded cordially. "And back in time to shake hands with the next mayor, Routt," he said. "You're making a first-rate campaign. If you need any help ——"

Routt took it all as a matter of course. Wint had stepped back a little; he was leaning his shoulders against the wall, and it seemed to him the world was swimming.

"I'll surely call on you," Routt said.

Amos turned toward his mail box and unlocked it. Gergue shook Routt by the hand. "Morning, Mister Mayor," he said; and then to the other, "H'lo, Wint."

Everyone had seen; no one had a word to say. The windows opened as sign that the mail was all distributed. The waiting men moved forward to open their boxes; and they went out, ripping open letters and papers, talking in low voices, glancing sidewise at Wint. Routt had gone out with Amos and Peter. Wint pulled himself together, got his mail, and went out into the street by himself. Hardiston seemed like a new town; it was changed—terribly changed—by a word or two from Amos.

Everyone seemed to know what had happened almost as soon as it had happened. The people who spoke to him on his way to Hoover's office—he was planning a day with the law books—seemed to Wint to be grinning maliciously. He was still dazed, unable to think clearly. When he was settled in the back room with the leather-bound books Wint tried to put his mind on them; but he could not. He was groping for understanding. He felt as a child feels when it has received a blow it cannot understand. He was incredulous. The thing could not have happened; but it had happened. The ground was cut from under his feet. Cut from under his feet. He was lost, helpless. He had been supported for so long by Amos; he had felt the congressman's substantial strength upholding him for so many months that it had come to seem to him as an inevitable feature of his very life. He did not see how he could go on without it.

Yet in the end he had to believe, had to accept the new condition. He remembered Amos' attitude the night before. Amos had suggested his withdrawing from the fight; the congressman had almost asked him to withdraw. He had refused; now Amos would force him—would beat him to his knees. At least Amos would try to do that. A slow anger began to grow in Wint; a slow determination not to be beaten. Or if he was to be beaten he would not be beaten without a fight. In simple words, Wint got mad; and he always fought best when he was mad. His resolution hardened; a certain fire of inspiration came to light within him. He began to make plans to meet this new contingency. He would go to the people of Hardiston with the facts, appeal to them, prove to them that he deserved their good will, and that he deserved their votes.

An hour after the scene in the post office Wint was more determined to win than he had ever been before. Even Amos was not invincible. The man could be beaten; not only in this fight but in others. Wint began to cast forward into the future and plan what he would do.

Dick Hoover came in after a while and gripped him by the shoulder. "I say," he exclaimed excitedly, "they tell me Amos has thrown you down. Is it true?"

Wint nodded. "Yes, it is," he answered crisply.

Hoover swore. "The dirty double-crossing hound! What are you going to do?"

"Lick him," Wint replied.

Hoover looked doubtful. "Lick him? You can't, Wint."

Wint said nothing.

"Can you?" Dick Hoover asked.

"I'm going to," said Wint.

Hoover banged his fist on the book that lay open before Wint. "You'll find some that are willing to help!"

"I know it," Wint agreed.

"My father and I—whatever we can do."

"Thanks."

"Get after him, Wint," Hoover urged. "Show him up. No one has ever gone after Caretall the right way. Start something. The people are always looking for fun, for a change. I believe you can do it."

"I told you I was going to," Wint repeated.

That night his father spoke to him of the matter. The elder Chase had heard it during the day, had heard what Amos had done. And there was fire in his eye. He had no sooner come into the house before supper than he called: "Oh, Wint!"

Wint was upstairs getting ready for supper. He answered, "Hello, dad."

"Coming down?"

"Right away."

"Well, hurry."

Wint was surprisingly cheerful. The elation of battle was on him. He chuckled at the impatience in his father's tone; but he did make haste, and a moment later joined the other man in the sitting room. The elder Chase was standing, stirring about, his face hot and angry.

"Look here, Wint," he exclaimed without parley, "I hear Amos Caretall turned you down to-day."

"Yes."

"In the post office."

"Yes, this morning."

"Told Routt he was going to win."

"Just that, dad."

Chase threw up his hand furiously. "Wint, I told you he'd cut your throat! The dirty ——"

Wint put his hand up to his neck. "Cut my throat?" he repeated. "I seem to be all here."

"You wouldn't believe me, Wint, but I warned you."

"Yes, you did."

"What do you say now to this fine friend of yours? Damn the man!"

"I say he's started trouble for himself."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I'm going to prove that when he said Routt would be elected he was either a fool or a liar."

Chase banged his hand on the table beside him till the lamp jumped in its place and the shade tilted to one side. Mrs. Chase came bustling in just then, and straightened it, and protested anxiously: "I declare, Winthrop, you're the hardest man round the house. You do disturb things so. I don't see ——"

"Caretall has turned against Wint," Chase told her.

She nodded wisely. "Well, didn't you always say he would?"

"Of course I did. Wint wouldn't believe me. Now he's done it."

"He ought to be ashamed of himself," Mrs. Chase declared. "But I always did think you were wrong, Wint, to be so friendly with a man who had treated your father as he did. He ——"

"I know you did, mother."

Chase cried: "You take it almighty calmly, Wint. Isn't there any blood in you, son? Don't you ever get mad? Damn it, the man ought to be kicked out of town."

Wint laughed good-naturedly: "Oh, I don't know. He has a right to support Jack if he wants to."

"A right? What have his rights to do with it? I'd have more respect for you if you could get good and mad."

Wint chuckled. "I'll try to work up a fever if you like. I always want your respect, dad."

Chase said in a softer tone: "You always have it, Wint. You've earned it. But it makes my blood boil to see Caretall do this to you—to my son."

"It's terrible," Wint agreed whimsically.

Chase protested: "I believe you're laughing at me."

Wint shook his head anxiously. "No. But I don't see that it does any good to get excited. I'm aiming to keep my head—and my job."

"You're going to fight?"

"Fight?" Wint echoed. "Why, dad, you won't be able to see me for dust."

"You've waked up at last? You're not going to sit back and let Routt lie about you and let Amos trick you?"

"I'm going to fight," said Wint. "Also, I'm going to win."

Chase exclaimed: "I believe you can, if you try."

"You know," said Wint, "in a way I'm glad this has happened."

"Glad?" Chase asked. "Why should you be glad?"

Wint touched his arm in a comradely way. "Because now you and I can line up together; fight side by side. I'd rather have you with me than Amos."

Chase said with a sudden humility: "Amos might be able to help you more than I can."

"I'd rather have your personal vote than all the votes Amos can swing."

"You'd have had that anyway."

"Well, isn't that worth being crossed by Amos?"

Chase said: "But don't fool yourself, Wint. Don't imagine this is going to be easy. Caretall is powerful."

Wint said with a slow energy: "I've done some thinking, dad. Amos is powerful. But—I don't know just how to say it, but what I mean is this: I think I've been a good mayor. I've tried to be a good one anyway. And if a fellow tries to do the right thing it seems to me the world has a habit of turning his way. I've done my share, straight, out and out. And I'm going to the voters on that record. If there's anything in—democracy—then I can beat Amos. He's cleverer; he's better at tricks and contraptions. But he can't beat the right thing, dad. And—I've a hunch that the right is on my side. On our side, in this."

"Right or wrong," Chase declared, "we'll lick him if there's any way in the world it can be done." His eyes lighted. "I believe I can get Kite to line up with you."

Wint shook his head. "No."

"I think I can," Chase urged. "He hates Amos."

"I don't want him," said Wint. "This is a clean fight."

"You want all the help you can get."

"All the decent help. There are enough decent folks in town to put this thing through."

"You can't be too squeamish, Wint."

"I'm too squeamish to take help from Kite," said Wint. "That's flat, dad. Put it out of your head."

Mrs. Chase was still doing her own work. She called them to supper just then; and while they ate she told them how tired she was.

"I declare," she said, "I wish Hetty would come back here. I saw her uptown yesterday; and I asked her to. But she wouldn't. Said she had a better job. I told Mrs. Hullis last night that the girl ——"

"Hetty never cooked a better supper than this," her husband told her; and the little woman smiled happily and bridled like a girl, and said: "Now, Winthrop, you're always telling me things like that, when you know they're not true. I'm just a ——"

Wint laughed. "Quit apologizing for yourself, mother. It's a darned bad habit. Tell people you're a wonder, and they'll believe you. I've found that out. That's the way I'm going to be reëlected."

"You can tell them that, but you have to back it up," his father reminded him. "Brag's not so bad if there's something to base it on."

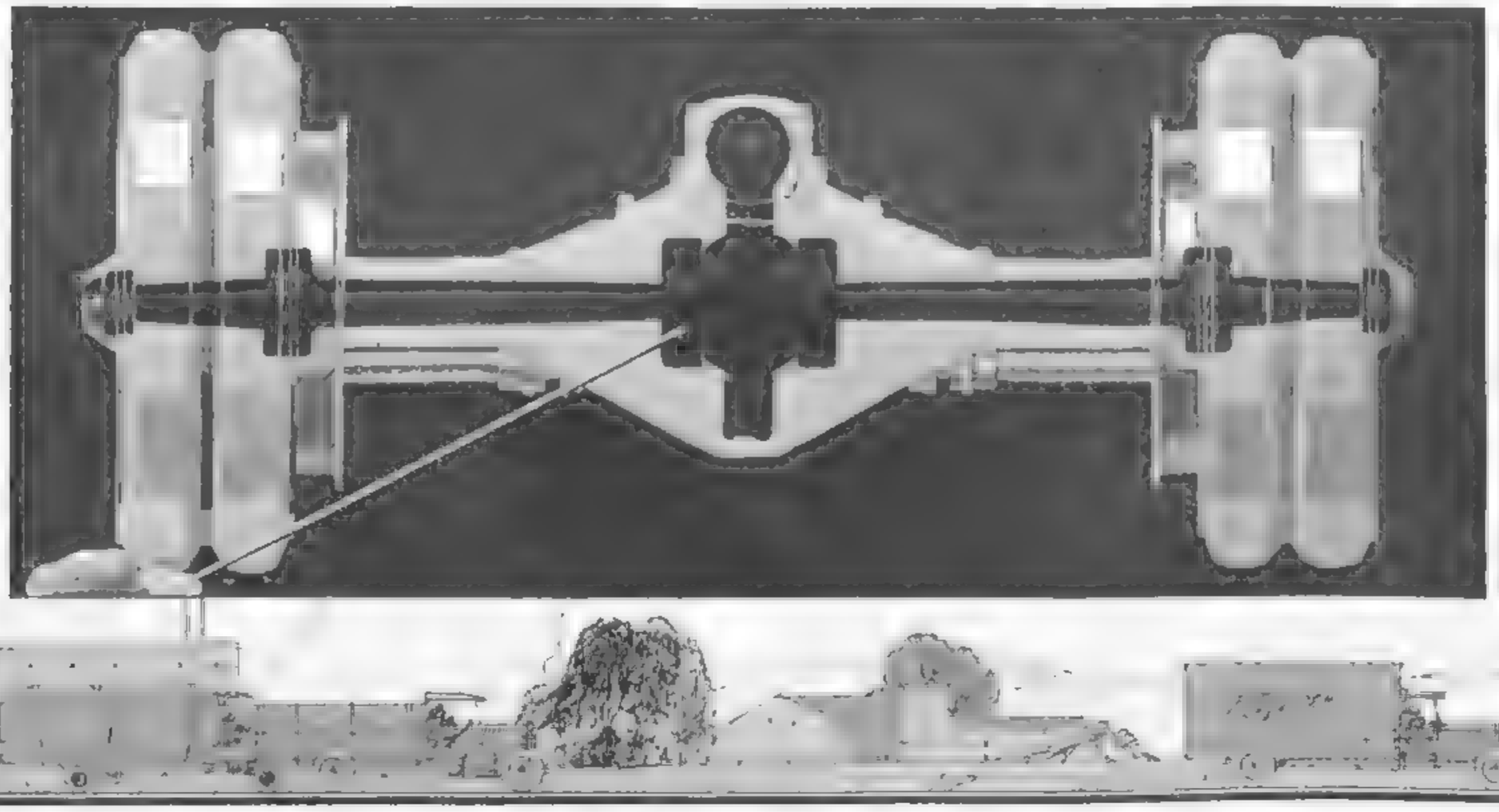
"Well, isn't there?" Wint asked quietly. His father's eyes lighted, and he cried: "Yes, son! By Heaven, there is!"

Wint made no move during the next day or two; but he laid his plans. He intended to do a great many things in the last week before election. He would concentrate his effort in those last days so that the effect should not have time to disappear. He talked with Dick Hoover and Dick's father; he talked with others. And he was surprised to find that such loyal supporters of Amos as Sam O'Brien and Ed Howe and even James T. Hollow were inclined to support him; support him in spite of Amos. Sam told him as much.

He met Sam at the moving-picture show that night; that is to say, he met Sam just

(Continued on Page 111)

SHELDON AXLE EMPLOYS THE



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"GIVE me a place to stand and I will move the earth," said Archimedes, speaking of the unlimited power of the lever.

Leverage is a principle of mechanics that everyone understands.

Now apply that knowledge to truck axles.

Every truck buyer would be glad to know that the rear axle of his truck is strengthened to resist side strains by the greatest possible leverage. The greatest side strains on axles are encountered by locomotives and freight cars rounding curves at high speed under heavy loads.

Be sure your truck has the same factor of safety as the locomotive.

The rear axle of any truck is the most expensive and most important unit, and should therefore be studied and understood by every truck buyer.

Truck axles are easily explained by the principle of leverage.

There are only two kinds of axles, when you get right down to first principles, and the truck buyer has only to decide which will give him the greater service.

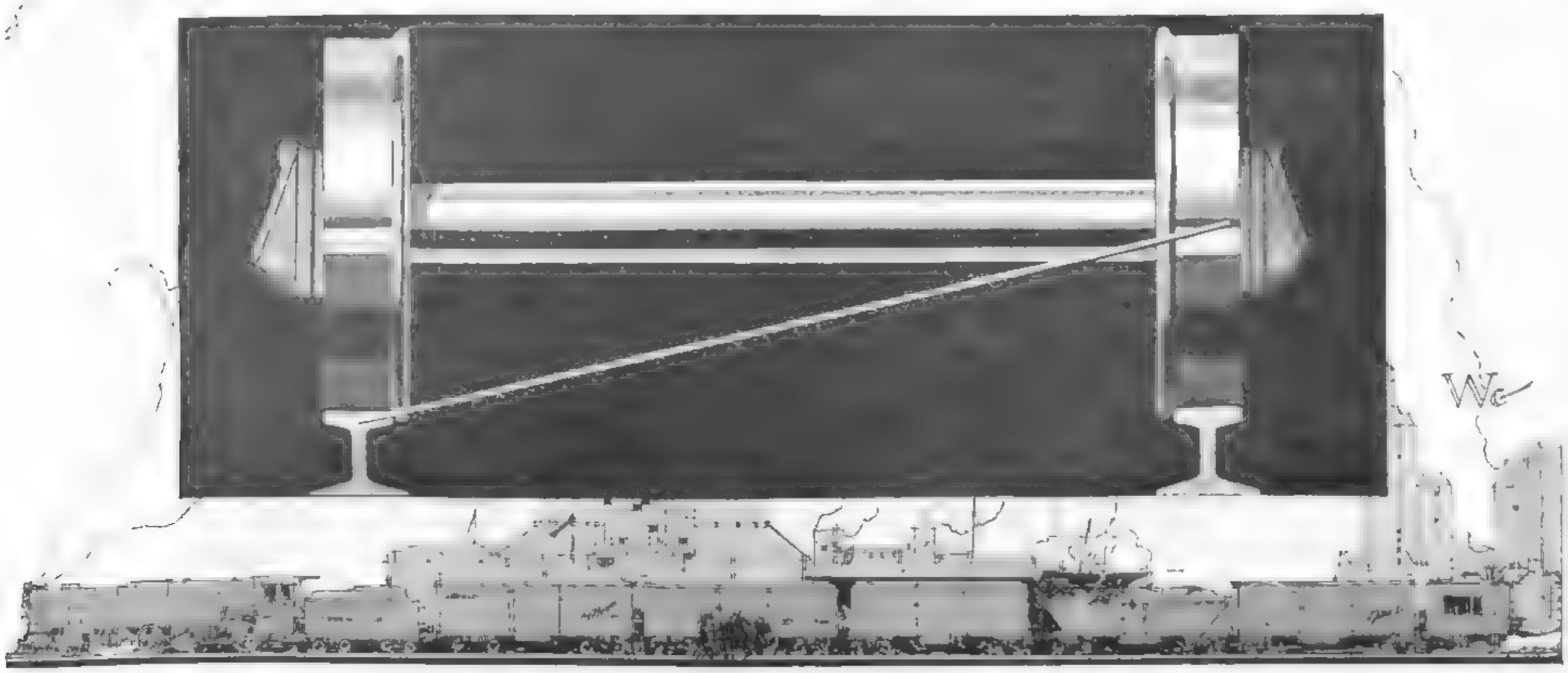
First—Dead Axles—typified in the axles of horse-drawn vehicles and often used in motor truck construction.

Second—Live Axles—adopted by railroads as the most reliable type to carry the Freight Tonnage of the World.

Look for this Sheldon trade-mark cast on the housing at the rear end of the worm gear. It identifies a Sheldon Axle and is your assurance of strength, long life, safety, and economy of upkeep.

Sheldon

LOCOMOTIVE AXLE PRINCIPLE



Select the Axle built on the Locomotive Axle Principle

Dead Axles are the floating type—that is, the wheels revolve and the axle is stationary.

Live Axles are the locomotive type. The wheels are firmly fixed to the axle, which revolves with the wheels as a single unit.

On this type of axle there is a bearing at the hub and another at the opposite end of the axle shaft, giving the longest possible leverage against side strain.

Sheldon Axles Are Built on the Locomotive Axle Principle

Your truck will be subjected to side strains many times a day. When you consider that a skidding strain is often five times that of the load strain you will see the importance of the Locomotive Principle as a factor in the life of your truck.

Your drivers hit curbs every day—they swing in and out of car tracks, they turn out to the edge of crowned roads—the long levers of steel shafts keep the wheels and axles firm and true.

The Sheldon Principle is the simple principle of leverage, easy to understand and so convincing that you will surely select the truck equipped with the Sheldon Worm Gear Axle.

Write for the Sheldon Book, which clearly explains the construction and its adaptation of the Locomotive Axle Principle.

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Manufacturers of Sheldon Worm Drive Axles for Motor Trucks and Sheldon Springs for Automobiles and Trucks.

Axle FOR MOTOR TRUCKS

EUREKA

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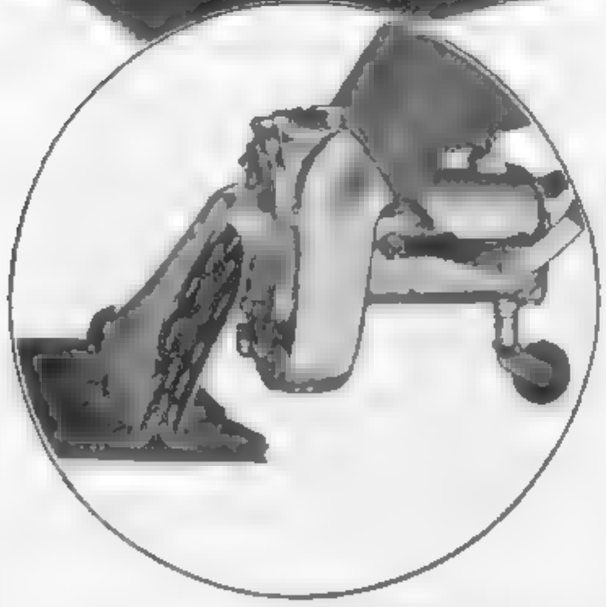

The Eureka is an *Air* Cleaner. It depends for its truly remarkable efficiency upon the great volume of air that rushes through the nozzle, and the velocity at which this air travels.

The brush with which it is equipped simply gathers up the surface dirt, the threads and hair. The air rushing through the fabric gets the dirt embedded in the carpet,—the deep down dirt that brooms and carpet sweepers cannot reach.

And air of course cannot possibly injure the carpet in any way. It simply cleans and purifies.

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The Eureka book gives some interesting facts about cleanliness and sanitation that you ought to have. May we send it to you?

Volume and Velocity

The remarkable cleaning efficiency of the Eureka is the result of its ability to move a great VOLUME of air through all fabrics at a tremendous VELOCITY. Only bonafide electric vacuum cleaners derive their efficiency from this principle. The brush attached to or inserted in the nozzle of this type of cleaner has only one purpose, and that, to remove surface lint, hair, and threads—the air gets the dirt, the dirty dirt embedded in the rug or fabric.

Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company, Detroit, U.S.A.

Canadian Branch: Kitchener, Ontario

Foreign Branch: 6 Fisher Street, London, England

GETS THE DIRT—NOT THE CARPET

(Continued from Page 107)

outside. And Sam and Hetty Morfee were together. That surprised Wint; he had not even known that they were friends. But it was obvious that they were very good friends indeed. When he stopped to speak to them Hetty looked at him with an appealing defiance. He wondered if Sam knew. He did not think it would matter. Sam was the sort who could, if he chose, forgive.

He spoke to Sam of the coming election, and Sam said: "Sure, I'm for you. Amos's all right in Congress. But he'd make a mighty poor mayor. I'm for you, Wint, m' boy. You've got nerve; and you're funny sometimes. Lord, but I've thought there was times when I'd die laughing at you. But you're there, Wint. You can have me."

He and Hetty went away together, and Wint watched them, forgetting what Sam had said in wondering about Sam and Hetty.

He got further comfort the next day, from a man as close to Amos as Peter Gergue. Peter told him it looked as though Routt would win. "But there's a pile that'll vote for you," he added. "It ain't hurt you much, Amos quitting." He looked all round furtively, fumbled in his back hair, and said: "Amos didn't do you such a bad turn even if he meant to. I might give you a vote myself, Wint. I don't know but I might."

XLIV

WINT laid plans for rallies on Friday and Saturday nights of the week before election. On Monday and Tuesday of that week he worked all day, preparing the words he meant to say at those rallies. It was tough work; it was hard for him to put his own determination into words.

Tuesday night, the third of November, there came a diversion. Jim Radabaugh telephoned to him at midnight, summoning him out of bed.

When Wint answered the phone the marshal asked, "That you, Wint?"

"Yes."

"You r'member you told me to get after the bootleggers?"

"Of course."

"Well, I've done that little thing."

Wint exclaimed: "First rate. You mean you've arrested someone?"

"I should say I had."

"Who?" Wint asked.

"You know Lutcher?"

"Of course."

"Him," said Radabaugh.

That Radabaugh should have arrested Lutcher was almost as though he had arrested Kite himself; and Wint knew it. It brought matters to an issue, direct and unavoidable. Lutcher, for all practical purposes, was Kite. His arrest meant an open defiance to the head and front of the opposition. Wint, characteristically, leaped at the chance. He might have been more lenient with a lesser man.

He asked the marshal: "Where is he?"

"Locked up," said Radabaugh.

"In the calaboose?"

"Yeah. Him and the fire horses are all little pals together."

"You've got the evidence?"

"Sure."

"No doubt about it?"

"Not a bit. I'll tell you ——"

"What does he say?"

"Acts like he wasn't surprised. Acts like he expected it. Matter of fact, he pretty near invited me to pinch him."

Wint nodded to himself. "That means they're looking for trouble."

"I'd say so."

"Haven't seen Kite, have you?"

"Hear he's out of town. Be back Thursday."

"All right. We'll hold Lutcher till then and have it out."

Wint heard a gulp that told him Radabaugh was shifting that bulge in his cheek. "He wants to furnish bail," the marshal said.

"Nothing doing," Wint told him.

"We-ell—he's got a right to want to."

"We're sound sleepers here. You couldn't raise me with the telephone," Wint suggested.

"We-ell, Lutcher's all dressed up in a yellow vest and everything; and he didn't fetch his jail pajamas with him."

"He can sleep in the yellow vest."

"It's your funeral," Radabaugh decided philosophically. "Whatever you say."

"That's right." And Wint added: "I'm glad you got him, Jim. Good work."

"Oh, he weren't so much to get. I told you he put himself in the way of it."

"Just the same, you have good nerve."

"We-ell—maybe so."

Wint went back to bed; but he didn't go to sleep. He was tingling with the pleasurable excitement of combat; and he was immensely pleased at this chance to give evidence of the sincerity of his fight for a clean Hardiston.

Those orders to Radabaugh which had become something like a proverb in Hardiston—this was their test. He meant that they should meet the test.

He could not decide whether the incident would help him or hurt him at the polls; it was impossible to tell. But—he did not care. Hurt or help, his course would be the same; unchangeable: Lutcher should get the limit; whatever the evidence justified. The rest was in the lap of the gods; let them take care of it.

It may have been an hour or two before he was asleep again; and he woke in the morning a little tired for the sleep he had lost. But the cold tub revived him; he was cheerful enough when he came down to breakfast; and when his father appeared Wint told him the news.

"Something doing, dad," he said.

Chase looked at him in quick and surprised interest; and he asked: "What? What do you mean, Wint?"

"Did you hear the telephone last night, about midnight?"

"No."

"I did," said Mrs. Chase. "I thought I heard the bell; but your father was asleep, and I wasn't sure. I came to the head of the stairs, but you were already down."

"I answered as quickly as I could. The bell only rang once or twice."

"Who was it?" Chase asked quickly.

"Radabaugh. Jim. The marshal. He's arrested Lutcher."

"Lutcher! What for?"

"Bootlegging!"

Chase uttered an involuntary exclamation. "Lutcher? He's Kite's right-hand man."

"Absolutely."

"Radabaugh arrested him?"

"Yes."

"Has he got a case?"

"Jim always has a case when he makes an arrest."

"But Lutcher—he's shrewd. Knows how to cover his tracks."

"He didn't cover well enough this time." Wint's elation was singing in his voice.

"But he ——"

"As a matter of fact," said Wint, "Radabaugh thinks Lutcher allowed himself to be caught. Thinks he wanted to get arrested."

"That doesn't sound reasonable."

"He'll be sorry."

"They've got something up their sleeves, Wint."

"So have I."

"You? What?"

"My arms," said Wint cheerfully. "With a fist on each one, and a punch in each fist."

Chase looked uncertain. "They'll try some trick."

Wint touched the other's arm. "Don't worry. They've got to fight in the open now. The time's short. And I'm not afraid of them in the open."

"They're treacherous. They'll strike behind your back."

"I'm not worried."

But the older man was worried. He said little more; nevertheless his concern was plain. Wint was sorry, a little disappointed. His father's uneasiness did not affect his own confidence. He was as sure of himself as before. But he had expected his father to be as confident as himself, as sure. To him the matter of Lutcher simply offered an opportunity for a telling blow; but it was evident that to his father the incident was rather a threat than an opportunity.

He and his father walked uptown together; they separated when Wint turned aside toward the fire-engine house, where his office was. The older man gave him a word of warning there.

"Go carefully, Wint," he urged. "Watch yourself."

"Don't worry."

"Be sure of the law, Wint. Don't make a mistake. They would jump on it."

"That's Foster's job. And I'm no—I've studied up a bit."

"Take care."

"Right, dad."

They separated, and Wint went on to his office. Radabaugh was not there, but he appeared a little later.

"I've just had Lutcher up to Sam O'Brien's for breakfast," he explained. "He wanted to go to the hotel; but I told him Sam had the contract to victual the city prisoners."

Wint chuckled. "Where is he now?"

"Down in the calaboose."

"Does he still want to furnish bail?"

"Says he does."

"Kite comes home to-morrow?"

"Yeah."

"Well, we'll let Lutcher out on bail till then. I'm curious to hear what Kite will have to say."

Radabaugh shifted the plug in his cheek. "Think he'll have anything to say?"

"Don't you?"

"We-ell, he might."

"Bring Lutcher up and we'll turn him loose."

Lutcher came. Wint chuckled inwardly at sight of what Radabaugh had called a yellow vest. It was an ornate affair; no doubt of it. He was inclined to expect an outbreak from Lutcher, but the big bald man was cheerfully amiable.

Wint said: "Sorry we had to hold you in jail. The marshal tried to get me, but I'm a sound sleeper."

"Well, the bed wasn't soft," Lutcher admitted. "But I can stand it."

"I'm going to hold you till to-morrow," Wint said. "Unless you want to plead guilty and accept sentence now."

"Guilty? No, sir! You can't pin anything on me, Wint. You ought to know that."

"We'll see," Wint told him. "Want to stay in jail or furnish bail?"

"Bail, of course. I can get anyone ——"

"I'd rather have money."

"Check any good?"

"I'll cash it before you leave here."

Lutcher said amiably that that was all right, and asked the amount. Wint said: "Four hundred," and Lutcher whistled and protested: "That's pretty hard."

"Harder than the bed in the calaboose?"

Lutcher grinned and wrote and, when Wint came back after cashing the check and told him he was free to go, Lutcher, contriving to look dapper and well-dressed in spite of his night, took himself away. Then Wint turned to the marshal.

"Now, Jim, how about it?" he asked. "What's the case against him?"

Radabaugh shifted the knob in his cheek to clear the way for speech; and he sat down, hitched his trousers up, opened his coat and put his thumbs in his armholes. "We-ell," he said. "It was like this."

He had been scouting round for a week, he said, according to Wint's orders, without discovering anything. But the afternoon before, an automobile had come into town with some boxes in the tonneau and a stranger driving. It made some stir on Main Street; and then it drove openly enough to Lutcher's place, on the alley. He had seen the boxes carried up Lutcher's stairs.

"First off," he explained, "I figured it couldn't be what it looked like. Didn't seem as if they'd be so open about it. Lutcher had been lying low. I figured they might be aiming to get me excited, just to make a fool of me. So I held off a spell.

"But the thing stuck in my head. They might be trying a game, and they might not. I decided to keep an eye on Lutcher's place, and I did. All that afternoon."

Wint said, "They were brazen, eh?"

"I'd say so," Radabaugh agreed; and he shifted his plug and went on.

"Nothing happened, particular, all afternoon. I et my supper; and after it was dark I took another walk down that way. Met Jack Routt coming out of the alley; and he stopped me and talked to me. It was on his breath plain enough. He must have knowed that; must have meant me to smell it. He was so darned open I suspicioned there was a trick, so I still held off.

"But I took a walk through the alley about nine o'clock. All quiet. A light in Lutcher's place, that was all. Some men up there. I wondered. I walked through again after a while. Sounded like they was having a game. Finally, about a quarter past eleven, I come along through and someone yelled. Sounded boozy. So I says to myself, 'Jim, you're the goat. You got to bite, if it's only to see the joke.' So I went up the stairs. Quiet."

"No search warrant?" Wint asked.

"Why, no," said Radabaugh innocently. "I was just dropping in for a drink, like I'd done before. Some time back."

Wint grinned. "Of course. Go ahead."

"We-ell, the door wasn't locked," said Radabaugh. "So I knew I was meant to come in. And I went in; on in where they were. Four of them—Tuttle and Harley and Gates and this Lutcher. I went in; and Tuttle throws a five-dollar bill to Lutcher and says, 'Here's for that last bottle, Lutch.'

"Lutcher took it. And he'd seen me before he took it. Then he got up and says: 'Hello, Jim. Have a drink?' So I told him to come along."

He stopped; it was evident that his story was done. Wint nodded. "Well, that's plain enough," he agreed.

"It's my evidence against theirs," Radabaugh reminded him. "But that's the way it's got to be."

"Your evidence is good enough for me."

"Sure. But he'll fight."

"We can't help that," Wint reminded him. "All we can do is—soak him."

There was a sudden heat in his voice; and Radabaugh eyed him curiously and asked: "In earnest, ain't you?"

"Absolutely," said Wint.

"Well, it never hurt any to be in earnest. Go to it, boss."

Hardiston talked it over that day and wondered what Wint would do. Most people thought he would sentence Lutcher; some declared he would wait till after election for fear of influencing the vote. Sam O'Brien laughed at this view.

"Wint wasn't ever afraid of anything," he declared. "Why, man, you make me laugh. He'll soak Lutcher so hard Lutcher'll need to be wrung out like a sponge."

There were others who were loyal to Wint; and there were some few—not very vociferous except among those of like views—who were loyal to Lutcher. But for the most part people waited; waited for Kite to come home. This was his fight; that was understood. Lutcher was his man.

He came on the early morning train next day; and his coming was marked. Lutcher met him at the train. They came up the hill from the station together and went to the bazaar, and were alone there for a little while. Routt joined them presently. Routt would represent Lutcher in court, he said. But Kite laughed at that.

"It will never come to court, man," he told Routt. "You know that."

"I'm not so sure," Jack objected.

"Then we'll smash that young rip flat as an egg," said Kite harshly, with a gesture of his clenched fist. "But he'll crawl, I say."

Lutcher got up. "I'm willing to see that," he declared amiably. "Come along and stage the show."

So they went down to the fire-engine house together, and they found the council room where Wint held court crowded with Hardiston folks who wanted to see what was going to happen. Radabaugh was there, and he told them Wint was in his office in the rear. Kite bade Routt and Lutcher sit down.

"I want to see the mayor," he told Radabaugh in a peremptory tone. "Take me in."

Radabaugh shifted the bulge in his cheek and told Kite to stay where he was. "I'll see if he wants to see you," he said, and went into Wint's office.

A moment later he appeared at the door and beckoned to Kite, and there was an instant's hush in the big room as everyone watched Kite go in. Then they began to whisper and talk together; and instantly were still again, trying to hear what Wint and Kite were saying. Radabaugh had shut the door behind Kite and stood with his back against it, indolently studying the crowd.

They tried to hear; but they did not hear anything except a murmur of voices now and then. They could only guess at what had been said from what happened when Kite had been with Wint five minutes or perhaps ten. At the end of that period the door opened so suddenly that Radabaugh was thrown off balance. He stumbled to one side, and Wint came out and sat down at his desk.

Kite was on Wint's heels; he whispered to Wint fiercely, but Wint, without heeding Kite, said to the clerk, "Call Lutcher's case."

And at that Kite looked at Wint for a moment with a red and furious face, and then he turned and bolted for the stairs and was gone.

Wint's countenance was steady, his lips were white. He heard Radabaugh's story of the arrest of Lutcher; and when it was

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done he asked Routt, who was appearing for Lutcher, whether the man denied anything. Routt hesitated, uncertain what Kite would wish him to do. He whispered with Lutcher.

Then he stood up and said: "He has decided to plead guilty, Your Honor."

Wint nodded, consulted in a low voice with Foster, and said: "Two hundred and costs."

That was all. While Routt and Lutcher arranged for the payment of the fine the crowd began to disperse, a few lingering in the hope of some fresh sensation. And those who lingered and those who went their way were agreeing, one with another, that this matter was not ended.

"Kite's got something up his sleeve," Gates told Bob Dyer. "You wait and see."

And Dyer nodded and grinned, and said: "Yes, wait till old V. R. takes a hand."

When everyone was gone except Radabaugh and Foster and one or two others Wint got up and went into his office and shut the door.

XLV

THOSE minutes—five or ten—which V. R. Kite spent with Wint in the latter's office behind the council chamber before he sentenced Lutcher, left Wint depressed, shaken by foreboding. He was like one beset in the darkness by enemies he could not see. He felt the imminence of disaster without being able to avert it. The world was all wrong. Life had turned her thumbs down. There could be only destruction ahead.

He felt this, without being able to put a name to the peril. It was intangible; Kite had only hinted at it. But the little buzzard of a man had been in deadly earnest. Wint was sure of that. So—there was nothing to do but wait for the blow to fall; and waiting is the hardest thing in the world to do.

Kite had come into Wint's office that morning with a smile in his dry eyes. It was a smile that had triumph in it; and it held also a certain mean magnanimity to a fallen foe. It was as though Kite knew Wint was beaten, and expected him to surrender, and was willing to accept the surrender though despising Wint for yielding. Wint had expected the little man to come in anger, with protestations and open threats and a desperate sort of defiance. He was prepared for these things; he was not prepared for the confidence in Kite's bearing. And his first glimpse of it disturbed him, made him uneasy.

Kite had sat down without being invited, had put his hat on Wint's desk and had said in an amiably triumphant way: "Well, young man?"

He seemed to expect Wint to speak; but Wint had nothing to say to Kite. He replied: "You wanted to speak to me?"

"Not exactly," said Kite. "I wanted to hear what you have to say."

"I?" said Wint. "I have nothing to say—except what I shall say to Lutcher in court presently."

"Ah, yes. Lutcher," Kite murmured. "Lutcher, to be sure." And he nodded as though Lutcher were scarce worth considering, and kept silent, to force Wint into speech.

This trick of keeping silent, forcing the other man to make the advances, was a favorite with Amos Caretall. Amos had beaten V. R. Kite at the game more than once; but Wint had beaten Amos. He beat Kite now. The older man was driven to speak first.

He said in a quick rush of words: "You know you're done for. Done! Skinned! Licked! Down! What have you got to say?"

Before a direct attack Wint recovered himself. He laughed. "I should say you were wide of the mark, Kite," he said cheerfully. "That is, if I know what you're talking about. The mayoralty?"

"Of course. Your hide is on the fence."

Wint shook his head. "I haven't felt it being removed; and they say the process is painful. So I would have felt it go."

"Don't joke, young man. You know what I mean."

"I know," said Wint, "that I'm going to be elected mayor. I know Routt is licked—if that's what you mean."

Kite laughed—a harsh, short, mirthless laugh. "What's the use of bluffing? I tell you I know."

Wint said a little impatiently: "You're talking in a mysterious way, Kite. I don't see your object. If you've no plain words in your system we're wasting time."

"I've a plain word for you. Hardiston will have a plain word for you." There was a deadly menace in the little man's tone, and Wint felt it and was a little impressed. But he managed a smile.

"I've a plain word for Lutcher too," he said. "You're keeping Lutcher waiting."

"Oh, Lutcher," said Kite again. "You'll let him go."

"Hardly," said Wint. And Kite cried: "I say you will! Don't be a fool. I tell you I know!"

"You may know some things," said Wint slowly, "but you are wrong about Lutcher. He gets the limit."

Kite leaned forward and his voice was almost kind. "Young man," he said, "you've good nerve. You're a good fighter. You're a vote getter, too, in an awkward way. If I didn't have the winning hand I should be worried about what you can do. But I have; from the person who knows. You're beaten. You might as well accept it."

"If I'm beaten," said Wint, "I'll know it by midnight of the tenth. Not by your telling."

Kite lost his temper for an instant; and he cried: "You miserable little dog! With not even the grace to know you're whipped!"

Wint said coldly: "Just what are you talking about, Kite? You wanted to see me. Well, here I am. What have you got to say? I'll give you about thirty seconds more."

"Thirty seconds?" Kite echoed. "You'll give me all the time I want. I tell you you're done!"

"What have you got to say?"

"Go out there. No, first write out for me a notice of your withdrawal from the mayoralty fight. Then go out there and turn Lutcher loose. If you do these two things they'll save you—for a while. And nothing else in the world can save ——"

Wint—there could be no question of this—was frightened. He was afraid of the certainty in Kite's manner, afraid of the mystery behind the other's confidence. But it is braver to appear brave when you are frightened than when there is no fright in you; and Wint, frightened though he might be, was yet brave. He got up.

"Time's up, Kite," he said.

Kite exclaimed: "Don't be a fool! I don't want to ruin you. Save yourself, boy!"

Then Wint had opened the door and stepped out into the other room.

That day was Thursday, five days before election; a fair fine day of the sort you will see in Hardiston in the fall. The sun was warm, the air was crisp and dry. It was a day when simply living was pleasant; when to draw breath was a joy. Ordinarily Wint would have drunk this day to the full. But there was abroad in Hardiston a whispered word; men looked at him curiously as he passed them. No one seemed to know exactly what was coming; yet they looked upon Wint as one looks upon a man about to die. Kite had said nothing. From the fire-engine house he had gone direct to his bazaar and stayed there. One or two of his lieutenants visited him there during the morning.

Kite said nothing; no one had any definite word. Yet Hardiston was whispering its guesses. Somehow the rumor had gone abroad that Wint was done, that Kite was about to strike. There was a lively and eager anticipation in the air. It is always easy to anticipate the misfortunes of others; and there will always be those to rejoice in the imminent downfall of one who has held himself high. Wint had enemies enough; even some of those whom he had counted his friends looked askance at him this day.

When he went to the post office for the noon mail he encountered Hetty on the street. Because he was thoughtful and abstracted he spoke to her curtly. Hetty did not speak to him at all. She turned away her head. But Wint, already passing by, did not mark this.

He met B. B. Beecham in the post office and stopped in with B. B. at the Journal office afterward. B. B. talked pleasantly of a number of things, till Wint could be still no longer.

He asked abruptly:

"B. B., have you heard anything?"

The editor looked surprised. "How do you mean?" he asked.

"What's Kite up to?"

B. B. said: "I don't know. Is he up to something?"

"He came to me before court this morning and demanded that I withdraw from this fight and let Lutcher go."

"Demanded it?"

"Yes."

"On what ground?"

"He made some covert threat. He was not specific."

B. B. shook his head. "I hadn't heard."

"Oh, no one knows this," Wint told him. "I refused of course; and fined Lutcher. Now everyone in town seems to know that something is going to drop on me."

"What is there that he can bring against you?"

"Not a thing. Except the old stuff. What everybody knows."

B. B. nodded. "I should not worry if I were you. If there's nothing."

"There isn't anything, I tell you!" Wint exclaimed impatiently.

"Then what can he do?"

Wint got up, a little weary. "All right," he said. "I thought you might have heard."

B. B. shook his head. "Not a thing."

Wint went to Sam O'Brien's restaurant for dinner. It was a little after his usual hour, and there were only two or three others on the stools before the high scrubbed counter. O'Brien waited on Wint himself, and Wint ate in silence under the other's sympathetic eye.

When he paid for his dinner O'Brien asked heartily: "Well, Wint, m'boy, how's tricks?"

Wint looked up at the other and smiled wearily. "Rotten, Sam," he said.

O'Brien protested. "Lord, now, I'd not say that. As fine a day as it is."

"I wasn't talking about the weather," Wint told him. "It's just—I guess I'm in the dumps, Sam. I've got a hunch. I've got a hunch something's going to drop on me like a ton of bricks."

"A hunch like that is bum company," O'Brien commented. "Where did you get it, Wint?"

Wint shook his head. "I don't know."

"Lord, boy! You act like you'd lost your nerve, Wint."

Wint said: "Maybe I have." He was terribly depressed, almost ready to drop out and surrender.

"You'd nerve enough when you soaked Lutcher this morning," Sam reminded him. "I was proud of you, m'son. You've give me many a laugh, Wint, but I was proud o' your cool nerve this day."

"Oh, I'm not worried about Lutcher."

"I'd not be. Him nor his. The old buzzard of a Kite neither."

Wint said: "I don't know. Kite's got something up his sleeve."

"That's as much as to say that he's tricky. It's these magicians that has things up their sleeves. Full of tricks. You stick to the middle of the road, Wint, and never mind their tricks. They'll trick their own selves."

Wint shook his head. "That's all right. But what can I do?"

"Do?" Sam echoed. "Why, fight 'em like that dog of yours fit Mrs. Moody's Jim!"

He nodded toward Muldoon, curled as always near Wint's feet; and Wint dropped his hand to Muldoon's grizzled head. He was apt to turn to Muldoon in trouble. The dog was his shadow, always with him; but it was when he was troubled that Wint gave most heed to the terrier. At Wint's caress Muldoon rolled his eyes up without moving his head. Sam said: "Look at him grin; the nervy pup! He's telling you to take a brace, m'son. You can't scare the dog."

"I'm not scared."

"You act damn like it," said Sam frankly.

And Wint protested: "It's only that I'm sick of it all—sick of the fight, and the mud throwing. And getting no thanks."

"Hell's bells!" Sam exclaimed. "You talk like a woman."

Wint looked at him curiously. "What's Kite up to, Sam? Have you heard?"

"Heard some rats say he would rip you up. And I told them you'd be doing some ripping about that time. You're not going to make me out a liar, Wint. Are you now?"

"Oh, I suppose I'll fight."

He left the restaurant and walked down to Hoover's office and secluded himself in the back room; but his studies could not hold him. There was a curiously passive despair upon the boy. He could not shake it off. The whole thing seemed so little worth while. If there had been a chance to

fight. But the peril was intangible. He could not come to grips with it. He could not even be sure there was peril. He could not be sure of anything—not even of himself. He asked himself despairingly: "Are you going to be a quitter, Wint?" And then he thought hopelessly: "Oh, what's the use?"

In midafternoon Dick Hoover looked in and said Gergue wanted to see Wint. Wint was surprised.

"What does he want?" he asked. "Gergue?" He got up and went to the door and saw Peter waiting; and he called: "Come along in here."

Gergue came at the invitation. His hat was off; he was fumbling in the tangle of hair at the back of his neck. There was a curiously furtive uncertainty about the man. Wint thrust a chair toward Peter with his foot and said, "Sit down."

When Gergue was seated and slicing a fill for his pipe Wint asked: "What's on your mind?"

Gergue looked at him sidewise, stuffing the crumbled tobacco into the black bowl. And he asked: "Wint, where do you figure I stand?"

Wint was surprised. "You mean—in this business between Routt and me?"

Gergue nodded. "Yeah."

"Why, with Routt, I suppose," Wint told him.

"Why d'you figure that?"

"You're tied up with Amos."

Gergue scratched a match. "Wint," he said, "Amos is a fine man. He does things his own way; but in the end he pretty near always turns out pretty near right."

"Well, that's his record," Wint agreed. "He's usually on the winning side."

"Don't let that get away from you," said Gergue. "Don't you forget that, Wint!"

Wint laughed harshly and said: "I'm not likely to. I counted on him in this, you know."

Gergue leaned toward him. "Thing is, Wint, I'm wondering what you'd think if I told you something."

"That would depend on what you told me."

"Something for your own good. Help you some."

Wint said amiably enough: "I want to win this fight, Peter. But—after Amos' stand—I don't particularly want any help from him. I'd mistrust it."

"Say this come from me, personal?"

"You're linked with Amos."

Gergue nodded resignedly. "Have it so," he agreed. "Anyways, I'm going to tell you."

Wint said: "All right. What do you want to tell?"

Gergue hesitated for a while, choosing his words. At last he asked:

"You wondering what Kite aims to do to trim you?"

"Yes."

"Got any ideas?"

"No."

Gergue looked at him shrewdly. "Know any way he could hit at you?"

"No. Not with the truth."

Gergue hesitated; then he asked slowly: "Know any way he could hit at you with Hetty?"

"Hetty?" Wint echoed. "Hetty Morfee?"

"Yes. Her."

Wint was stupefied with surprise. "Good Lord, no!"

"She got any reason to be against you?"

"No. I—she's friendly, I think. Ought to be."

Gergue puffed at his pipe. Then he got up. "Wint," he said, "take it for what it's worth. I hear he's going to hit you with her."

Wint exclaimed angrily, "You're crazy, Peter! Or you're —— Look here, did Amos send you?"

"No."

"Is this some damned trick of his?"

"No."

"Well, what are you talking about?"

Gergue said thoughtfully: "I've said all I know. Think it over, Wint."

He went out with a surprising quickness, and was gone before Wint could frame other questions. The young man was left to consider the thing.

When Wint went home for supper he was still mystified but he was beginning to grow angry; angry at the mere suggestion that lay behind Peter's words; angry at Gergue for saying them. And this anger was a more hopeful sign than his depression of the morning had been.

He was fiercely resentful at Hardiston, at the whole world.

He met Joan halfway home. That is to say, he overtook her on her way and they walked home together. He was so absorbed in his own thoughts that he did not see there was something troubling the girl until she spoke of it.

She said: "Wint, I met Agnes Caretall uptown."

He nodded, scarce hearing; and Joan said: "She's a good deal of a gossip, you know."

There was something in her tone which caught his attention and he looked at her sharply and asked, "What do you mean? What did she say?"

"She said Mr. Kite was going to ruin you," Joan told him.

Wint laughed shortly. "Well, that's no secret. At least it's no secret that he wants to."

"She said he was going to," Joan insisted.

Wint asked: "How? Since she knew so much, did she know how?"

Joan touched his arm. "Don't be angry, Wint."

But Wint was angry, even with Joan. He exclaimed harshly, after the fashion of angry men: "I'm not mad. What did she say?"

Joan told him. "She said they were going to link you up with Hetty."

Wint exclaimed, "Lord! You too? I'm sick of that tale. Hetty!"

Joan begged: "But there isn't anything—is there?"

Wint faced her hotly. "If you don't know without being told —— Can't I even count on you, Joan?"

"I only asked ——"

They were at her gate, and Wint lifted his hat abruptly.

"Think what you like," he told her sharply. "Good afternoon."

He left her there; left her, and Joan looked after him with troubled sympathy in her eyes, and something more. There was a mist of tears in them when she went in toward the house.

While the Chases were at supper that night the telephone rang, and Wint's father answered. After a moment he came back into the dining room.

"Wint," he said. "It's Kite."

"Kite?" Wint demanded, pushing back his chair. "What does he want?"

"He wants to see you—and me. He says he'll be out here at eight."

Wint's face turned black with anger; then he threw up one hand. "All right," he cried. "Tell Kite we'll be here."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

SELF-SERVE KNOCKS THE H OUT OF H. C. L.

(Continued from Page 19)

of sympathy and advice, told his guest something of his business troubles.

The next morning, down at the store, in a pause between customers, the city man and Todd resumed their conversation of the night before.

"Have you ever been in one of these new self-serve groceries?" his friend inquired. "They seem to be a success in the city and I was thinking after I went to bed that I didn't see any reason why they wouldn't pay here, nor why your store couldn't be made into one."

"What's the difference between one of them and my kind of grocery?" asked Todd. "They're new since my day."

"Well," said the city man, "the main differences are that their customers wait on themselves, and they don't give any credit or make any deliveries. I judge Oletha doesn't number many who are above waiting on themselves if they can save money by doing so. All your farm customers attend to their own delivery anyway, and few of your town ones can afford to pay for the accommodation. As for the credit, it looks as if that was the rock which had ripped the biggest hole in your boat. I believe you could build up a good trade with a grocery of the self-serve kind, because you could sell cheaper than those who give credit, delivery and clerk service. When you sell for cash you buy for cash, consequently you are allowed big discounts."

Though protesting at the time that Oletha didn't take to innovations, the next week saw Stephen Todd in the nearest city that possessed a self-serve store. After watching for a while the steady stream of customers that poured in and out he sought the manager. That young man being a good-natured soul, when he found that Todd ran a store one hundred and fifty miles away was willing enough to initiate him into self-serve store management. Todd stayed for a week and until he had satisfied himself that he knew enough to start his own on that basis. After a conference with his wholesaler, who approved and gave some valuable suggestions, he went home and closed his store.

Inside of a week things were doing. The delivery truck was sold. Two partitions were put into the store, which divided it into three rooms, two small ones and a large one where the stock was to be displayed. The store was painted white inside and out. One of the clerks and the delivery boy had been discharged when the

Exit, Showing Cashier and Checker Stands

store was closed. Todd planned that he and the other man could handle the trade in its new quarters, and they did.

After several days' advertising, in which small-town curiosity was stirred, the store opened. They came, they saw, they bought, and they continued to come even after the novelty wore off.

For the first time in his grocery experience Todd saw a real profit at the end of the month. The prices he could quote were lower than those at the other stores and people flocked to the new one, though no credit was given to its patrons. Todd had collected what he could on his outstanding bills and had charged the rest up to experience before he opened the new store. The women liked having a chance to examine the stock without a clerk at their elbow. Every article had a plain price tag on it. There was no urging to buy, but people seemed to buy more than before, perhaps because to see was to create a want for the article. The self-serve stores are strong for displaying all their wares.

By December Todd found that he was doing five times the business he had before. In the six months since his store had been changed into a self-serve he had turned over his stock four times. His cost of operating had been cut to less than half of what it had been previously. Meanwhile two of the other grocers had gone out of business, and apparently it is only a matter of time before one of the others will go into some other line of work. MacGregor, though not doing the volume of business he did before the opening of the self-serve, still has a thriving trade. The majority of his customers want and are willing to pay for the service he gives at his store. Lower prices don't attract them.

One of the other stores is operated by a Swede, and the Swedish farmers, of whom there are many in that locality, feel more at home in his store than in one where their broken English makes them conspicuous. In place of the seven located there a year ago it looks now as if Larsen the Swede, MacGregor and Todd in no very far future will divide the grocery trade of Oletha among them. Three grocery stores in that size town will be sufficient. One of the things America has in too great abundance to-day is grocery stores. Experts on distribution declare there are at least twice too many, and that one reason for high-priced groceries is this very condition. The reason ninety out of one hundred fail over a ten-year period is due both to the oversupply and to poor management.

Mister Corner Grocer whether his books show he can afford it or not has continued to give all kinds of expensive service because he thought housewives in this country demanded it and that he couldn't do business unless he gave it. He heard on every hand that American women wanted things made as easy as possible for them in this life even if it cost them money, and he believed it. He knew his cost of operating was higher than it should be, but he didn't dare cut out any service no matter how expensive it was, because he was afraid if he did he would lose custom. The big stick which has kept him in a track he couldn't afford has been the fear of offending his finicky women customers if he refused service favors.

High-browed lecturers have rehearsed the extravagance and indolence of the American women until even the women themselves have commenced to think all men would die rich if some humane way of disposing of the feminine sex could be found. An article on why the cost of existing is going up that contains no jab at the laziness and wastefulness of Mrs. Average Housekeeper of U. S. A. is as incomplete as a gingerbread without ginger.

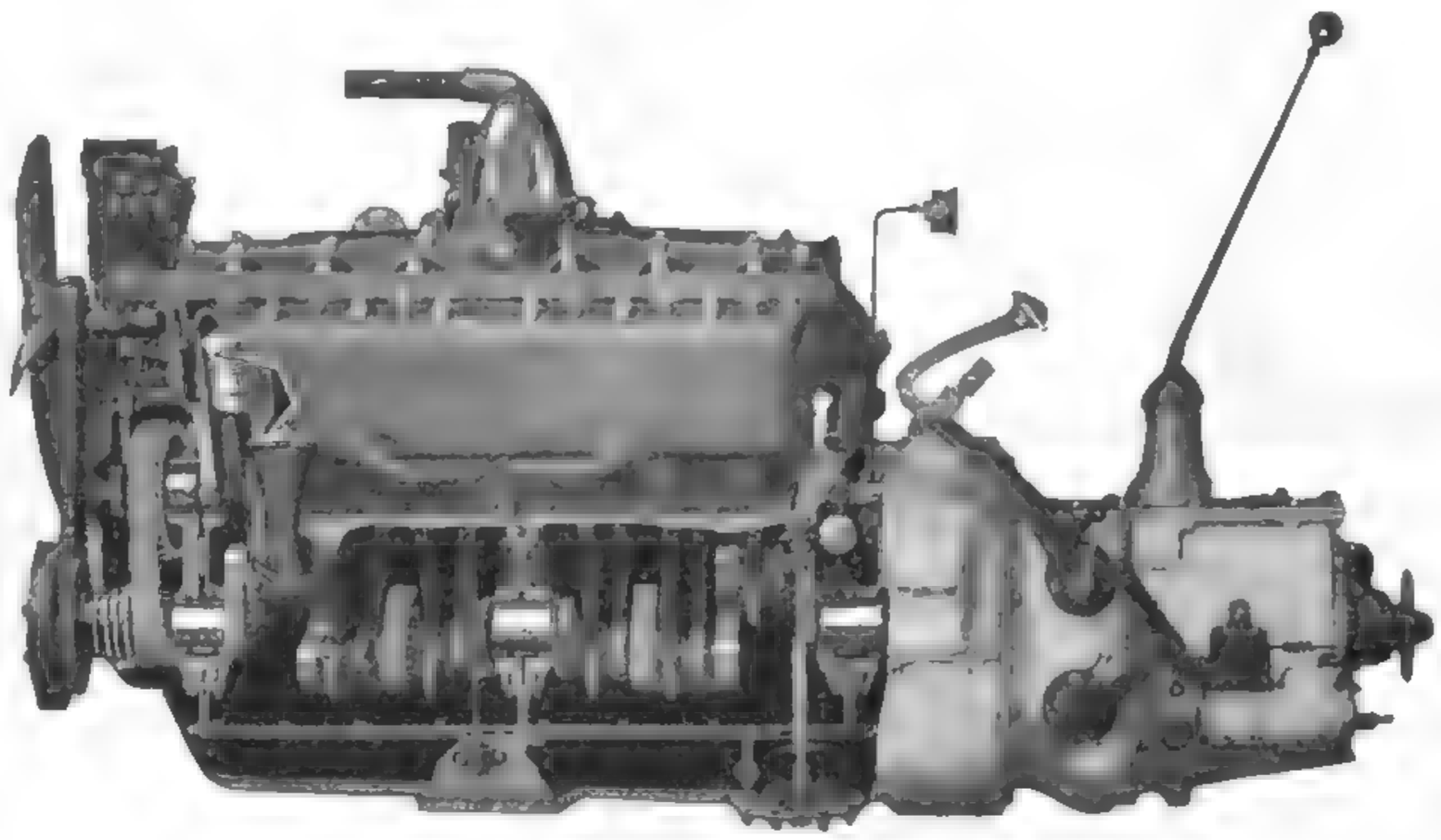
Assertions of this kind made by those who wield a pen or grace a Chautauqua platform are far from true. This has been proved in a hundred different ways, but one of the best bits of evidence for the defendant is the instantaneous welcome she has given the self-serve grocery store.

Mrs. Average Housekeeper, who is lucky enough to live in a town that possesses one of these stores likes them and has put the stamp of her approval on them, because she finds that there she can get the same quality of groceries cheaper than anywhere else. She doesn't get the service of the corner grocery, but she can save money—something almost everyone is trying to do these days—so she cheerfully carries home the supplies for her family.

Cafeteria or self-serve groceries are the last word in economical grocery-store management. Low operating costs make for low-priced commodities and the self-serve variety at present leads in the reduction of running expenses. The self-serve is able to undersell the corner grocery or

(Concluded on Page 119)

The PACKARD
System of
LUBRICATION



TO INSURE *the* HIGH QUALITY *of* TRANSPORTATION *to which* PACKARD OWNERS *are Accustomed*

IT is a fixed Packard principle that price is incident to quality.

Price advances in Packard cars are never made for any other reason than to maintain the highest standards.

It used to be the fashion among manufacturers to think that quality was a matter of materials—to think that it could be maintained solely by purchasing high grade steel and lumber and fittings.

The Packard people have always held that the spirit of the artisan is equally important and are confident that the advantage the Packard owner gets in the performance of his car is largely a matter of the quality of workmanship and the spirit of the workman.

❦ ❦

A Packard price advance is interesting to the present Packard owner because it draws attention to the cash value of his investment in transportation.

We know of no motor car which brings today such a high percentage of its purchase price on the used-car market.

Men whose first fine cars were *used* Packards will tell you that there is little gamble in such a purchase—less than in many an ordinary car fresh from the hands of its manufacturer.

❦ ❦

To men about to purchase Packards, a price advance merely emphasizes the small percentage the first cost of their Packard is to the value of the transportation delivered.

When they buy a Packard they are buying the highest grade of motor car transportation.

They are buying the nerve rest which comes from traveling in the utmost comfort.

They are buying the true saving which comes from having speedy, reliable transportation at their call for business or pleasure.

And they are buying fifty thousand, a hundred thousand miles of such transportation, more if they wish, without the necessity for another initial investment.

Always with the highest possible used-car value to be cashed in at any time.

Because the miles are built in the Packard ready for the new man to use when the first owner gives it up.

Packard representatives are always glad to talk about the true value of motor transportation whether you are ready to purchase or not. You will find a call at Packard headquarters interesting and profitable.

"Ask the Man Who Owns One"

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY - - *Detroit*

Gillette

The Shaving Service—for Every Man—Everywhere

Those Troublesome Corners Around the Nose and Mouth

—and No Stropping—No Honing

NO place for a dull edge here! There is not a spot on the face that better demonstrates the advantages of Gillette *No Stropping—No Honing*—and the fine shaving quality of the Gillette Blade.

This great modern razor principle—*No Stropping—No Honing*—simplifies a man's whole shaving practice.

It signifies the *hard-tempered,* sharp Blade, that holds its edge for shave after shave.

It does away with strops, hones, litter and mess. It saves him time—saves him trouble.

The Gillette is practical and right for every man. It makes his shaving easy instead of tiresome—quick instead of tedious—comfortable to the most sensitive skin.

No. 20
Leather Roll
Pocket Edition

The latest Gillette ideal Genuine Leather Roll Case, compact for the kit bag, the pack or the pocket—with Razor, Metal Mirror and 12 double edged Gillette Blades *(24 Shaving Edges).*

Razor Silver Plated.

MADE IN U. S. A. Gillette TRADE MARK

The Sign of No Stropping—No Honing Known the World Over

HERE is the famous Gillette Diamond-Trademark—the mark of the one great shaving invention in all history.

"No Stropping—No Honing" brands the Blade as the highest type of shaving edge ever developed—a Blade new in principle, in steel, temper, finish and use.

The term "No Stropping—No Honing" signifies the application of *science* to razor-blade making.

It will appeal to every man anxious to eliminate unnecessary labor and save valuable time.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

New York — Chicago — San Francisco — Montreal

London — Paris — Milan — Copenhagen — Petrograd

(Concluded from Page 116)

even the cash-and-carry. Its underlying principle is that its customers must wait on themselves. So to the economies of the cash-and-carry the big one of dispensing with clerk hire is added.

This new type of grocery store has discarded absolutely that shibboleth to hold trade to which merchants in recent years have pinned their faith, the giving of all kinds of service to their customers. The self-service does not give any service whatsoever to those who patronize it. Nevertheless, the patronage of these stores increases by jumps and bounds, because their owners can afford to sell their goods more cheaply than can the merchant who gives service.

Their success smashes the claim made by the regular merchant that the American buying public is spoiled and demands all kinds of accommodations from its merchants. The self-service merchant says the people have taken all this service because they thought it was offered to them free and because they paid the grocer as much whether they got it or not. When the public realized that it paid for these extra favors in higher-priced commodities it decided quickly it could dispense with them.

The corner-grocery store is the type most common in this country. As a class they charge the most and make the least profit. The mortality in grocery stores is extremely high. In a ten-year period the ninety per cent which fail are practically all of the corner-store variety. Most of these failures are due to poor management. Apparently anybody and everybody thinks that no matter what else he may have failed in he can run a grocery store. So there are ex-hodcarriers, ex-farmers, ex-housemaids, and every other kind of an "ex" attempting to sell groceries. With no natural bent, training or experience for the business it is little wonder that so many go under annually.

Selling Expenses Cut Down

The two big factors in nearly all these failures are lack of management and too many costly favors to patrons. Figures compiled from every part of the country in a recent survey show that the average gross profits on sales made by the corner-grocery stores—and this includes the large downtown grocery stores as well—range round 21%, with the actual costs at 16 to 18%. Itemized, the expenses are as follows: Selling cost—clerk salaries, advertising, wrapping, and so on—7%; delivery, 3%; management, not quite 2%; fixed charges—rent, insurance, taxes—2%; interest, 1%; buying, ½%; bad debts, ½%; miscellaneous—cleaning, watchman, ice, and so on—½%. The operating expenses are so steep that commodities necessarily must be priced high to allow the grocer to break even, without the small 3 to 5% profit that he takes.

In spite of this each year has seen the already expense-burdened corner grocer adding service to service, to equal or exceed that given by his competitors. Credit has been given, frequent and prompt deliveries have been made, orders have been taken at the consumer's door, and goods sent out on approval. All these are much appreciated favors, but the patron must pay for them in the long run. Telephoning and having the article charged and sent are great savings of time and effort to the housekeeper, but it is a costly way to buy unless her time and strength are limited and valuable.

When a grocery advertises that it will deliver a loaf of bread or a yeast cake promptly to any part of the city it is probable that many customers of that shop are grumbling at the high cost of living. Because it has been necessary to make the patrons of the store feel that they were gifts, credit and long deliveries could not be charged directly, so they have been spread over the retail price of the commodities sold. Higher and still higher have gone prices to cover these services.

A few grocers broke away from this established method of giving the customer credit and all kinds of service free of charge, and started a few years ago what is known as the four-square plan. By this method four different prices are put on each article. One is for cash-and-carry; another when credit is given and the customer carries home his purchases; a third when credit is given and the delivery is attended to by the customer; and the fourth when the customer is given both credit and delivery. The delivery charge under this plan is a flat one of ten cents whether the sale is a loaf of bread or a half barrel of flour. This plan has proved successful in many places and the merchants who have adopted it apparently feel that they have found a way out of their financial troubles.

About ten years ago a number of grocers discarded the orthodox method of conducting a grocery store and launched grocery stores whose patrons must pay cash and make their own deliveries. Some of these stores are still independent concerns, but more of them are chain stores. At the outset the cash-and-carry got rid of the 3% delivery charges, the bad debts, which range from ½% to 2½%, some bookkeeping and the cost of soliciting at the door. By not giving credit the grocers had the cash to buy from the wholesaler at a discount. This discount usually amounts to considerable.

The grocer who must buy on credit can afford only costly small deliveries. This means frequent calls from the wholesaler's salesmen and much bookkeeping and close watching on the part of the wholesaler's credit department. The credit grocer is the poorest kind of a customer the wholesaler has, and quotations to him must necessarily include pay for the trouble he causes. The grocer who extends credit may by so doing extend his business, but he is likely to lose money by doing it. That credit is not necessary to obtain patronage is shown by the patronage given mail-order houses and the chain and independent stores which do a strictly cash business.

The backbone of the retail trade is the cash customer. The credit system has been an unmitigated curse. The average grocer cannot afford to assume the functions of a free bank with his customers. When the woman who has been demanding that her dollar be given full purchasing power accepts credit at the grocery it is the same as if she borrowed a dollar from the grocer's working capital to buy commodities in his own store. When she accepts credit she destroys the cash purchasing power of both her own and her grocer's dollars. Free delivery has never been an asset, but always a liability.

Because the cash stores, especially the chain ones, usually do a larger business than the kind which gives credit, they are able to make quicker turnovers of their stock and to take a smaller profit on each individual sale. An investigation recently showed that a group of efficient grocers made twelve turnovers of stock in a year. Substantial reductions are also made to the chain stores by the wholesalers because they buy in large quantities. Many of the chain stores have their own factories and cut out the middleman's profit. The cash-and-carry store can do business on a gross profit of fifteen per cent against the twenty-one per cent of the average corner grocery.

Time and Money Saved

The last step in the economical development of the grocery business is the self-serve or cafeteria. About fifteen years ago purveyors of food discovered that there were thousands of people who were willing to save time and money by waiting on themselves at a restaurant. The self-serve restaurants have become increasingly popular. Applying the same idea to groceries a store of this kind—probably the first organized one of the type—was started on the Pacific Coast a decade ago. It was run in a rather haphazard way, but the idea proved a sound one and stores of the self-serve variety have multiplied until now well-regulated stores of this type are to be found in every part of the country. It goes without saying that the expense of operating one is far below that of the stereotyped grocery. Possessing all the advantages of the cash-and-carry they add the additional economy which saves clerk hire. Even in a large one a few people to handle the stock, replenish the shelves, clean the building, check and wrap bundles and receive the cash are all that are required.

The principle is the same in all the cafeteria groceries. The store is usually divided into three parts—a lobby, a retail room and a supply room—where customers are not allowed. All patrons pass through the lobby and enter at the entrance turnstile. Inside the retail room the customer picks up a basket and starts on his selecting tour.

The goods in some of these stores are arranged on shelves and in others on tables, but in all the price tags are in plain sight. Commodities not in their original cartons, bottles or tins are weighed, and bags holding one, two or five pounds, are plainly marked with the contents, price a pound and gross amount.

Where the contents are not visible and there is a question of grades a glass-covered sample box is attached to the table or shelf so the customer may see exactly what he is buying.

One of the rules of the self-serve store is to keep the various commodities always in the same locations. After becoming familiar with the position of the different articles the customer requires very little time for marketing. So far no feasible plan to handle fresh meat in these stores has been devised, but butter, cheese, milk and perishable delicatessen products are placed in refrigerators which form part of the shelving space. Fruits and vegetables are sold by weight in an endeavor to prevent the early comer from having the advantage, but the early comer still has it with that class of food which for appearance and age cannot be impartially classified.

There is no urging to buy goods in a self-serve store. No telephone or mail orders are accepted, no physical service in assembling the goods and no delivery are given, no checks are cashed and no parcels are held for later call.

The selection made, the customer passes out the exit turnstile. His groceries are checked and neatly wrapped, he is given an itemized bill, which he pays at the cashier's window, and the transaction is finished.

With customers permitted access to the shelves the mind immediately leaps to the conclusion that theft of the goods must increase under these conditions. The percentage of shrinkage—which includes theft—in the self-serve stores, however, is only a trifle more than that on the books of the ordinary corner grocer. There is no opportunity whatsoever to take bulky articles and the small ones are placed near the cage of the cashier. Putting the small articles on the high shelves also helps reduce the number of articles taken, as people with kleptomaniac traits prefer taking articles that are on a near level with their pockets. With no clerks there is no loss by their appropriating commodities, and this about balances the little loss through dishonest customers.

The idea of the self-serve store is to sell groceries and nothing but groceries, and to reduce in every way possible the expense of selling. To-day the housewife is willing to dispense with extra favors if she can get food at a lower cost. Cheaper food is the important thing, and these stores seem to be providing it.

The average self-serve, by curtailing the service it gives, is able to keep operation costs as low as 7 or 8% against the 12% costs of the chain stores, and the 16% of the corner groceries. Some of these cafeteria groceries claim to have gone below 5%. The total gross profits in a well-conducted self-serve store can easily be kept under 10%.

Nearly all the large cities and many of the small ones now have stores of this type. Memphis has fifteen or twenty, Chicago more than two dozen, St. Louis six or eight, and Washington is to have a chain of seventy-five in the near future.

The no-delivery store will never entirely supersede the corner grocery with the pleasant personal interest which the proprietor takes in his customers, but as an experiment in distribution it is regarded as worth encouraging. Perhaps the corner grocery can and will incorporate into its management some of the best of the self-serve methods. It looks as if both proprietor and patron will profit if it does.

General View of the Self-Serve Grocery, Showing Ice Box in the Background

HAN

6435

Washable
Dress Glove

826

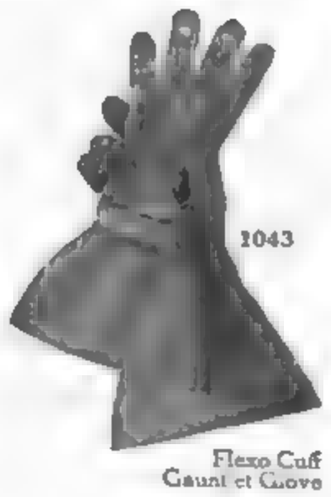
Ventilated
Motoring Glove

7319

Fur-Lined
Street Glove

879

Non-Skid Grip



1043

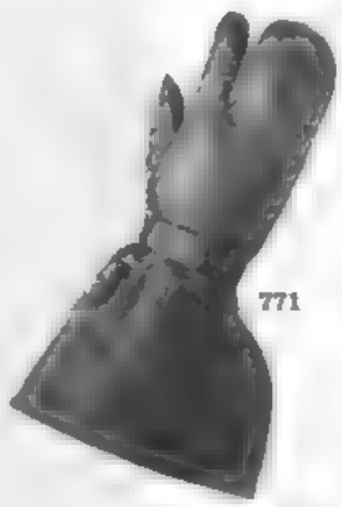
Flexo Cuff
Gauntlet Glove

1149

Aviation
Gauntlet

1044

Lamb-Lined Mitten
Flexo Cuff Gauntlet



771

One-Finger Mitten Gauntlet

"Built Like a Hand"

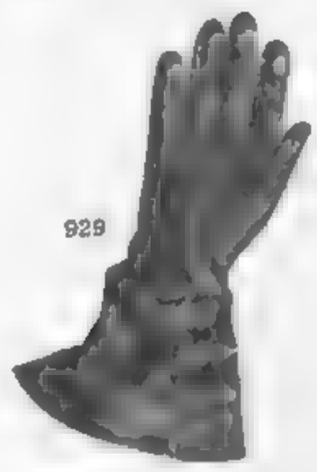
Compare the two and note with what close and accurate care the glove conforms to the living model. A glance will prove the truth of the Hansen phrase—"Built Like a Hand."

Hansen Gloves follow every curve and outline of the hand with scientific accuracy. Ordinary gloves only cover the hand—Hansen's assist it! Others protect, Hansen's support.

For softness with strength the leathers in Hansen Dress and Motoring Gloves are unmatched. The line of Heavy Service Gloves has this "Built Like a Hand" quality—toughness without bulk, barehanded freedom and wear resistance where the wear is hardest.

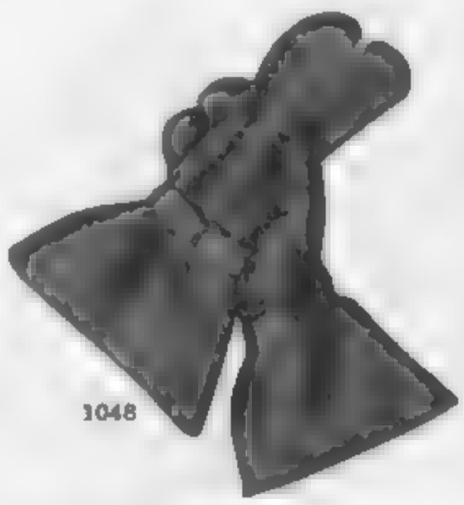
SEEN

924
Long Wrist Glove



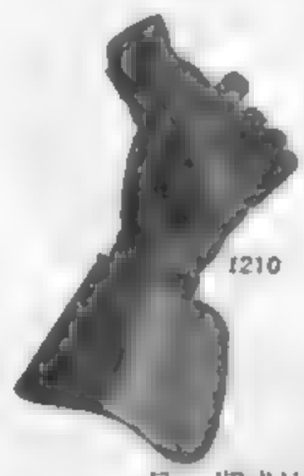
929
Women's Auto Gauntlet

871
"Dan Patch" Duplex Mitten

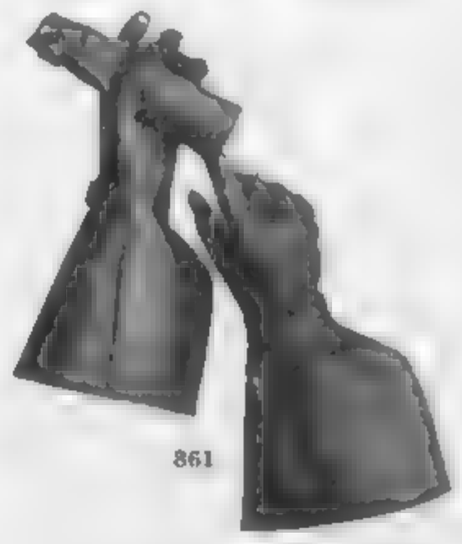


1048
Duplex Mitten Gauntlet

900
A Glove Within a Glove



1210
Horse "Roll-Up" Gauntlet



861
Semi-Soft Cuff Auto Gauntlet

911
Shooter's Mitten

"Every Man—Every Need"

Meeting the needs of all glove wearers in every field of activity has been the work of the Hansen organization for more than a quarter of a century.

Hansen builders not only fill each dominant need with the right design but they anticipate new requirements, and this pioneering service is a big factor in Hansen popularity.

As a gift, nothing reaches deeper into the appreciation than a pair of Hansen's, whether for dress, for sport, for motoring, or for the daily task.

Write for new glove book. In it is a type and style that meets your needs. Select your favorites, then see your dealer.

O. C. HANSEN MFG. COMPANY
100-C Detroit Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

ALL'S SWELL THAT ENDS SWELL

(Continued from Page 13)

Florian was faced, however, with the necessity for raising five hundred dollars with which to purchase The Weekly Epoch. The thing appeared impossible, but the impossible had in the past been child's play for Florian and he went cheerily about his task.

But he met with a cool reception. The money was to be had all right, but some collateral besides prestige was demanded—and Florian had none. He went to call upon Editor Crispus Breech.

Editor Breech was in a responsive mood. He admitted dolorously that the town jes' wa'n't big enough fo' two cullud papers liken to his an' Vanguard Collins' and that The Weekly Epoch had shot its bolt and found the door locked against itself. Therefore Editor Crispus Breech was willing to accept five hundred dollars in payment for his property—lock, stock and barrel.

"Five hund'ed?"

"I said it, Mistuh Slappey."

"What terms?"

"Cash."

"How much down?"

"Five hund'ed dollars."

"Not no less?"

"Nary nickel."

There was no budging Crispus. That fiery little individual was grimly determined to go down fighting or pull out with five hundred good hard dollars to soothe his defeated feelings and set him up in another business; and at that his newspaper was a better value than the shattered tottering Sponsor. The two papers had played frenziedly at a gentle game of mutual throat-cutting for the past eight months. Result: Both were on the toboggan, each unaware of the other's plight and each willing to concede victory if it could honorably be done or to pull out from under, provided someone could be found with little enough sense to hold the financial bag.

That afternoon Florian rode southward on the Highlands car, alighted at Fifteenth Avenue and walked to the crest of Milner Heights. Once there, he struck out into the woods, located a bowlder and climbed upon it.

The panorama of Jones Valley was spread magnificently before him—the city with its ring of industrial fire, its tall chimneys spurting clouds of smoke and soot into the air, its beautiful residential section nestling along the mountain at his feet safely away from the grime of the downtown section; its myriad suburbs ——

Somewhere in that city was someone with five hundred dollars which was procurable—and by Florian. There was the Pool and Ginuwine lottery of course. But the drawings had been running against Florian of late and he had rather lost faith in his ability to pick winning combinations. Professional money lenders such as was Semore Mashby, who roomed with the Shoots—they were out of the question too. They demanded too much security.

But somewhere down there was his five hundred dollars. Some man or woman ——

And suddenly Florian chuckled. He threw back his head and laughed aloud. The most obvious of all solutions had occurred to him last, perhaps because it was the most obvious. He slapped one well-manicured hand against a light-gray trousers leg.

"Lorelie Shoots," he chuckled, "I an' you is gwine split five hund'ed dollars' profit."

Lorelie Shoots it was—Lorelie, the pretty young wife of Mr. Christopher P. S. Shoots, who was known as a master hand at shaving a bearded face or massaging an unbearded one; whose timidity and lack of social ambition had forced his wife in beyond their depth in the matter of assuming a year's lease on a seven-room house and who was foolish enough to place all of his savings in the First National Bank subject to a joint account of himself and Mrs. Shoots.

It was decided. The die was cast. Lorelie Shoots was to furnish the necessary five hundred dollars. She didn't know it, but she was the chosen one. And Florian intended that there should be no getaway.

He worked carefully and single-mindedly. His performance of that morning was repeated the following morning and the next and the next. He reveled in her financial misery resulting from his own defection in the matter of lodgings bill and the ditto reluctance of Mr. Spokane G. Washington. He was insistent in declaring that there was only one way out for her—a quick outside investment with the family capital which was certain of adequate and prompt profit.

"But," she wailed, "they ain't no such of a thing."

"Yes they is."

"Tell which?"

"I cain't tell you nothin' yet," he said mysteriously. "But I is got ev'y cent of my available cash capital tied up in a quick an' suttin propersition which is gwine net me between five hund'ed dollars' profit."

"What I is got to do with that?"

"I dunno. You is been a mighty good frien' to me, Missis Shoots, in givin' me breakfases an' such, an' mebbe ——"

"Oh, Mistuh Slappey, you don' mean you is gwine 'low me to put some money in an' make some fo' my ownse'f?"

"Mebbe, Missis Shoots. Mebbe so I is. But I is gwine be sho' befo' I does—be sho' that you can lemme have the money one day an' I c'n give you it back 'long with the profits in a day or so later."

And beyond that he refused to speak. Lorelie was quite convinced—it had really been too easy.

It was all a question now of when he chose to borrow the five hundred. The world had taken on a bright and roseate appearance for Mr. Slappey. His heart jazzed within him.

But if in his intensive business absorption Florian had paid no heed to the personal element the same could not be said for Sis Callie Flukers, champion gossip of Darktown.

The scene in the Shoots kitchen on the event of her first memorable visit rankled in the inquiring mind of Sis Callie and she was quite determined to discover what was what and why. Thereupon she became an expert snooper and did most of her snooping round the Shoots homestead and those of the immediate neighbors. What she discovered satisfied even her scandal-loving soul. She saw that Florian Slappey, a roomer at the Shoots home, was eating his breakfasts there daily; she saw a partnership of matutinal domestic duties and inferred many things which were as natural as they were unjust. And finally she cornered Mr. Christopher P. S. Shoots one evening as he was leaving the barber shop where he labored daily and told him the whole colorful story.

Christopher was impressed. He was naturally of a jealous disposition and Florian Slappey was one to bring a visit of the green-eyed monster to any man with a pretty wife. He was easy-going, polished, a sartorial epic—and he did no work. But even while jealousy was boiling within him Christopher was too just to go off half-cocked.

"Is you positive shuah, Sis Callie?"

"Not no surer than what I am that t'-morry is We'nesday."

"But proof?"

"He ain't on'y rentin' a room from you, ain't he?"

"Yeh."

"Then how come her to give him his breakfas' ev'y mawnin'? An' how come him to wash dishes fo' her? B'lieve me, Mistuh Shoots, when a man washes dishes fo' a ma'ied woman they's sumthin' mo' to it than just lovin' the way the hot water feels. An' with Florian Slappey 'specially—it'll jes' plumb ruint the look of them sof' han's of his'n."

Christopher frowned sadly.

"An' what else?"

"They talks t'gether all the time—mawnin's when you is away. An' what does a man an' woman usuamly talk about?"

"Don' ast me that, Sis Callie. I is a upright gen'leman."

"See?" she proclaimed triumphantly. "You hates even to think about it. Now you take a frien's adwice, Brother Shoots, an' watch out yo' wife don' 'lope with Florian Slappey. Tha's all I is got to say."

It was aplenty and then some. Mr. Christopher P. S. Shoots meandered mournfully homeward with his heart pumping jealousy and his mind filled with dark and dire suspicion. It was not that Mr. Shoots believed his attractive young wife loved him less. It was that she must love Florian more. And while he didn't exactly blame her—knowing that he was no prize winner in a beauty show—he felt that it was a rather mean trick that Florian was attempting.

Seated on the veranda with his wife after a solemn evening meal, he broached the subject with extreme tact.

"Wha's all this fumadiddles been gwine on betwix' you an' Flo'ian Slappey?"

"Tell which?" she queried, surprised.

"I is expostulated once a'ready," he returned with great dignity. "You is been givin' his breakfases an' he is been he'pin' you wash dishes."

"They ain't no harm in that, is they?"

"Not in that —no."

"Then what you is astin' 'bout?"

"'Bout what it means an' whither it's gittin' you."

"Don' mean nothin' an' ain't gittin' me no whithers."

"Then I adwise as yo' husban'—lawfully wedded an' ma'ied with you—that you cease an' tumminate this unseemin' intimacy which has sprang up betwix' you an' Mistuh Slappey."

She transfixed him with a belligerent glare.

"Does you mean to 'sinuate, Mistuh Shoots ——"

"I ain't 'sinuatin' nothin'. I says that enough is too much—an' you is a'ready done enough."

"Mistuh Slappey is a gen'leman."

"So was Adam ontil he et the apple. I requests theyfo' that you cease givin' Mistuh Slappey breakfases."

"You fo'gits that it loands tone to our house to have him stayin' with us heah."

"They is a limit to the price we c'n pay fo' that tone," he answered stiffly. "An' besides, I ain't so shuah ——"

"An' to prove it," she flared, "he was tellin' me on'y to-day that he was gwine buy a set of ginuwine mahogamy fu'niture fo' his room, with a dressin' table an' ev'ything. If'n that ain't swell, what is?"

There was patently no answer to such an argument, so Mr. Christopher P. S. Shoots rose and made a more or less graceful exit. Doubt still rankled in his breast, albeit it was not so insistent as it had been. Still there was danger.

And the following morning Florian struck. He explained to Lorelie that as a very special personal favor he was allowing her to invest five hundred dollars for three or four days and that in return therefor she was to receive a net profit of two hundred and fifty dollars, same being one half of the total profit certain to be made. The plan, especially as he presented it, was flawless. She was to go to the First National Bank and draw therefrom five hundred dollars, which she was to turn over to him. He then would buy The Weekly Epoch for that sum and sell it to Editor Vanguard Collins of The Weekly Sponsor for one thousand dollars spot cash and split the profits.

She was enthusiastic but a trifle frightened.

"You—you is shuah Editor Collins is gwine buy?"

"I is got his faithful promise. What mo' c'n a man ask?"

Florian's persistent press agentry won an almost too easy victory. He accompanied her to the bank, where she withdrew five hundred dollars which she turned over to him.

"And now," said he lightly, "now that you is sho' to git this heah back again an' two hund'ed an' fifty mo' in a couple of days, le's us go down to the fu'niture sto' an' buy the mahogamy set of fu'niture."

It was done, and out of the tiny surplus Lorelie had left from her housekeeping money she sheled out a ten-dollar advance payment and three weekly installments of five dollars each, making her safe from the collector for four weeks.

That afternoon the furniture was delivered. Also on that afternoon Editor Crispus Breech's Weekly Epoch passed into the hands of one Florian Slappey for a cash consideration of five hundred dollars and under an agreement whereby Editor Breech was to continue on duty until such time as Florian succeeded in disposing of it to a third person, as to the identity of whom Editor Breech was kept in ignorance.

With the title deed to The Weekly Epoch in his coat pocket Florian strode blithely to the offices of Editor Vanguard Collins. Editor Collins, explained a dusky typist, had gone for the day and was not scheduled to return until the morrow. Florian made an appointment for eleven in the morning and departed.

He did not see Lorelie until seven o'clock that night. She eyed him eagerly and he spoke sibilantly.

"Yo' husban' home?"

"No, not yit."

"Semo' Mashby?"

"He's in his room."

"An' Spokane Washin'ton?"

"He's home too. An' mo', he jes' paid me the ten dollars he owes me."

Florian grinned cheerfully.

"Tol' you things would break our way quick." He guided her to a little lounge which nestled in the shadows under the stairway. "Set you down heah. I wants to make talk with you."

She seated herself beside him while he reported satisfactory progress in their deal. And it was while they had their heads close together and their conspiring voices reduced to mere whispers that Christopher P. S. Shoots, husband to Lorelie by marriage, oozed into the hallway and came upon them.

Christopher froze up.

"Ah!" he said icily. "I is caught you."

Florian rose. So did Lorelie. Innocent as the situation was, it was embarrassing.

"Caught which?"

"You an' my wife."

The conclusion struck Florian as sound and he nodded violent agreement.

"So you did—so you did."

"An'," questioned Mr. Shoots darkly, "what explination is you got?"

"Yeh." Florian smiled foolishly. Then he turned to Lorelie. "What explination we is got, huh?"

Lorelie shook her head.

"You is the snoopinest man, Christopher!"

"If'n a man cain't snoop roun' his own home, whose home can he snoop roun'?"

"You said it!" agreed Florian. "Whose home can he?"

Christopher turned away. His pride had been sadly injured.

"I says fo' the lastest time, Missis Shoots, that you an' Florian is got to quit them fumadiddles! Tha's all!"

He retreated to the kitchen. Lorelie turned a troubled face to Florian.

"Mistuh Slappey," she pleaded, "you is got to do sumthin' quick bouten sellin' that newspaper an' returnin' back the money."

"Why so?"

"I is gittin' comprimised."

"Huh! You cain't git comprimised no comprimiser than what you is comprimised a'ready."

"Yes, I c'n," she wailed. "S'posin' Christopher should fin' out I drawed five hund'ed dollars of his money an' give it to you—what would he think then?"

"They is some men," returned Florian sagely, "which don' do nothin' but think things which they ain't got no right thinkin'. If'n yo' husban' is that soht of a man he deserves all the bad thoughts he c'n git."

And Christopher was gittin' them. He was gittin' them wholesale and he continued to git them even after he had dropped off into a nightmarish slumber that night. He was acutely conscious of the fact that somebody was doing him a plumb dirty trick, and he didn't like it. More, the thought of the free breakfasts which Florian was getting at his expense rather rankled. It seemed like piling a chocolate Pelion on an ebony Ossa. Whereupon Christopher P. S. Shoots schemed a scheme.

He was disarmingly bright and cheerful at breakfast. He departed for the barber shop whistling gayly—and two hours later he returned. Florian, his immaculate serge suit camouflaged by an apron, was soapsudsing the dishwater for the bungalow-aproned Lorelie. Christopher paused in the doorway and flung a vicious ultimatum at the guilty couple.

"One mo' time like'n to this," he flared, "an' you is gwine make me plumb mad!"

Then he turned and went back to his office. Florian doffed his apron and started for the door. He was worried and so was Lorelie.

"Where you is goin', Mistuh Slappey?"

"Ise gwine down to sell that paper to Editor Collins an' end all this foolishment," he snapped. "I hates men which th'ows 'sinuations at me when I is tryin' to make them some money."

She stared at him as he went to the hall tree and snatched his floppy Panama hat. At the front door he turned.

(Continued on Page 126)

MIDWEST

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MEATS

(Continued from Page 122)

"Missis Shoots," he said, "you husban' is shuah got a 'propriate middle name."

"Wha's that?"

"P. S."

Florian made haste and speed to the office of Editor Vanguard Collins. He came to a sudden halt before the door, for backed up against it was a dray and into the dray was being piled a mass of one-time office equipment. And while Florian gazed spellbound a sad and solemncholy Editor Vanguard Collins stumped heavily down the stairway and stood upon the sidewalk. His eyes brightened momentarily at sight of Florian.

"Mawnin', Brother Slappey."

"M-m-mawnin,' Editor Collins. Wh-wh-what you is doin'?"

"Don' matter what I is doin'. I asts you now fo' a quick answer. Does you want to buy The Sponsor fo' two hund'ed an' fifty dollars cash?"

Florian staggered. Something was radically wrong and Florian had more than a suspicion that he was the wrongee. "I—I thought you was wantin' to buy The Weekly Epoch fo' a thousan' dollars," he gasped.

Vanguard laughed with harsh pessimism.

"If I ever seen a thousan' dollars all to wunst, Brother Slappey, I'd drop dead."

"But—but you said ——"

"I thought you was plannin' to buy The Sponsor an' I was showin' you what a good thing it was."

"Y-you thought I was gwine buy yo' paper offen you?"

"Now you is tootin'."

"Gosh, gol' fish! I is stang sho' nuff!"

"You is which?"

"I'll sell you The Weekly Epoch fo' five hund'ed dollars cash!"

Editor Collins stared at Florian for a few moments, then he threw back his head and laughed raucously.

"My Gawd," he roared, "does you mean that you went an' bought that imytation newspaper to sell to me fo' a thousan' dollars?"

"Y-y-yeh."

Vanguard's hand clapped on Florian's shoulder.

"They's one good thing bouten it, Brother Slappey. You think you is in hard luck a'ready. Well, what you is now ain't nothin' to what you is gwine be if'n you owns The Weekly Epoch. It's wuss'n a death sentence."

It was a sad and shaken Florian who turned lethargic steps from the home of the now silent Sponsor. He was now seized and possessed of a property which impressed him as a strong liability. More, he had enlisted the financial aid of a lady friend who happened to be married to another man, and he dreaded that gentleman's ire when he discovered that his bank account had been heavily tapped under circumstances which placed Florian in no very favorable light.

"Always," muttered Florian to himself, "when I thinks I is in bad I fin's out afterwards that the way I was ain't nothin' to the way I gits."

He rambled homeward, his feet leaden and his mind cowardly. Even the thought of the mahogany bedroom suite, which now decorated his room, lent no ray of happiness. The world was a dark and gloomy place and Florian the darkest and gloomiest inhabitant thereof.

He broke the news gently.

"Missis Shoots," he proclaimed, "I an' you is done played hell!"

For a minute she stared at his lugubrious countenance and she sensed catastrophe. All the insouciance had departed. It was a new Florian Slappey who stood before her—a man crushed and defeated.

"Tell which?" she gasped.

"The Sponsor ain't an' we is."

"Is what?"

"In bad. Vanguard Collins was lyin' to me when he said he'd pay a thousan' dollars for The Epoch, 'countin' he thought I was wantin' to buy me a newspaper fo' my owns'f an' he wanted to sell me his'n."

"An' he ain't gwine buy ourn offen us?"

"He ain't gwine buy nothin' from nobody. He's flat busted an' gone out of business."

"O-o-o-oh!" In a second Mrs. Lorelie Shoots' cosmic scheme had gone floote. She whirled on Florian: "You—you you" she struggled, seeking for a fitting expletive—"you—you buzzard!"

She turned and flew upstairs. Florian listened mournfully to her footsteps in the room overhead. And finally she came down again, hatted for the street.

"Where you is gwine, Missis Shoots?" he inquired meekly.

"Ise gwine seek the adwices of a feller which is got real brains."

"Name' which?"

"Lawyer Evans Chew!"

Florian watched her as she descended the porch steps to the gate and then flung angrily up the street. The idea of bringing a lawyer into the mess was not at all consoling—and Lawyer Chew, of all attorneys. Florian Slappey looked upon him as omniscient.

It was patently Florian's cue to do something definitely and promptly. But what? What was there to do? What could—there was but one possible course and that was to unload on some unwary person with journalistic ambitions. The trouble lay in finding such a one who possessed—along with the literary afflatus—sufficient cash to swing the deal.

Nor was Florian overly anxious to hold the spotlight in this particular deal for one second longer than was absolutely necessary. If only he could find a middleman with influence, business acumen, wide acquaintance!

Something bumped into Florian, disturbing the smoothness of his red and white striped silk shirt. He whirled and stared into the eyes of Semore Mashby, fellow roomer. Semore was nothing in particular to stare at. He had drawn from the dispenser of human dimensions more height than was his due and less girth. He was lantern-jawed and pop-eyed and his too-shiny clothes and sadly patched shirt and hose belied the fact that he was by all odds the wealthiest negro in Birmingham.

By profession Semore Mashby was a loan shark. He dubbed himself broker and he handled anything from a secondhand wedding dress to a financing proposition. He drove bargains which were hard—for the other fellow—and was hated accordingly by his dusky brethren, who nevertheless turned to him in their hours of direst need when every pawnable article was already at work as security for funds borrowed. There was nothing upon which Semore would not lend something—from a job to a baby.

And Florian gazed upon the unhandsome shape of Semore Mashby and knew that Semore was his man. Whereupon he collared that gentleman, shoved him into his room, jammed a good cigar between his teeth and fired a disconcerting question:

"Brother Mashby, how'd you like to make some money easy?"

Semore gulped and blinked.

"How'd you like to make some money easy?"

"They ain't no such of a thing," came the guttural response.

"Yes they is."

"How much I is got to put up?"

"Nothin'."

"Not a dollar?"

"No, n'r neither even two bits."

Semore leaned forward. Florian had begun to talk in Semore's very best language.

"Splain yo'se'f, Brother Slappey. You talks like a man of sense."

Florian explained—explained that he had purchased the Epoch from Editor Crispus Breech for five hundred dollars and that he was anxious to get out from under promptly; and as he talked a new idea came to him.

He argued with Semore that now Vanguard Collins had suspended the publication of The Sponsor, deadliest and onliest rival to The Weekly Epoch, there was no reason why The Epoch should be other than a sound business venture. And what Florian wanted Semore to do was to sell his paper for him.

"What I git out of it?" queried Semore cannily.

"You gits this, Brother Mashby: Fo' ev'y dollar you gits over five hund'ed dollars I divides with you equal an' fifty-fifty."

"Not on the fust five hund'ed?"

"Nossuh! I done shelt out good ha'd cash fo' that. I is willin' to sell fo' five hund'ed an' as my agent I 'powers you to do same. But you don' git nothin' on it. But if'n you sells fo' a thousan' dollars you gits two hund'ed an' fifty an' don' risk a penny. It's jes' like a lawyer's extinction fee. Is you with me?"

Semore sparred for time. "I ain't hahdly know."

"Is you is or is you ain't?"

"Hm!" Semore eyed his companion. It was patent that Florian was not in a dickering mood. "I is!"

"Good!"

"You ac's like I had took a load offen yo' mind."

"Yeh, an' I wants you to ac' like you is took a newspaper offen my han's—at a profit."

Meanwhile in the spacious private sanctum of Lawyer Evans Chew a semihysterical woman, Lorelie Shoots by name, was pouring forth her woes in adjectival monologue. Through it all Lawyer Chew sat imperturbably blinking at her from behind enormous tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles. And finally the whole story came to an end—a sobby and tearful end.

"An' what I wants back," wailed Mrs. Shoots, "is me 'n' my husban's five hund'ed dollars."

Chew cogitated. He was the champion cogitator of the world.

"A-hem! Florian Slappey is got it from offen you?"

"He is, an' I is done bought the ginuwine mahogamy fu'niture, which I cain't pay fo', an' a'ready my husban' is so' at me an' ain't spoke a word at me sence the las' time an'—I wants my five hund'ed dollars back."

Chew tapped on the table with a silver pencil.

"Yo' five hund'ed dollars which you give Florian ——"

"I never give him nothin'. He induced me out of it."

"Jes' the same, the fac's of the case as presinted to a jury ——"

"But I don' want no jury. I want my five hund ——"

"Jes a minute, Missis Shoots. You derails my train of thought. What I was reemahkin' was that if the fac's of the case was presinted to a jury, which they won't be, 'countin' the best traditions of the bench an' bar is against litigation when they is any way of gittin' a fee fo' a settlin'ment, which is easier than a trial an' which I favors most hearty—if'n they was to heah the fac's they ain't hahdly a doubt they would decide unanimous that you is overstepped the boun's of discretion an' that you knowingly an' with aforethought give him this heah money of yo' own free will an' accord, thereby establishin' a statute quo ante which would hol' an' maintain that he done right, an' ——"

Mrs. Lorelie Shoots gasped and sank for the third time in the sea of words. She extended a helpless pleading hand.

"Jes' a minute, Lawyer Chew. I ain't hahdly gotten mo' than nothin' of what you done said."

"Summed up brief an' pointed," went on the attorney and counselor placidly, "Florian ain't done nothin' you c'n sue him for n'r yet put him in jail."

"But what is I to do? What c'n I do? With my husban' a'ready not speakin' to me on account he is jealous there is sumthin' betwix me an' Florian—which same they ain't an' never will be—an' me havin' took five hund'ed dollars ——"

"You is a'ready done the right thing, Missis Shoots."

"When?"

"You is consulted the best cullud lawyer in this heah noble an' sov'eign state."

"Then you think you c'n git my five hund'ed back? Does you think that?"

"I ain't said I can."

"N'r neither you ain't said you cain't."

"Missis Shoots, I ain't never gwine say that. They ain't no sech of a word as 'cain't' in my lexicography."

"But if'n you promises, Lawyer Chew ——"

"I is on'y gwine promise that I will take the case in question an' now befo' me under grave an' d'lib'rate adwisement an' 'praise you of my c'nclusions in due co'se. My adwice at this moment is to sit studdy in the boat an' talk not to no one whichsoever—least of all yo' husban'—an' my fee is twen'y-five dollars."

Lorelie left the Penny Prudential Bank Building, which housed the legal activities of Lawyer Evans Chew, with a feeling of safety in her heart. She didn't know just what Lawyer Chew would do, but in common with her cullud brethren and sistern she had implicit faith in his power to make order where chaos existed. And she was determined that she would heed both of his adwices. She would sit steady in the boat and she would not tell—no, not even mention one single, solitary, teeny word to her husband.

And in the meantime Semore Mashby had retired to the privacy of his room in the Shoots manse to reflect upon the task he had undertaken for Florian Slappey. That Florian's name was to be kept out of the transaction he fully understood. More, he understood exactly that unless he could sell the newspaper for more than five hundred dollars he was to receive no fee. Therefore it devolved upon him to get more than the five hundred—a great deal more.

He checked over on the fingers of both hands the names of acquaintances who were possessed of five hundred or more dollars in cash: Simeon Broughton, Boston Marble, Dr. Vivian Simmons, Rev'end Plato Tubb, Professor Alec Champagne, Truman Chinners, Bud Peaglar, Rev'end Wesley Luther Thigpen, Acey Upshaw, Dr. Brutus Herring, Cleophus White, Keefe Gaines, Hammond Bias, Christopher P. S. Shoots ——

Semore Mashby ceased to think. A chuckle agitated his cheeks. Christopher Shoots of course. Who else?

By profession Christopher was a barber, but he was temperamentally ag'in his profession. For many long and bitter years he had aspired to literary fame and his vitriolic pieces in the paper dealing with every imaginable topic from a defaulting lodge treasurer to international politics—the whole array garnished with malapropian tongue-twisters—had become famous locally.

Christopher had money—witness his year's lease on this big seven-room house, his recent purchase of a one-quarter interest in the handsome shop where he displayed daily his tonsorial skill, the hornless phonograph in the parlor and the enormous record collection consisting of seventeen discs.

Semore cornered Christopher that night and into the ears of the barber with journalistic aspirations he dripped honeyed words having to do with literary attainment. Now that The Sponsor was defunct, argued Semore, there was nothing on earth which could prevent The Weekly Epoch from returning something in the neighborhood of a thousand per cent on the investment. It was in the field alone and competitorless, a law unto itself, a Koh-i-noor among newspapers of its class.

"But if'n it's all what you say it is," queried Christopher wisely, "whaffo' does the owner wish to sell?"

Semore hesitated, but only for a second.

"It's thisaway," he explained glibly: "He's done decided to leave the city."

"Leave?"

"Uh-huh! He's gwine Nawth fo' his health."

"How much he wants fo' it?"

"Fifteen hund'ed dollars."

Christopher shook his head positively.

"I woul'n't pay no fifteen hund'ed dollars if'n you was to offer me ev'y newspaper in N'Yawk."

Semore lowered his voice confidentially.

"Fifteen hund'ed dollars is what he wants, Brother Shoots, but I is tellin' you that they is a heap of things which us folks wants which we don' git. Fifteen hund'ed dollars fo' The Weekly Epoch is one of 'em, though I is tellin' you as a sincere frien' that it is wuth two thousan' easy. What I is sayin' is that I b'lieve I c'n git it fo' you fo' a thousan' dollars."

"One thousan'?"

"Cash."

"Hm! All what is to it—circulation an' goodwill an' ev'ythin'?"

"Even the two typewriters."

Christopher hesitated. A thousand dollars was a good deal of money, but the potentialities were limitless.

"Is you willin' I should cumsider it over a while?"

"We-ell, if'n you must. C'n you give me a positive shuah answer by t'-morry mawnin'?"

"Yeh, by t'-morry mawnin'."

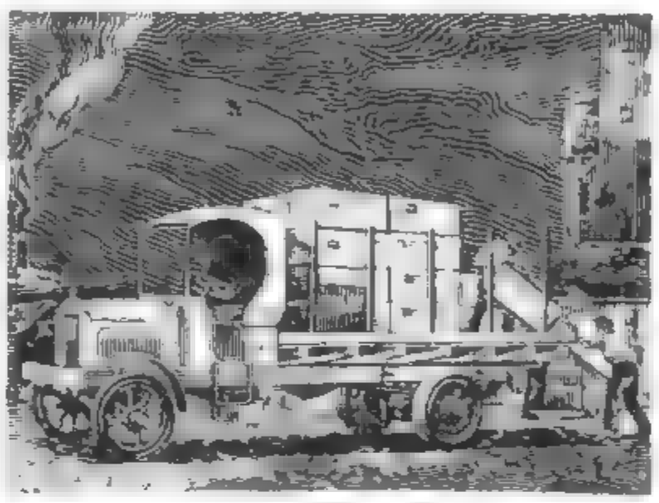
"Because the reason bein' this as follows: You is got to tell me definite an' positive so's I c'n go to the owner, which wants fifteen hund'ed dollars, an' say: 'Heah, ol' man, I c'n git you a thousan' dollars cash to-day befo' night.' An' I think that'll make him sell."

"I'll let you know in the mawnin'," repeated Christopher, and retired to his room.

It was a mournful night for Mr. and Mrs. Shoots. The specter of Florian Slappey and broiled bacon sealed the lips of Mr. Shoots and he was fairly racked with desire to discuss with her the move he was contemplating. She on her part longed to confide in her husband the story of her raid on their joint bank account and dared not while his anger was still a-seethe within him. And so they lay beside each other through all the night, awake for the greater

(Continued on Page 129)

GARFORD



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REMY

STARTING LIGHTING (REMY) IGNITION SYSTEMS

(Continued from Page 126)

part, worrying over thoughts which were almost identical in nature.

When they rose and dressed the following morning no word had been spoken between them, no armistice declared. Lorelie was still terrified, Mr. Shoots determined.

Semore cornered him in the hallway as he finished his breakfast.

"Is you decided?"

"I is."

"Is you gwine buy The Weekly Epoch?"

"Yes, fo' one thousan' dollars."

"An' if'n I c'n swing the deal you is willin' to pay cash money to-day?"

"You said it."

"Well take my adwice an' go to the Fust National an' withdraw the thousan' dollars out. Cause'n I is shuah I c'n 'range the matter."

Christopher made his way to the barber shop. Semore returned to his room and sank once more into a slough of thought. He regarded The Weekly Epoch as sold to the barber with whom he lived. The very thought of the ambitious Christopher had been inspirational. He would sell for one thousand dollars, pocket two hundred and fifty and turn the other two hundred and fifty profit over to Florian Slappey.

He was well pleased with the idea of his own profit, but somehow he didn't like the idea of the two hundred and fifty which was to become Florian's by dint of his master ability as a newspaper sales agent. Florian was willing to take five hundred dollars. Semore fancied he would be thoroughly satisfied with it in cash and that immediately. Therefore ——

Florian was roused from a deep and dreamless sleep by the entrance of Semore Mashby. That tattered individual seated himself in the one chair which the room boasted, rested an arm on the ginuwine manogamy dressing table and surveyed the pink-pajama-clad young man who lay luxuriously between the sheets of the new four-poster bed.

"I is come to tell you, Brother Slappey, that they ain't nothin' doin'."

"Nothin' doin' which?"

"Folks don' seem to want to buy no newspapers. I reckon I an' you had better call our deal off."

Florian sat up suddenly, thoroughly alarmed.

"Call off you sellin' The Weekly Epoch fo' me?"

"Tha's it. You wants action too quick."

"'Tain't a case of want—it's a case of got to git. That paper is got to be sol' right now."

"Cain't be done. On'y one way, that is ——"

"One way?"

"Yeh. 'Countin' I is a warm an' firm pussonal frien' of your'n I might be willin' to gamble on the thing by payin' you five hund'ed dollars cash money right now an' takin' The Weekly Epoch. Then if'n I sells it fo' mo' than that in the future I is to keep all the profits, 'countin' I is takin' a big chance fo' the pu'pose of he'pin' you out."

Florian reflected hastily. There was much sound logic in Semore's argument and it was worth at least five hundred dollars' consideration. And just at that particular moment five hundred dollars cash looked as large to Florian as five millions. He extended his hand.

"Gimme the five hund'ed."

Semore bent his head to conceal any facial evidence of the surge of exaltation within him. He extracted a check book from an inner pocket of the frayed coat and wrote busily with an indelible pencil. Finally he handed the check and a crude receipt over to Florian. Mr. Slappey regarded the check reverently, signed the receipt and extended his hand.

"Done with you, Brother Mashby."

"You is reemahked sumthin', Brother Slappey. The Weekly Epoch is mine now—all mine?"

"All yourn—thank the Lawd!"

Semore descended the front steps and started blithely down the street in search of Christopher P. S. Shoots, proprietor-to-be of The Weekly Epoch, sole surviving colored weekly newspaper. His heart caroled within his skinny breast and his wallet gaped with almost human expectancy of the five-hundred-dollar profit which was soon to swell it.

Semore found the barber shop, but he didn't locate Mr. Shoots. Mr. Shoots had gone out for a couple of hours and no one in the shop could inform Mr. Mashby of his whereabouts. As a matter of fact Mr. Shoots had gone to the First National Bank. He carried with him his savings-account book, never noticing that his cash balance was nine hundred dollars, where it should have been fourteen hundred. He wrote a check for a thousand, shoved it across the counter casually and ——

"You have only nine hundred in the bank, Shoots."

"Huh?" And then Christopher smiled tolerantly. "You is read the figgers wrong, white folks. They is fo'teen hund'ed there."

The teller shook his head.

"No, there was until the other day when your wife withdrew five hundred dollars."

A trip hammer seemed to descend from the ceiling and smite Christopher P. S. Shoots a mighty smite. Forgotten was The Weekly Epoch, forgotten the purpose of his visit, forgotten everything save the perfidy of his wife, to whom he had intrusted a joint savings account.

"S-s-s-s-s-says which?" he stammered.

"Why, yes," explained the little bank clerk. "Your wife drew out five hundred dollars just the other day."

The cream-colored walls of the big bank whirled before Christopher's eyes. He grabbed for his bank book and stared dazedly upon the written proof.

"Sh-sh-she was alone?"

The bank man frowned.

"No."

"They—they di'n't happen to be a sporty li'l light-tan uppity cullud man with her, did they?"

"Ye-e-es, I believe there was."

"Oh, my gosh!"

Christopher slapped the bank book in his pocket, clapped one hand to his head, darted across the bank and out through the revolving doors onto Twentieth Street. By some miracle he avoided a sudden demise beneath the wheels of a traffic-law-busting jitney as he crossed the busy thoroughfare and started at top speed down Second Avenue. He traveled in high with the accelerator depressed to the limit, shot across Nineteenth, rounded the post-office corner at an angle and catapulted into the elevator of the Penny Prudential Bank Building.

Lawyer Evans Chew was just leaving his office as Christopher arrived. Chew gave ground in the collision. Ten minutes later he had pieced together the hypothetical story which Christopher sobbed at him.

"An' if'n they ever was sech a case as what I is done tol' you, Lawyer Chew, what ought should a husban' do bouten it?"

Chew concealed the grin of elation which was struggling for expression on his lips. Christopher's story was so patently real and not hypothetical that Chew would have spotted it anyway. But when in addition to the Shoots' hysteria, which gave truth to hypotheses, Lawyer Chew had already heard from the lips of Mrs. Shoots the other end of the five-hundred-dollar story he knew that things were coming his way and coming in great luscious gobs.

Therefore he extended a gently consoling hand.

"You is talkin' bouten a frien' of yourn, Brother Shoots?"

"Uh-huh. The ve'y mos' pretickeler frien' which I is got."

"An' you wishes my adwices fo' a twenty-five-dollar fee?"

"I does."

Lawyer Chew extended an insinuating palm and into it dropped two ten-dollar bills and a single five.

"An' now," gasped Christopher, "what is you gwine do?'

"I inten's takin' the case under adwisement.'"

"Under adwisement? Under adwisement? With my—er—a—my frien's wife mebbe playin' fumadiddles with his five hund'ed dollars? What soht of law business you calls that?"

"Fu'thermo'," continued Lawyer Chew confidently, "I adwises that fo' a day or two you sits stiddy in the boat an' don' 'tempt to rock same. An' least of all, I adwises that yo' frien' don' make no hints to his wife that he has 'scovered that anythin' is wrong."

"My gosh! Lawyer Chew, you mus' think my frien' is a regalar simp."

"I does," retorted Chew.

From the office of Lawyer Evans Chew, the triumphant, went Christopher P. S. Shoots, the depressed. And he went straight to the office of The Weekly Epoch, where he found Editor Crispus Breech, the fat fiery little ex-owner of the paper, who was still at work until the new management assumed possession.

"Editor Breech," sizzled Christopher, "I comes heah to ast you a plain, simple, hones' question: Does you still own The Weekly Epoch?"

"Nossuh, I doesn't."

"Who you sol' it to?"

"Florian Slappey," came the prompt answer.

The effect of that gentleman's name upon Mr. Christopher P. S. Shoots was little short of startling. His eyes popped open, his jaw dropped, his figure seemed to sag at the middle. And suddenly he whirled and fled down the narrow flight of steps leading to Fourth Avenue.

Two and two and two were put together to make six hundred million for Christopher—Florian's intimacy with Lorelie, the fact that Lorelie had been accompanied by Florian while drawing out five hundred dollars of his good hard-earned money, Semore's statement that the owner of The Weekly Epoch was willing to sell at a sacrifice because he was leaving the city.

It was plain as the hook of a parrot's nose. Florian Slappey and Mrs. Lorelie Shoots were about to elope. More, he was not only financing the deal with five hundred dollars of his savings but Florian was unloading a newspaper on him for a thousand dollars! The thing was preposterous, unthinkable, outrageous! Christopher was seeing pink and swearing blue. He burst into Lawyer Chew's office like a young tornado and imperiously ordered the stenographer out. Lawyer Chew rose.

"You must clam yo'se'f, Mistuh Shoots—you suttinly must."

"Clam myse'f? Me? My Gawd, Lawyer Chew, you don' know what has happen' to make me unclam!"

"'Tain't nothin' so bad it cain't be wusser, Mistuh Shoots."

"Huh! Is you ever hearn of anythin' worse than yo' wife elopin' with another feller and you payin' fo' the trip?"

Lawyer Chew speculated for a minute.

"Well," he said at length, "mebbe so you is got a li'l cause to be hurt."

But as Christopher went into the details of the affair as he had learned them light again came to Lawyer Chew and he delivered himself unctuously of his opinion:

"I is done gave you the bestes' adwice possible a'ready, Mistuh Shoots, same bein' that you reemains stiddy in the boat an' don' rock same, also that you don' cas' no unjus' s'picions on yo' wife, which I am shuah is as pure as lard."

"But, Lawyer Chew ——"

"I is a man of judicial discernment, Mistuh Shoots, an' I sees that in my han's such a difficulty as the one you is in ain't on'y chil's play to straighten out. So I adwises you to say nothin' of yo' s'picions to yo' wife n'r neither mos' of all to yo' wife's gen'leman frien'—an' trus' in me an' the Lawd."

Christopher eventually departed from the sanctum, chastened in spirit and gripped by an optimism which he could not understand. It was not plain to him what Chew had done or could do to alleviate the misery of an eloping wife and a ditto five hundred dollars. He was particularly bitter about the five hundred dollars. It was in the nature of insult added to injury. Besides it was playing havoc with his golden opportunity to elevate himself from barberism to journalism.

Lawyer Chew was chuckling as he again summoned his stenographer and picked up the dictation of a verbose legal document where it had been dropped at the moment of Christopher's unceremonious entrance. Things were coming Chewward in one grand and glorious heap. He was very much at peace with himself and with the world—Evans Chew, the domestic mediator, attorney *par excellence*.

There came a knock at the outer door. The dusky stenographer answered and returned with a puzzled expression on her face.

"It's Missis Lorelie Shoots, Lawyer Chew, an' she is smilin'."

She was smiling broadly as she entered the office and was left alone with her legal adviser, for as a matter of fact all that was worrying Lorelie at that moment was the domestic discord. Terror had departed with the speed of a Liberty motor that is willing to mote. She opened her purse, extracted a crisp new five-dollar bill and planked it down before Lawyer Chew.

"Tha's on 'count of my fee to you of twen'y-five dollars," she announced.

"A-a-ah! Sumthin' has happened?"

"Yes. I is got back my five hund'ed dollars."

"Where from?"

"Florian Slappey."

"Where did he git five hund'ed dollars at?"

"He sol' The Weekly Epoch fo' that sum an' 'mount."

"So-o-o! Who to?"

"Semore Mashby."

Chew's feet landed flatly on the floor. He was all attention.

"Semore Mashby?"

Lorelie laughed.

"Yeh! He done tol' me how he put one over on Semore. Y'see he'd done made Semore his agent to sell The Epoch an' they was to split fifty-fifty all they got fo' it over five hund'ed dollars. Semore foun' out he coul'n't sell it right off, so he boughten it fo' five hund'ed an' thinks he is gwine make a regalar profit on the deal fo' hisse'f."

"Hm! They ain't no reason why he shoul'n't, Missis Shoots. With The Sponsor ceased an' sispended publication, The Weekly Epoch ought to make money."

"Semore Mashby should worry bouten that. Me, I is got back my five hund'ed dollars an' the rest of my troubles don' look like nothin', or even less'n that."

"An'," persisted Lawyer Chew, "when Semore bought the paper offen Florian he di'n't say nothin' 'ceptin' that he coul'n't sell it an' di'n't know when he could?"

"Tha's it."

"An' what you is done with the five hund'ed dollars Florian gave you back?"

She smiled.

"I is interred it in the Fust National Bank from where it come out of."

"I see!"

"An' now I ain't skeered of my husban' ever findin' out it has been gone."

"No, sholy not you ain't skeered of that," answered the lawyer as he envisioned Christopher's attitude of a few moments since. "They ain't nary single chance of him findin' out."

But scarcely had Lorelie left the office when Chew telephoned the barber shop where Christopher worked and summoned that gentleman to an audience.

"I is got some good news fo' you," was all he said.

It was enough and then 'some. Christopher negotiated the two and a half blocks in a few seconds less than nothing. Once in the office he stood panting.

"You is got some good news fo' me?"

"I is."

"My wife ——"

"This is mo' importanter than yo' wife. I is tellin' you that yo' five hund'ed dollars is back in the bank from where it was took."

"No!"

"Yeh! Ev'y nickel of it."

"How you know it?"

"Nemmin' how I know it. Us lawyers is got a habit of knowin' things which ordinary folks don' know an' woul'n't on'erstan' if'n they did. Also I knows that you is gwine buy The Weekly Epoch offen Semore Mashby. Is you or ain't you?"

"I—I—was. Does you think it's a good proposition?"

"Mos' excellint. Entirely fine. With The Sponsor out of the way, they ain't no reason why The Weekly Epoch shoul'n't make a lot of money an' impaht to its editor an' owner a social an' cimmunity prestige an' eclat unobtainable by other means. Now as yo' 'torney I asks you how much was you gwine pay fo' it?"

"One thousan' dollars cash. The owner said he woul'n't sell fo' less'n fifteen hund'ed dollars. It's Florian Slappey, drat his hide!"

"An' Semore said that him bein' sech a good frien' of yourn he could wuk the deal fo' a thousan' even?"

"You sho' does know a heap of things, Lawyer Chew."

"Oh, I reckon I is a pretty knowin' man. Fac' is, gittin' to know things is jes' about the ve'y bestes' thing what I does. Now what I is askin' you is this: Is you willin' to make two hund'ed an' fifty dollars?"

"Make it how?"

"Is you willin' to buy that paper fo' seven hund'ed an' fifty stid of one thousan' dollars?"

"You is talkin' foolishment, Lawyer Chew. Co'se Ise willin', 'ceptin' on'y I kinder hates to pay fo' my wife's honeymoon with Florian."

Chew waved an airy hand.

"This heah is business, Mistuh Shoots. You c'n worry bouten yo' wife later. That's my adwice."

Christopher expressed his willingness to save two hundred and fifty dollars on the

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Adding—Bookkeeping—Calculating Machines

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"—for $125.00"

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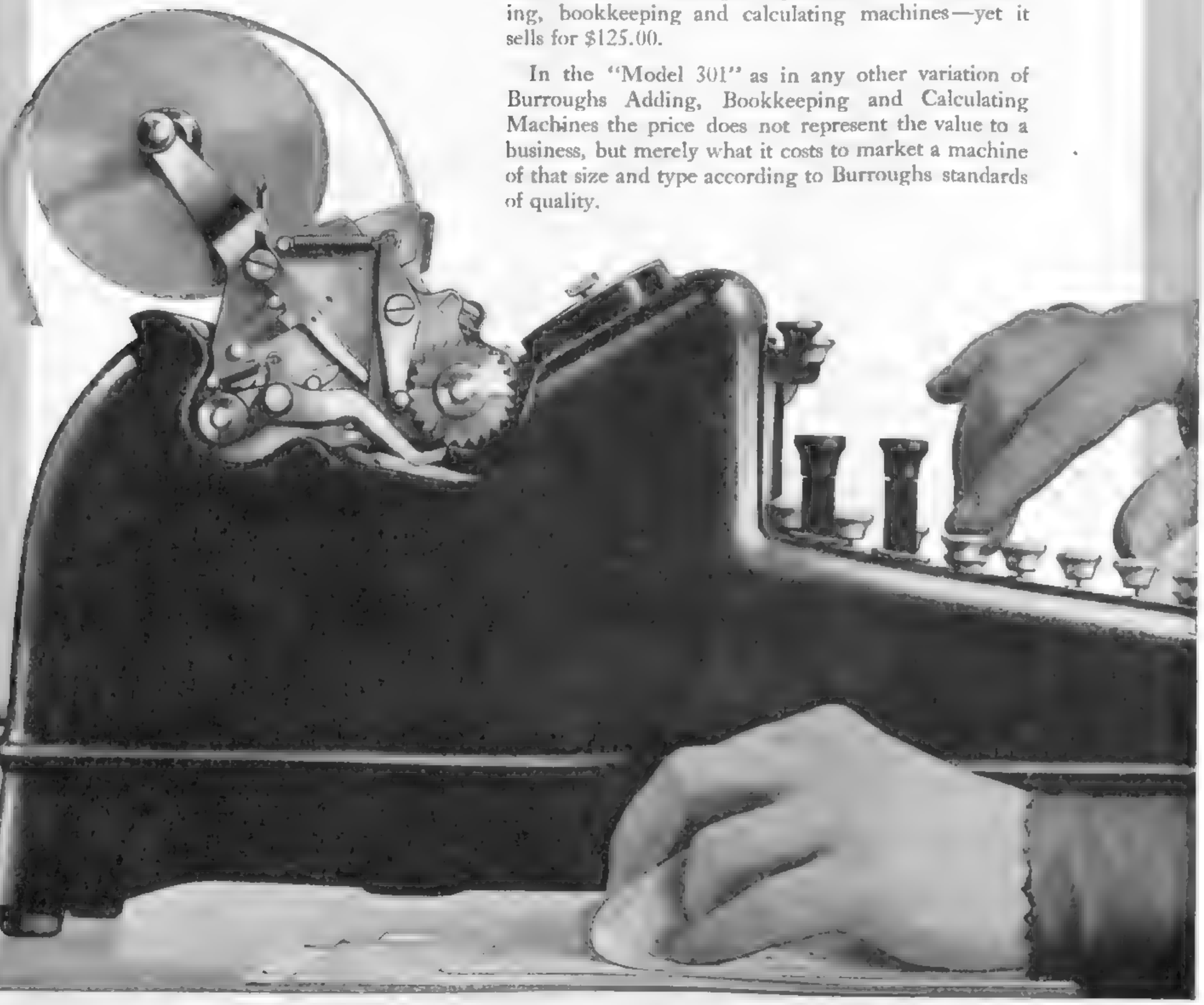

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(Concluded from Page 129)

deal for The Weekly Epoch, and promised faithfully that he would leave all negotiations in the hands of Lawyer Evans Chew. At the attorney's request he left the Penny Prudential Bank Building in search of Semore Mashby, more than a little dazed at the amazing trend of recent events in his hitherto placid single-track existence.

"Gittin' to be an editor," he soliloquized, "sho' is pretty hellish."

Within twenty minutes he was again in Lawyer Chew's office with a muchly puzzled Semore Mashby in tow. At first Semore had opposed the idea of going to Lawyer Chew's office. In the first place there was no love lost between the men, and in the second place Semore held Chew's abilities in great respect. So it was that he entered Chew's office knowing that he was going to emerge with some loss of contentment.

He was not prepared for the excessive affability with which Chew greeted him, nor was Chew's offer of seven hundred and fifty dollars cash for The Weekly Epoch a shock. He had anticipated something worse than that. Of course he argued for a thousand and offered to split the difference, but Chew was adamant. Christopher P. S. Shoots sat limply in the corner, trying vainly to follow the wordy battle, and finally gave it up in disgust and turned his thoughts to other matters.

In the end Semore Mashby gave in just as Lawyer Chew had known from the first that he must do. And then and there the contract was drawn transferring title in The Weekly Epoch from Semore Mashby to Christopher P. S. Shoots. Semore read the document carefully. He paused part way down page two.

"This heah says, Lawyer Chew, that I owes you ten dollars fo' drawin' the contrac'."

"You is a good reader, Mistuh Mashby."

"You is representin' Mistuh Shoots—not me."

"I is representin' both in this legal labor, Mistuh Mashby. Mistuh Shoots is payin' me a fee of twen'y-five dollars an' you c'n either pay me ten dollars fo' drawin' the contrac', or the whole deal is heahby declared off an' tumminated. Which does you choose?"

Semore chose to pay the ten. But a little farther down he again raised questioning brows.

"You says in heah that the consid'ration is one thousan' dollars."

"I does. One thousan' dollars."

"But he ain't on'y payin' me sevum hund'ed an' fifty dollars."

"Cirrec' the fust time. I is writin' that thousan' dollars c'nsid'ration in to pretec' my client case'n he ever wants to sell it or put a mortgage on it or sumthin'. In that case then an' in such event he c'n prove that he paid a thousan' dollars for the newspaper."

"But he di'n't."

"Ain't nobody gwine know that, Mistuh Mashby. Co'se if'n you ain't willin' to let the thousan' dollars stand as 'tis, why, we c'n call the deal off."

Semore Mashby signed the conveyance, paid his ten dollars to Lawyer Chew and departed the office feeling a mingled sense of elation and depression. He was two hundred and forty dollars to the good, but more than a trifle apprehensive. Lawyer Chew had been too sure of his ground. Semore felt that there was something in the wind and that he had not heard the last of The Weekly Epoch deal. However, two hundred and forty dollars was two hundred and forty dollars.

Lawyer Chew handed to Christopher Shoots the original transfer deed.

"An' now, Editor Shoots, lemme be the fust one to comgratulate you on yo' new occurrence and enterprise. I wishes you luck."

Editor Shoots! Christopher P. S. left the Penny Prudential Bank Building with his head in the skies and his fingers itching to clutch a pencil for the first editorial which was to be hurled forth to the world under his signature. Editor Shoots! In the glory of such a title even Lorelie was temporarily forgotten.

But if Lawyer Chew had effected that which caused Editor Shoots to daydream of dithyrambic editorials the attorney himself was by no means idle in affairs concerning the Shoots family and its misadventures. He telephoned Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor and interrupted a hectic game of Kelly pool in which Mr. Slappey was a signal and unenthusiastic loser. Florian bade the game farewell and journeyed to the lawyer's office. He graciously accepted a gold-banded cigar, drew down his glorious cuffs so that they showed large below the coat sleeves and invited Lawyer Chew to shoot. Lawyer Chew shot.

"If'n I was in the way of puttin' you onto makin' a hund'ed an' twen'y-five dollars fo' yo'se'f an' ditto fo' a frien' of yourn 'thout doin' no wuk, Mistuh Slappey, would it be wuth a ten puh cent commission to you?"

Florian's eyes narrowed.

"Easy money?"

"Easy as eatin' pork chops on a col' night."

Florian rose and started for the door.

"Nothin' doin', Lawyer Chew. I is had recent experience with shuah things an' easy money an' I'm off 'em fo' life an' a few days after that."

"But the money is a'ready yourn, Mistuh Slappey, an' ——"

Florian Slappey seated himself. And if at the outset his attitude was one of tolerant indulgence it rapidly veered to an intense interest.

Lawyer Chew's diagnosis of the case was simple and to the point, once stripped of its glittering verbiage. He explained that at the time Semore Mashby negotiated the deal with Christopher P. S. Shoots he was still agent for Florian Slappey and that his immediately subsequent purchase of the paper for himself in view of a deal made while his status of agent still existed was *per se* fraudulent an' not wuth nothin' a-tall. He explained further that Semore had since sold The Weekly Epoch.

"Sol' it?" interrupted Florian.

"Yeh."

"Who to?"

"Christopher P. S. Shoots."

Florian's jaw dropped. Then his head went back and his teeth showed white. Florian laughed deliriously.

"My gosh!" roared he. "If that ain't the funnies' ever, then I never th'owed no Li'l' Phoebe in a crap game!"

Lawyer Chew continued with his story. The deed of conveyance, he explained, from Semore to Christopher showed that one thousand dollars was paid for the newspaper, even though only seven hundred and fifty dollars actually changed hands.

"But s'posin'," interjected Florian, "he gits balky an' won't stan' fo' no writin's which is wrong."

"Then all you has to do, Mistuh Slappey, is to siggest to him real clam an' gentle that he c'n let it stan' that way, but that you will hafter staht proceedin's ag'in him fo' fraud, obtaining money under false pretenses, breach of trus' while actin' fo' you in a feeduciary capacity an' cetera an' so fo'th."

"I see," nodded Florian. "Go ahead, Lawyer Chew; ev'y time you opens yo' mouth I heahs a dollar clink."

"All else you is got to do, Brother Slappey, is to show him that you c'n prove in a co't of law that he got an' received The Weekly Epoch as yo' agent an' that he sol' it fo' one thousan' dollars cash. Tain't true that he did, but you c'n prove it easy. An' mo'over he is gwine be skeered to make you do same. An' as them is the fac's he owes you half of all what he got over five hund'ed, which is two hund'ed an' fifty, so he will pay you that, which will be profit fo' you an' yo' lady frien'. He won't lose nothin' an' ev'ybody will be happy."

Florian chuckled.

"Mebbe so ev'ybody won't, Lawyer Chew. But I know one man which will."

Mr. Slappey skidded from Lawyer Chew's office to the second floor below and into the musty dusty room occupied by Semore Mashby. The dialogue between the two gentlemen was brief, pointed and very, very personal. Florian followed the line of campaign laid down by Lawyer Chew and Semore followed his sense of discretion.

When Florian emerged a few minutes later he held in his hand Semore's check for two hundred and fifty dollars.

The bank was still open when Florian arrived. He cashed his check and hurried back to Lawyer Chew's office, where he paid that superenthusiastic and hard-working attorney twenty-five dollars in cash as a fee well earned. Then he went to Lorelie Shoots and placed in her hand one hundred and twenty-five dollars, which represented her share of the profits. Florian had sufficient grace not to tax her with fifty per cent of the lawyer's fee. He sensed that she had legal troubles of her own. But with the money tucked safely in her stocking Lorelie detained her star roomer.

"Jes' one minute, Mistuh Slappey! Jes' one li'l' teeny minute. I wishes to speak with you."

"Tell which?"

"You owes me twen'y dollars back room rent."

"My Gawd, woman, ain't you never satisfied?"

"Sometimes, but not yit. I is took my one chance an' I ain't never gwine take another."

Florian handed over the twenty. That joined her share of their profits. But even yet she was not finished with him.

"You also promised me six months' room rent in adwance, Mistuh Slappey."

"Promises ain't cash."

"This one is gwine be."

She appeared determined, and Florian reflected unenthusiastically upon his dire need of the immediate past. With room rent paid six months in advance one of his chiefest worries would have been banished from his mind. He shelled out the sixty dollars.

"What else?" he inquired grimly.

"Nothin'," came the sweet retort, "'ceptin' on'y that yo' soot of mahogamy fu'niture gits removed into my room this evenin'."

Then Lorelie got busy settling the accounts which had so recently bidden fair to swamp her. She gave to the furniture dealer eighty-five dollars and procured in exchange a release in full on her bedroom suite. From there she made a smiling way to the office of Lawyer Chew, where she handed to that gentleman the twenty dollars remaining unpaid on his account. And with him she made an engagement for four o'clock.

"Yo' husban' an' Mistuh Slappey is gwine be heah," said Chew significantly, "an' they is gwine be a-plenty explanation n' done an' much happiness resultin', or I don' know less'n nothin'."

And in his office they assembled at four o'clock—Christopher and Lorene casting coyerly affectionate glances at one another, each eager for the word which would permit of mutual forgiveness; Florian a trifle uncertain and Lawyer Evans Chew radiant in the spotlight of achievement.

Lawyer Chew called the meeting to order and started at the beginning. He explained that in the first place Editor Christopher P. S. Shoots, "my colleague in professional life," had been a trifle too hasty in suspecting his wife.

"Yassuh, she is, Editor Shoots, one of the mos' puffectest ladies I knows."

He made it clear that all of the secret conferences between Florian and Lorelie had the betterment of Editor Shoots as their objective.

"Yassuh, Editor Shoots, as a feller professional man, I rises to tell you that this whole thing was a plan to git you to buy the paper so's you would improve yo' social standin' from bein' a common barber. Ain't it so, Missis Shoots?"

"You is tootin', Lawyer Chew. You see, Christopher, honey, I was riskin' ev'ything so's you'd be better off in the end. An' look what I is done all by myse'f with the he'p of Lawyer Chew an' Brother Slappey! I is got one hund'ed dollars cash money clear, that bein' the balince of twenty dollars on the hund'ed an' twen'y-five dollars which Florian Slappey jes' give me a while ago, an' eight months' room rent which he done paid. I is paid fo' an' owns a hund'ed-an'-ten-dollar soot of mahogamy fu'niture which goes into our bedroom t'-night. That makes two hund'ed an' ten dollars. You is bought fo' sevum hund'ed an' fifty dollars sumthin' you was gwine pay one thousan' dollars fo', which gives you two hund'ed an' fifty dollars clear profit.

"Lawyer Chew is got in fees as follers: Twen'y-five dollars each from me an' you an' Brother Slappey an' ten dollars from Semore Mashby, makin' eighty-five dollars clear fo' him.

"Brother Slappey is got six months' room rent paid in adwance, which is the same as sixty dollars in the bank, an' has twen'y dollars lef' after payin' Lawyer Chew's fee, so he wins eighty dollars.

"So you see, Christopher, darlin', betwix' us which is in this heah room we is made six hun'ed an' twenty-five dollars an' they ain't no one los' anythin' 'ceptin' on'y Semore Mashby an' he on'y los' the ten dollars which he paid to Lawyer Chew fo' drawin' up the contrac'! What you think of that, Christopher?"

Christopher didn't think. He couldn't. From the maze of good fortune and staggering figures he had derived the title for a steaming editorial: The Age of Miracles Ain't Gone Yet. But though he didn't understand any of his wife's hectic accounting he was constitutionally unwilling to be left entirely in the cold while individual glories were being passed round, and so he smiled in a very superior fashion.

"Huh!" said he. "Tha's jes' precisely the way I had it figgered out all the time!"

"You what?"

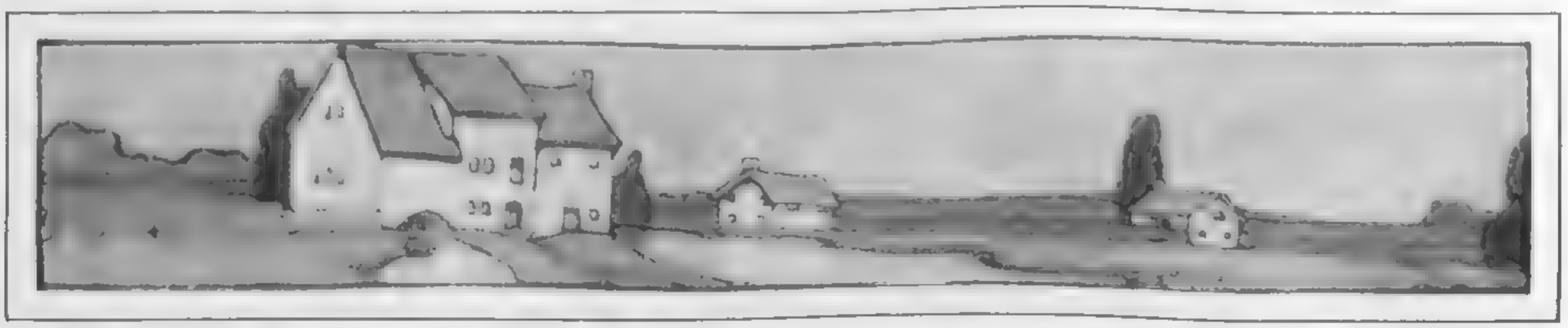
"Why shuah, Lorelie—deares'. If'n I hadn't of knowed jes' what you was tryin' to do"—Christopher had the grace to avoid the amused stare of Lawyer Chew—"if'n I hadn't of knowed jes' what you was up to don' you reckon I would of said sumthin' when you drawed five hund'ed dollars out of our 'count?" He paused impressively. "Jes' answer me that!"

And then Florian Slappey broke in. He did so smilingly, confidently.

"Huh!" he said, waving a comprehensive hand. "I reckon each of you folks is done yo' best, but I is the one which is done the mos'. Not on'y was the fust-off idea mine, but is you-all ever stopped to think 'bout one thing—jes' one thing?"

"Which is that?"

"Is you ever stopped to think that I fixed it so that the same five hund'ed dollars went an' bought that newspaper twice?"



If a Sponge Could Talk

By Elmer R. Murphey, President

It would very likely say:

"I grew on the ocean's floor, in the warm waters around Cuba and Key West.

"After being removed from my sheltered bed, I was left on a dock to dry in the sun. My animal matter disappeared and my skeleton became a commercial product.

"In this state, I am what is called 'a pure sponge.'

"But before being packed for shipment some men see fit to soak me in a solution of epsom salts or glucose. This increases my weight and makes me bring them more money, when sold by the pound.

"This 'loading,' as they call it, is not needed to preserve my fibres. It's simply an unscrupulous practice, as the 'loading' washes away the first time I am used.

"How long sponge buyers will stand for it is simply a question of how soon they will see the folly of buying me blindly 'by the pound.'

"There is a company that is packing and selling us just as we come from the sea—pure sponges.

"That company sells us '*by the piece*,' for exactly what we are worth—nothing more and nothing less.

"We are tagged or labeled with their 'Colossus' trademark which is accepted like the name 'Sterling' on silver all over the world.

"Their trademark has a double value for you. It's your guide to finding us in the open market, and your protection in getting a good sponge at the right price.

"There are as many breeds or varieties of sponges as there are chickens or cattle and some of us are worth more than others. The 'Colossus' tag or label will always tell you our true grade and value. Make it your guide to pure sponges."

* * * * *

Send us a specimen of the sponges you have been using and we will send you a sample "Colossus" in the size and grade best fitted for your needs.

Write for 48-page sponge catalog. FREE!

James H. Rhodes & Company

America's Leading Sponge Packers

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Chicago, Ill.

115–117 Fulton Street
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San Francisco Cleveland Cincinnati Philadelphia Boston Detroit

Manufacturers and Producers of Sponges, Chamois, Pumice Stone, Steel Wool, Felt Wheels, Buffs, Felt and Cut Felts, Emery, Rouge and Abrasives

Dealers: For an investment of only $13.35 you can supply practically any demand for sponges with this "COLOSSUS" assortment. Each sponge approximately 6 to 7 inches in diameter—tagged with its grade and price. Eliminates guesswork in selling and standardizes values in the eyes of your customers. ASK YOUR JOBBER.

Colossus Sponges

COLOSSUS OF RHODES TRADEMARK

You can always tell a "Colossus" Sponge or a bale of "Colossus" Sponges by the Colossus of Rhodes trademark. Look for it. It's your guide to pure sponges.

THE DOOR TO FREEDOM

(Continued from Page 25)

what I'll do: If you'll take a thousand dollars' worth of advice from me I'll give you a hundred-and-sixty-dollar suit and no questions asked."

"What do you mean, no questions asked?" inquired the girl.

"I mean no strings attached," said Blurt frankly; "not a single little payment on demand."

"It sounds phony," commented Miss Mallowe. "Let's hear the advice."

"Here goes," complied Mr. Blurt. "Scrap all that trailing-arbutus done-in-wax stuff you're wearing, forget the hat that is like the bowl of heaven on a dark night, give your own hair and a stiff brush a chance, scrub off every last sign of stoveblack, penciling, lip paint and rouge, and walk all the way down to Fifty-seventh Street bright and early every morning."

Miss Mallowe's face fell by tragic bounds; the light died from her eyes.

"None of that, now!" cried Mr. Blurt. "Why, do you know what will happen? By the great codfish, you'd think I was asking you to turn tacky when I'm just trying to show you a smart woman.

"After a month of two miles a day in a tailor-made that will let your shoulders forget that hothouse droop and give your legs a chance do you know what will happen?"

"No," said Miss Mallowe, faintly curious.

"Why, you distorted glory, some man will come along that knows real peaches and cream without sugar and he'll eat you alive!"

An exquisite and homemade blush tried valiantly to glow through the applied color on Miss Mallowe's cheeks. After a thoughtful moment she asked almost shyly, "When I'm like that will you give me the once over?"

"No," said Blurt promptly.

"Then keep your old suit!" cried the girl with a quick flash of her eyes that in itself was a transformation, and rising she made for the door.

"I wouldn't dare," murmured Blurt, but quite audibly, striving to plant a parting shot where it would do the most good.

As Miss Mallowe's form disappeared Sutey's hair and beard took its place in the open door for a brief instant.

"Sixteen waiting," he announced in a reverberating rumble that was supposed to be confidential.

"Sixteen!" groaned Blurt as he glanced at his watch; then he remembered the hungry girl.

"Come on," he called to Miss Livingston, and plunged through the boudoir and bedroom into the kitchen.

Miss Alice Branner was sitting on a high scullery stool with her heels caught on its rounds, elbows on knees, face in her cupped hands and tears crawling down her cheeks. Her eyes were opened and fastened in a sort of pained wonder on the extensive larder under glass, on the dazzling white paint of the woodwork, the spotlessness of the deal tables and chairs and of the tiled floor, to say nothing of the glistening high lights of the electric range.

"My dear young lady," exclaimed Blurt, "how will you ever forgive me?"

Without a further glance at her he snatched off his coat, opened the sideboard and the china cupboard each with a separate hand, took out a bowl, six eggs and some grated cheese, detached the glass from the automatic eggbeater and rapidly broke into it the whites only of the eggs, dropping the yellows into the bowl. He set the beater to work and almost in the same movement switched on the heat, put a lump of creamery butter to warm in a copper skillet and shoved a large platter into the oven.

Without changing her position Miss Branner stared at him with ever-increasing interest as he stirred three pinches of salt, two of sugar and one of pepper into the yolks, added a gill of cream and dumped the lot into the stiff foam of the whites for just a second's revolution of the beater, immediately thereafter transferring to the sizzling skillet the amber-streaked mass. It rose and rose under his intent eye and careful nursing until at the appearance of dimples and craters in its mountainous surface he reached for the grated cheese and spread it lavishly with one hand while with the other he drew out the warmed platter. Then followed the gesture of a master: with one clean sweep of a limber knife and a quick turn of his wrist he doubled the mighty omelet and laid it neatly on the dish. It was a noble sight; incredibly high and light, brown shading to gold at the edges, which in turn were embellished with a fine imitation of snowy lingerie.

"*Omelette au fromage*," he murmured.

Miss Branner laughed aloud, but with a catch in her throat as though hunger were threatening to choke her for her levity.

"I always liked to watch lightning," she gasped.

Blurt wasted no time in answering; he placed the platter in the center of the clean deal table, drew up two chairs, seized and cut a crisp loaf of bread, fished out butter pats and a bottle of milk from the ice chest, knives, forks, glasses and napkins from the sideboard, and sat down.

"Come on," he ordered; "it's only perfect while you can hear it. Eat from that end; I'll race you to the middle."

The girl gulped, wiped away her tears, scrambled from the stool to the chair and obeyed; she also won. "There," she said after a long drink of milk, "I've made a pig of myself."

"If you hadn't," said Blurt clumsily, but with the best of intentions, "I should have despised you for a hypocrite. How do you like my cooking?"

"Divine," said Miss Branner, "but——"

"But what?" demanded Blurt.

"Anybody could cook in this dream of a kitchen," explained Miss Branner. "And to think that I left home because I didn't like to!"

"Can you?" asked Blurt.

The girl smiled slowly, and nodded.

"I doubt it," said Blurt, "but I'm going to give you a chance to prove up on your claim. I want lunch for four here at half past one."

The girl glanced at the shining kitchen clock and started to take off her hat. Blurt rose, snatched up his coat, hurried into the bedroom and almost knocked over Miss Livingston in his haste to reach the periscope. He stared and stared again. The hall, excepting Sutey's beard and hair, was empty but for one serene individual who at the moment of inspection was covering a small bored yawn with an exquisitely gloved hand.

Blurt rang for Sutey.

"Well," he asked, "what about it? I thought you told me there were sixteen."

"So there were," said Sutey dispassionately, "until this one came along; then they each took a fair look at her and faded away."

"That will do," said Blurt, and once more approached the periscope.

Miss Trenton Stared at Her Wrinkled and Gaping Spats as Though She Had Not Really Noticed Them for a Long Time

"Codfish!" he murmured a moment later. "No wonder they beat it!"

The woman outside either was or had borrowed from perfection; to put it more clearly, from the top of her modish hat to the tips of her shoes she was a fully completed work of either God or man. That was the trouble; for the life of him Blurt couldn't quite determine which. He studied her as a whole and in detail, he watched long for one of those intimate betrayals of the woman who thinks she isn't observed; but all in vain. Turning he directed Miss Livingston to occupy the observation post in the next room, and thereafter resumed his own study for five long minutes.

The admirably turned-out lady, who was as beautiful as she was well-dressed, resorted to no vanity box, kept her knees in easy but unrevealing position and, most baffling of all, displayed no signs of vulgar impatience beyond an occasional small yawn automatically covered even before an unseen world. Blurt withdrew and called Miss Livingston into consultation.

"What do you think of her?" he asked.

Miss Livingston's ordinarily smooth and placid brow was drawn to a tiny corrugation just above her nose, which, thus brought to his attention as by a pointer, was revealed to Blurt as being an individually adorable feature. "How lucky a woman is to have so lovely a something that she can't possibly hide," he thought, only to be brought sharply back to the matter in hand by the girl's disheartening verdict.

"Really, I don't know what to say," spoke Miss Livingston, "except that she is perfect of her kind. It's simply maddening to see a woman at such close range and not be able to tell you at once whether she is young or old, genuine or false, a work of art or a rare bloom. Mr. Blurt, the worst thing against her is that one should wonder at all. You will have to discover her through her eyes or give up."

"Do you mean," asked Blurt excitedly, "that there is even a bare chance that she is the one?"

Miss Livingston's frown deepened. "I can't see any reason why she shouldn't be; I can only feel it. Oh, how horrid that sounds—cattish! Where will you receive her?"

"In the living room," replied Blurt promptly.

"And will you excuse me if I don't listen this time? You can see at least that she would never go in for blackmail."

"You will please take down every word that is said," answered Blurt.

A moment later he received from Mr. Sutey the lady's card, glanced at it and perceived that it contained a name well known even to his long exile, a name that must here be Nameless. He passed into the lounge with such feelings of palpitation as he had not known for many and many a day.

Presently the lady entered, took in her surroundings with one swift glance, and with a faint smile on her lips that was unreadable pulled off her gloves, raised her arms, unfastened her veil, removed it with her hat and tossed the discarded articles on the table. Then with both hands she eased her hair boldly into sudden softness, walked to the great lounge that faced the fireplace and sat down.

"One doesn't wear a hat in a room like this," she explained to Blurt in a voice that was like the minor tone of a Japanese gong.

"No," he murmured, staring at her. "You're right—dead right."

"Won't you sit down?" asked Miss Nameless, and added that faint but unmistakable skirt gesture with which a lady indicates to a man that he may sit close, but not too close.

"Thanks," said Blurt dryly, "I will." He suited action to the words, frankly continuing to stare at his cool guest. "I beg your pardon," he added after a moment, "but are you sitting on your foot?"

"Yes," said the lady. "Why?"

"Now," said Blurt in the phrase of childhood, "I know that you're really and truly at home."

"Of course I am, you dear man," laughed Miss Nameless. "Why shouldn't I be? Everything in this room is genuine," she added, her face sobering to a look for which Blurt tried in vain to find an adjective—"even you."

With all his staring Blurt had not succeeded in fairly meeting her eyes; now he leaned forward tensely and asked boldly, "And what about you? Are you genuine?"

The woman slowly turned her small head and met his gaze squarely; she gave him her eyes with a deliberation that in itself held an indefinable element of challenge, putting him more than ever on his mettle. As he stared into them they grew and grew until they absorbed the field of vision, blotting her passive and enigmatical face from his sight. He was conscious of a feeling he had read about but never before experienced, a sensation of drowning in the pellucid depths of a woman's too-near translucent orbs.

A vague sense of resentment against Miss Livingston rose within him; it was she who had thrown him into this unfathomable sea, she who had told him that herein lay the key to the feminine soul. Instinctively he realized that he was engaged in a battle where he must win at least something or lose all, tumbling from a throne of independent action and free will to the low estate of an allegiance debasing because it would be blind. His face set in hard lines; there must be just one little thing, some mote in this ocean of suffocating light to come as a straw to his clutching spirit. Quite suddenly his faith was rewarded. He sank back, relaxing his tense body to a quivering sigh, his lips to a twisted smile.

Miss Nameless drew quickly erect, her fingers clasped nervously and locked about her knees. "What did you see?" she demanded with a vibrancy in her bell-like voice that was music to Blurt's pride, so lately trembling on the verge of a dizzy fall.

He looked at her clasped hands, indices of the heart's emotion as are eyes the windows of the soul, and the smile faded from

(Continued on Page 137)

Auto-Lite

Starting, Lighting & Ignition

THE period of highest development of the automobile dates from the perfecting of the electric system for starting, lighting and ignition.

In this development of the motor car to its present high plane of importance, Auto-Lite continues to play a large and significant part.

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Kellogg's

new breakfast food with a purpose—

KRUMBLED BRAN

Nature's simple way to help you keep well

YOU NEVER before saw bran that looks so *good* or tastes so *different* as Kellogg's Krumbled Bran.

You may have been disappointed in bran—may not have liked its looks, may have disliked its tastelessness.

o o o

But Kellogg's Krumbled Bran looks like what it is—a real cereal food, "krumbled" like our famous Krumbles. It has a tempting flavor, like Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes. And it is always clean and sweet and oven-fresh, for it is protected by the air-and-water-proof Kellogg Wax-tite package.

o o o

No trouble, no bother, to get its beneficial effects. You don't have to wait till baking day, for Kellogg's Krumbled Bran is ready to eat just as it comes in the "Wax-tite" package. You can make splendid muffins, bread, pancakes, etc., with it, of course.

Buy a package from your grocer. Eat some Kellogg's Krumbled Bran every morning for breakfast, with milk or cream.

o o o

NOTE—Ask your doctor about the benefit you may secure from eating this bran. If he does not know of it, give us his name and we will gladly send him a supply, together with our literature.

Copyright, 1919, by Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co.

Eat our bran every morning for breakfast—just when nature asks for a regulative aid. Look for my signature on the package of the genuine.

W. K. Kellogg

(Continued from Page 134)

his lips. They were beautiful hands, incredibly smooth, pale, yet long-fingered and strong.

Keeping his gaze fixed upon them he murmured, "I saw a prisoner."

"A prisoner!" whispered the girl.

Her knuckles slowly whitened; Blurt raised his eyes to her face. It was withdrawn, vacant, as though she herself were gone, leaving behind an illumined but empty shell. Presently she rose, gathered up hat, veil and gloves, put them on mechanically, turned and held out her hand, her eyes eluding his.

"Don't go," pleaded Blurt, against his better judgment and surrendering to an impulse to probe the mind that could so quickly seize the full significance of a far-fetched but poignant metaphor.

Miss Nameless suddenly regained all her poise. "I am tired," she said evenly. "If you are curious you may call or phone, as they say in more businesslike advertisements than yours."

After she had gone Blurt stood for some moments, hands in pockets, staring moodily into the dying fire. Why had she come and why had she gone? In what lay the motive and the object of this transient apparition? Here was a contact that had reached him, bruised him, and in the end left him nothing but a vague craving for more of something he couldn't name. He raised his head in impatient revolt as Sutey opened the door, but when he heard that worthy's snuffling announcement his face cleared to an anticipatory smile.

"Lunch for four is served," said Sutey, "in the kitchen."

IV

A DISCOURAGED eavesdropper is responsible for the statement that in the anterooms of the Manhattan branch office of the Bureau of Injustice there is more Greek spoken to-day than in any other equal floor space on the face of the globe. This hasty chronicle has no time to submit translations in parallel columns of the appended excerpts of words occurring in those precincts on the morning of the début of Mr. Blurt's studio for the reception of character models, but the inquiring reader is free to appeal to the telephone and the officer on duty for elucidating remarks.

On the occasion under review Mr. Ferrer opened the ball in his well-known soft-pedal tones with the following query: "Kid, did you lamp the come-on in the agonies this mornin'?"

"Sure, Ferry," replied Mr. Slam Blott, more commonly called Slimy, "an' it's got me guessin' two ways to the river. I've card-indexed all the cadets in the game, and there ain't one on 'em knows that language. Did you pipe it, Tim?"

"Me?" answered Tim. "D'you know what I think?"

"Think! Stop your kiddin'; tell us what has wandered into your block by itself."

"I think," continued Tim, undisturbed, "it's a booze bloom. Some lush coughed it up from soup to nuts, and is achin' sorry about it this mornin'. Any guy can see it don't make sense."

At this juncture entered Mr. Laskar, king-pin of the outside force. "What are you lads lookin' so gloomed about?" he inquired of the assembly.

"This here," said Mr. Blott, proffering a folded and already greasy morning paper.

"I seen it," remarked Mr. Laskar gruffly, but, nevertheless, he took the sheet and with wrinkled brows once more read the offending advertisement headed "Heroines Please Read!"

"Hero-ines!" he exploded. "What do you know about that? Well, boys, all I c'n say is that it looks to me like some hop-head had hit the white stuff once too many an' gone an' spilled his insides to the tune of a thousand bucks."

"You're wrong, Lassy," said Slimy gloomily. "I ain't pretendin' to be the only guy here that c'n see daylight through a sieve, but I say no hop-head had nothin' to do with that ad. If you ask me, it's old and it's new. Just like we had a flurry of gentlemen yeggs, this here has all the markings of a highbrow goin' into the cadet business. Ain't nobody give the place the once over?"

"What do you think?" asked Mr. Laskar pityingly. "Mike cracked the ground floor before the milk train had pulled out with the papers. By this time he's got his plant running, two operators and a listening-in machine to each of six rooms. You can call it anything you like, but it ain't no tinhorn joint."

There was a moment of ponderous silence, broken finally by Mr. Ferrer.

"Mabe's over there," he remarked in his well-modulated voice. "I flagged her just as she was making for the Subway hutch an' waved the paper at her. She said she couldn't wait unless it was to-morrow's edition. She was on her way."

"Well, that's something," said Mr. Laskar. "I come down here lookin' for a fall-dame to get a spot on 'em. A machine ain't always any good if all the dope is goin' to be in a foreign language, but Mabe'll make 'em come across with enough New York to give us a lead. There ain't nothin' to do but wait."

The words were no sooner spoken than the door flew open admitting a hurried and very distressed young lady. She was dabbing at her eyes with a cream-colored, blue-edged pocket handkerchief, and ignoring the startled grunts of the assembled men she plunged through the bull pen into the quiet solitude of the squeal room and slammed the door after her.

"Well, what do you know?" murmured Mr. Ferrer, first to recover from the general consternation.

"Mabe, a sob sister!" ejaculated Slimy. "I can't believe it, not even with the hand shown!"

"Go on," growled Tim. "She wasn't really leakin' from the upper story; she was biting her teeth. I guess she's mad 'bout something they done to her."

Mr. Laskar stepped to the closed door and tapped on it softly. "Mabe," he said, "we're all waiting on this an' you'll have to give us the dope. What is it?"

"There isn't any, you boobs!" replied Mabel. "Leave me alone."

"Look here, girlie," said Mr. Laskar, "never mind whether we've got anything on 'em or not. If they've hurt your feelin's we'll stick a plaster on 'em and a stretch and a five-spot on top o' that if you say so. You leave it to us boys. What did they do? Take you for a rag?"

"A rag!" cried Miss Mabel hysterically. "No, they didn't; I wish they had! Oh, leave me alone. I didn't come in here to squeal on myself. Get it from the dicks."

"She's mad about something," repeated Tim sapiently as he took out the makings for a cigarette.

An empty and disgruntled hour dragged itself away before Mr. Laskar was notified that one of the operators on the Blank Building job wanted him on the wire. He hurried to the soundproof booth and took up the receiver.

"That you, chief?"

"It's me all right. Shoot. What've you got?"

"I don't know exactly," responded the operator, "but it's sure Queer Street. I'm kinda dizzy. Can you send Tommy round to spell me?"

"Looka here!" roared Mr. Laskar. "What do you boys think this is—a Y hut? We ain't got no nurse squad hanging round to help two ops take half a dozen machines. What's the matter? Are they all talkin' to once?"

"No, chief," answered a resigned voice, "it ain't the amount of stuff; it's the kind and the way they say it."

"Got your book on you?" asked Lassy.

"Sure," replied the operator.

"Then read me some of it," ordered the chief.

"Well, here's a sample they handed Mabe," complied the operator: "'Unfortunately for you you have an individual foot with its own intimate character and charm, visible at present only through distortion.'"

"Hold on a minute!" interrupted Laskar excitedly. "Did they say that to our Mabe?"

"They sure did," replied the operator. "Why, ain't she told you?"

"Never you mind what she told us," replied Mr. Laskar. "Was there any more like that?"

"More!" cried the operator. "Why, it's all in them high signs, and that's why I'm dizzy. Bob can stand it better, he says, because he says it's old stuff to him. He says it's just Lord What's-his-name, only dolled up a bit."

"I get you!" cried Mr. Laskar. "Wasn't he the simp that got a stretch from that soft London bunch?"

"You've guessed it, chief," confirmed the operator, "only it was a double plaster, not a stretch."

"Even so," murmured Mr. Laskar, "two years for loose morals from that mushy Scotland Yard crowd would make a lifer over here, and then some. Tell me just one thing, lad. Did any kale pass hands?"

"Well, yes, in a way. But look here, chief, what's happened to Mabe? Has her tongue froze? She took an order off 'em for a pair of spats."

"A pair of spats!" groaned Mr. Laskar, puzzled and disgusted. "Two dollars fifty! Where do we get off with that?"

"Wait a bit," said the rebuked operator. "Let me read you somethin' else he said to the next one. He said: 'If you'll take a thousand dollars' worth of advice from me I'll give you a hundred-and-sixty-dollar suit and no questions asked.'"

"That's more like it," commented Mr. Laskar, licking his lips. "Did she take it?"

"Let me see," replied the operator. "No, she didn't. The last thing she says before the long silence is: 'Then keep your old suit!'"

"Are you sure she said 'then'?" inquired Mr. Laskar's eagle mind.

"Sure."

"Well, give us the next-before-thing she said."

"I got you. Here goes. She said: 'When I'm like that will you give me the once over?'"

"Like what, lad? Like what?"

"Wait a minute. Here you are. He says: 'Why, you distorted glory, some man will come along that knows real peaches and cream without sugar and he'll eat you alive!'"

"Eat 'em alive!" bellowed Mr. Laskar exultantly. "That's the tune, is it? Well, there is sure goin' to be some eatin', but it won't be peaches an' cream. Stand by to crash with the bulls in about one little hour."

Simultaneously with this ominous remark, though many blocks away, Mr. Blurt was ordering Sutey to put up the "Closed for lunch" sign and lock the outer door. Five minutes later a strangely assorted quartet gathered at the kitchen table. Miss Livingston sat at Blurt's right, the hungry girl, transformed into an excited, flushed and altogether bewitching cook, at his left, where she was within easy reach of the range and all it contained. The two men were whole-stomachedly intent on the thought of food; the girls shy and nervous.

"Forget dull care," murmured Blurt, rubbing his hands together. "Bring on the mush."

Brought to a sense of responsibility and to action by this informal grace the hungry girl, whose real name was Alice, produced a small platter containing four lovely caviar-on-toast patties garnished with evergreen parsley and set it in the middle of the table. The right hands of both Sutey and Mr. Blurt moved spasmodically toward the dish, only to fall back into their laps under the harsh dictates of the old rule of *politesse oblige*. They waited for the ladies, and for a moment it looked as though they would wait in vain.

Blurt's quick eye roved over the assembled faces and settled unerringly on that of his stenographer as the iceberg which was inducing severe atmospheric pressure.

"Miss Livingston," he asked, "are you cursed with a New England conscience?"

The girl upon whom attention was thus drawn had been nervously crumbling the bread placed beside her plate. She raised rebellious eyes to Blurt's face.

"Yes," she answered without embellishment.

"Do you feel a stranger here?"

"Oh, how can I help it?" cried Phyllis. "How can we all help it? Isn't it just what we all are?"

Blurt's face turned downcast for a moment, then gradually it lit to the full effulgence of his disarming smile.

"Let me introduce Alice in a New Wonderland and the King of Moss," he said, indicating the now anxiously worried cook and the disgustedly impatient Sutey. "As for myself, call me the Seeker in Haste; and as for yourself, I name you Hostess. There are no cocktails, but don't you think we might pledge each other just this once in the milk of human kindness?"

A sudden moisture gathered in Miss Livingston's eyes, melting their severity to pools of gracious light; her cheeks flushed and her full lips trembled to a smile.

"Of course we can," she said, speaking a little haltingly as though the words came from deep down within her. "You must all forgive me. I feel so—it's so hard—so hard to lay aside the mask."

She passed the patties, and from the moment they were devoured the meal swept on without a hitch in a steadily growing crescendo of kindliness and mirth not unmixed with unstinted praise for the cook. From the soup, which was as velvety as milk fresh from a red-hot cow, to the coffee, black, fragrant and as alluring as an unknown sin, the repast was declared to carry on its intrinsic merit a *cordon bleu*, a diploma *magna cum laude*.

While the girls washed up the dishes and raved with low ecstatic cries over the complete perfection of the kitchen, its linen and its larder, Blurt drew thoughtfully on his cigar and stared unseeingly at Sutey as though for vicarious inspiration.

"What a sensation," he said finally, half to himself, "could one see the whole world unmasked—everybody you meet shaved clean of subterfuge, protective coloring and the death that's eternally in life."

At the mere mention of shaving Sutey raised nervous fingers to his vast and silken beard as though to enter a vacillating but prompt protest against any innovations of a physical nature. The whole trend of Mr. Blurt's remarks seemed directed against the very foundations of the timid giant's ambush against the rough edges of life, and it was almost with a sigh of relief that he rose to investigate a loud knocking at the outer door, which under any other circumstances would have paralyzed his movements. In a moment he came back, lacking this unwonted calm.

His small and shifty pale eyes were watering with frightened tears, his lips and cheeks were atremble, transmitting to the vast sea of hair about his face rapid undulations which made him look like a startled hen terrified and bereft of wits.

"The police!" he rumbled with an absurd quaver in his mighty voice.

A look of terror sprang to the face of Alice in a New Wonderland; the semi-transparent white-porcelain plate she was drying slipped from her hands and crashed into bits in the enameled sink.

"Oh!" she gasped, and burst into tears.

Miss Livingston turned to face the door, very erect, a flare of white anger in her eyes.

"I knew it!" she breathed tensely. "Oh, I knew it!"

She did not look at Blurt; her wrath was directed solely at one Phyllis Joy Livingston, gifted by God with strong guiding impulses, but who had on this day of all days failed weakly to follow the heaven-sent hunch.

"Open the door at once," said Blurt to Sutey. He seemed quite calm and intent on nursing the ash on his cigar to as long a life as possible.

The command came too late; with a scraping snap the brass lock surrendered to a mighty knee that would not be denied, and the cohorts of the law streamed into the hall and dispersed rapidly through the luxurious rooms of the vacant studio, two of the company finally arriving at the kitchen, whence they passed back in hoarse grunts the information that the quarry had been run to earth.

In the meantime Mr. Blurt commanded his companions to resume their seats and was obeyed, though Alice continued her frightened crying. It did not prevent her, however, from keeping her fascinated gaze on the kitchen door, as if she were awaiting the appearance of a monster she had read about but never met in the busy flesh. Miss Livingston, her face gone quite white, returned to her nervous occupation of crumbling bread, and Sutey, intent on reducing his enormous proportions to a minimum, sank lower and lower in his chair until he sat on the middle of his back and could almost observe his large feet protruding from the other side of the table.

To the casual onlooker Blurt presented an exterior of abnormal calm, but when Miss Livingston raised her eyes to his face, half in the hope that she might read there salvation, half out of curiosity as to how the man in him which she had seen fully extended against a varied feminine background would meet men, she found indubitable signs of an inner commotion that made her tremble for the outcome. Blurt was seething and fighting mad. His nostrils and his lips showed a thin white line, and in his gray eyes was the cold glitter of fresh-water ice.

"Which of you guys is the boss?" demanded a voice of the law.

Blurt carefully deposited the long ash of his cigar in a saucer and turned to face the

(Continued on Page 140)

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SAW BLADES

(Continued from Page 137)

invaders. For a long moment of silence he stared not at their countenances but at their heavy regulation boots, thus displaying a knowledge at least of the A B C of psychology.

"Did you wipe your feet?" he suddenly demanded, and the two bulls, long accustomed to answering that special query, though from feminine voices, with promptitude and meekness, were actually on the point of making excuses when Mr. Laskar pushed his way to the front.

"Never you mind whether they cleaned their dogs or not," he growled in his most intimidating manner. "Never you mind about that; but remember that everything you say will be used against you."

"Dogs?" remarked Blurt, unimpressed. "Is that what you call them in your bulldozing lingo?"

"Did you call me a dog?" exploded Mr. Laskar, his rubicund face blazing with uncontrolled wrath.

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Blurt with an edged smile. "I'm fond of dogs. By the way, it's usual to have a search warrant, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's usual," snarled Mr. Laskar; "an' we got it, see?"

He waved a document in Blurt's face truculently, uneasily conscious that the forces of the law crowding behind him were by now on the broad grin. You couldn't arrest a man on a charge of resisting authority while he was sitting down and calmly smoking a cigar, but there was such a thing as baiting the most lethargic of worms to the point of turning to bite.

The trouble in this instance was that Blurt was not a worm, but a man of long experience in handling labor at its roughest; he belonged also to the old school of no compromise and was a master of the lingual goad. He now rose slowly and examined Mr. Laskar and his supports with smiling curiosity.

"Talk about silly mermaids on land," he mused aloud—"why, if the lot of you had hods on your shoulders you'd only begin to feel at home. What do you think you're doing here, anyway?" His face and eyes suddenly hardened. "What do you want?" he demanded with the snap of a whip.

The light of unholy joy came into Mr. Laskar's countenance; he restrained his itching fists.

"None of that, now!" he murmured. "Slip the hardware on him, boys. Run the bunch down into the wagon for a free ride to Centre Street."

At this verdict Alice in a Spoiled Wonderland sobbed aloud, Sutey groaned, and Miss Livingston caught her breath in a tearing gasp. The last of those three sounds moved Blurt's intelligence to Herculean efforts. He looked ahead to the ignominious pilgrimage to police headquarters and a semipublic investigation by misunderstanding minds, and realized that Sutey could stand it, Alice would soon recover, but that there was something in and about Miss Livingston, something as real and at the same time as illusive as the memory of a song, that would die for ever and a day.

"Just one minute, officer," he said. "If by any chance you hail from the Fourteenth Ward ——"

He paused long enough to give Mr. Laskar an opportunity to betray himself.

"Well," complied that official, "what if I do?"

"God help you," continued Blurt, "that's all. Why, man, I've carried a thousand of you fellows on my pay roll for months at a time. If I decide to chip in to the election kitty at all this year it will be twenty thousand bucks. If I don't I'll see that the top knows why; and then, as I said before, God help you!"

Throughout this speech Mr. Laskar's face underwent a series of changing expressions; his eyes narrowed with cunning, widened in wonder, grew dim with doubt and round in the fear that there might be something in the slush after all.

"What are you givin' us?" he asked out of a daze.

"You?" cried Blurt, pouncing on the chance like a vulture on carrion. "Not a cent! I'm surprised at your suggesting it. I may be rotten with money, but I haven't a cent to buy off all the grafters in the state! What else do you want?"

For a moment it looked as though victory were about to perch upon his shoulder, to the definite discomfiture of Mr. Laskar, whose mind was toppling under the strain of trying to decide whether or not he had really opened himself to the accusation of having suggested in the presence of a dozen witnesses that he was disposed to hear money talk. At this crucial juncture, however, Mr. Ferrer pushed his way to the front and tapped Mr. Laskar on the shoulder.

"Don't swallow that, Lassy," he said in his sonorous voice. "The name of Blurt never come through with anything yet. I c'n recite the list o' milch cows for'ards and backwards standin' on me head. At the same time, I say don't show 'em into the wagon until we knows where we stand. There's three newspaper hounds standin' on the stairs right now, with their tongues out to their knees watering like umbrellas on a rainy day. There's also a perfectly good office up front with a strong door an' lock an' key."

Mr. Laskar was not beyond taking a hint; in five minutes he was installed behind Mr. Blurt's mahogany desk, flanked on one side by Mike and the two shorthand operators, and on the other by the supposedly criminal four: Blurt, Sutey and the two girls. Before him ranged Ferrer, Slimy, Tim and two members of the uniformed force. The well-equipped office furnished seats for all.

"Now," said Mr. Laskar to Mr. Blurt, "spill your insides. What is this anyway?"

"Well, what is it?" countered Blurt promptly. "If you don't know, what are you doing here? Housebreaking to kill time?"

"If we don't know, eh?" replied Mr. Laskar cannily. "So there is somethin' to know? Well, don't worry; we'll get it all, Clarence." He paused weightily.

"My name isn't Clarence," said Blurt, finding that for some occult reason he was expected to react. "It's Blurt to my friends, Mr. Blurt to roughnecks. Take your choice."

Mr. Laskar dodged the two-horned dilemma. "Bob," he ordered, "read some of the worst of it."

The operator addressed, an oldish man with thin hair, thin lips and a thin evil smile, complied.

"Here's a bit: 'Girlie, you don't belong in this room at all. It's meant to evoke memories of an age that was artificial to the gills, an epoch of hair pompadoured and powdered, of beauty spots and penciled brows, of wasped waists above billows of foam, of the screening fan and the wicked tongue.'"

"He was dead right," interjected Mr. Laskar as the reader paused for breath. "No girlie has a call to be with them words. Read some more, Bob. A thick bit like that one."

"'They were not unmoral, my dear,'" continued Bob, "'but deliberately immoral to the tips of their pink fingers, and in a world where license has no limits the tongue has an unfenced field. In other words, wit is the one bright flower that springs from any society on the road to the dungheap.'"

"And, boys," declared Mr. Laskar in his most impressive tones, and staring solemnly at the assembly, "did she fall for it? No! 'Keep your old suit!' she says. Didn't she, Bob, further along, where he tries to pin a hundred and sixty bucks' worth o' clothes on her?"

"That's the last thing she does," confirmed Bob.

"Well, lads," continued Mr. Laskar, his eyes protruding far from his face, which had assumed the solemn expression of a judge about to put on the black cap, "I don't know what more we want. I say take 'em round to the cooler-can. I say let the newspaper Johnnies right in on this."

He rose, drew the jewelry from his hip pocket and advanced stealthily on Mr. Blurt.

"One moment!"

The speaker was Miss Livingston. She had risen with a swift movement from her seat, and stood with fists clenched and head upthrown. One glance at her was enough to arrest the heart and movements of every man present, for contrary to the opinion of the general public there is a soft sentimental spot about the size of a calf's liver buried deep within the bulk of every true-to-form officer of the law, which accounts in large measure for the universal corpulence of policemen and bulls.

"Gee!" murmured Mr. Blott with a deep-drawn sigh of sudden well-being that reminded one of the purr of a monster cat; "pipe the sad lamps."

It is true that at the moment Miss Livingston's eyes were extraordinarily large and moist with excitement. Mr. Blurt stared at them unbelievingly. Whence had they come, these two blue pools of iridescent light, to spring upon his vision with the breathless wonder of mountain lakes under snow and sunshine suddenly disclosed to view! Nor were they all the story. The light within them seemed to glimmer in a protecting aura about the girl's entire person; it gleamed in her soft hair as though tugging to free its strands for the impending battle, it shone upon her pale brow, it was the fire in the flaming glow of her cheeks, the divine pigment that incarnadined her tremulous lips. It radiated from her tense and erect body in waves that with an astounding suddenness assumed heat and burned with the scorching touch of blazing anger.

"Sad lamps, nothing!" ejaculated Tim, first to regain the power of speech after the transformation. "Call the police! Flag her! Take her number for not dimming them headlights within the city limits!"

"Silence!" commanded Mr. Laskar as he sank back into his seat. "What do you think you got to say, miss?"

During the excitement Miss Mabel Trenton arrived via the kitchen, the bedroom, drawing-room and lounge, having quietly closed and locked all the doors behind her. She was just in time to imbibe the following speech from Miss Phyllis Joy Livingston:

"If you hulking brutes dare to drag Mr. Blurt to the police station I'll make New York laugh all the top stories off its skyscrapers, and every brick will fall on one of you numskulls with a dull, thudding sound that will ring the death knell on your reputations and future employment. Editors, reporters and even newsboys will jeer at you; your superiors will have to explain that you were drunk at the time."

Miss Livingston paused to catch her breath, and Mr. Laskar seized upon the occasion to signal weakly to Miss Trenton.

"Tell us what she said, Mabe," he begged. "I ain't done nothing to her, honest. None of us has."

"She says that if you boobs run and tell Centre Street," paraphrased Mabel, "she'll slip the true dope to the newsies and a great laugh will go up, and whatever goes up is sure to come down, and when it does it will fall on your blocks and people will say, 'Ha, ha! Why go to Africa for ivory?' She says you'll all feel the tapping of hammers on wood ringing twenty-three on the clock as you draw your last pay slip and listen to the big chief telling the crowd you was lushed to the lids or you wouldn't never have done it."

"Did she say all that?" asked Mr. Laskar unbelievingly.

"I did!" cried Miss Livingston. "Oh, what chance have such brains as yours to grasp the fact that Mr. Blurt is an idealist, an overgrown boy trying desperately to dream himself away from those very sordid, vile and demeaning associations which you are trying to fasten on him simply because they are the accustomed air in which you move and have your being? Just because he believes that in a world where one must be counterfeit through and through or wear a mask there must be some person as genuine as himself and tries to find her, just because he measures every woman he meets down to the kernel of truth she still possesses and tries to bring it to life, you think he must be criminal or mad. Oh, I know you can't see it, but you're on the way to making yourselves eternally ridiculous!"

"Mabe?" appealed Mr. Laskar in a hoarse whisper.

"She says," complied Mabel readily, "that nothing but a boll weevil on its way to cotton could get through to your brain pads with the information that the blood of this Mr. Blurt runs thick with the dope of mother songs. She says that he's doing his best to make a getaway from the rag and doll district where you got to be phony or wear a frozen face, into the country we all used to believe in where folks is just folks. Just because he thinks there's still some of the true old sister stuff hid away somewhere in every skirt you want to put him on the rattler with a through ticket to Bloomingdale. She says that when the true dope gets out there'll be nothing left of you but a bone yard where baby Mutt-and-Jeff artists will come to cut their teeth."

Cowed and bewildered, the representatives of law and order stared at each other, their eyes gradually returning to center upon Mabel's face in a silent cry for help. "What do you think, Mabe?" asked Mr. Laskar.

"Think!" cried Miss Trenton. "You got no right to think here; you don't own the lease. Open that door, beat it back to the bull pen and lock yourselves in. Come on, now; I mean it!"

Like an irate mother hen in charge of half a dozen monstrous ugly ducklings she mustered the bulls and marched them out before her. Descending the stairs in a phalanx they cleared it thoroughly of reporters and a curious and disappointed throng. Their exodus from Mr. Blurt's office had been highly tinged with the ridiculous, but for some occult reason it had not awakened laughter. Sutey merely sighed and proceeded to fetch Miss Livingston's hat and coat at her curt command, Alice dabbed her eyes and cheeks with the lugubrious air of a kitten lately intercepted by a pail of water, and Blurt himself sat staring at an animated and still angry vision which but now he had thought of only in terms of stenography and typedriving.

The object of his gaze suddenly whirled upon him, but before the lips, as white as they had recently been red, could say whatever they were going to say he did the fastest thinking of his rapid life and spoke.

"Miss Livingston," he said, "you are discharged."

The girl gulped down the words from the tip of her tongue, her eyes wavered, her throat moved in that adorable contraction which never fails to squeeze the heart of man, her bosom rose, and she gasped, "Discharged!"

"Yes," said Blurt dryly. "In lieu of notice and explanations you will take a week's pay." He held out three crisp bank notes—two twenties and a ten.

Miss Livingston merely glanced at the money and raised her eyes to Blurt's steady and compelling gaze. What she read there of sincerity, of pleading for the clean motive against self-defense by rule of thumb and of ingenious subterfuge, acted upon her set face like some master solvent. One by one her features shed the tense mask of long, hard years; the frown cleared from her brow, laughter and tears brimmed in her eyes, her lips trembled and softened, she smiled.

"Mr. Blurt," she said in a quite new throaty voice, "that was quick thinking. You couldn't imagine my taking the money for services rendered, could you?"

"Services rendered!" cried Blurt. He snatched out his bulging wallet, laid it on top of the fifty dollars and reached for his check book.

"No, no!" laughed Phyllis Joy; and she caught up the three bank notes and was gone.

A long, dead silence supervened, broken finally by Mr. Blurt.

"Sutey," he asked, "did the papers mention a total eclipse of the sun this afternoon?"

There was no answer. He looked up; Sutey was not there; neither was Alice. He was alone.

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More than 12,000 leading druggists now handle and recommend Faultless "Wearever" Rubber Goods, which include Water Bottles, Fountain and Bulb Syringes, Infant and Invalid Feeders, large and small Nipples, Household and Surgeons' Rubber Gloves, Nursing Bottles, Rubber Tubing, Rubber Sponges and Aprons, Toy Balloons, Rubber Balls and [illegible]. Successful druggists know from experience that Faultless "Wearever" Rubber Goods are of such high quality, great values and satisfaction to their customers that they bring ever-increasing profitable trade.

The Faultless Rubber Company
(Ashland Rubber Works)
Ashland, Ohio U. S. A.

THE GOLDEN NAME

(Continued from Page 21)

the Royal Bengal Jungle, where the bare-footed Oriental dancing girls leaped in and out, dancing.

It seemed to young Chris Vandalaer then that he would never see enough of the golden hotel. It seemed impossible that he himself was there—to live. It reminded him more than ever—for after all he was little more than a boy—of a child's story of a peasant changed suddenly to a prince and set down in a palace—the palace of a modern fairy tale; a strictly modern palace, à la carte with all modern improvements—royal electric chandeliers, and ducal silver chafing dishes and gold-and-marble baths—so they said—in the high-priced suites of the actresses. A palace where anybody at all could be a prince to-day, so long as he could pay the price for it.

And so it seemed to him that night that he could never tire of it. The cries of the violins and the sight of the silver and white linen, and the smell of flowers and smoke and food and the perfumes of the women; the insidious perfumes of the lithe women with the red lips, sitting at the white-and-crystal tables or outside, watching or chattering or waiting for someone who was to come in the corridors.

"That's right," said Mr. Grabstein, with his chuckling laugh; and he winked again. "That's right, Chris, my boy, enjoy yourself!"

And later still at night—when he had gone far upstairs to his great fine room—young Vandalaer leaned out the high window and looked out across the city, an endless plain full of lights; the yellow flowers of the night, which lighted for unknown miles the desires and hopes and excitements of millions of happy people—all here together, all without the loneliness or tedium or ennui of country life. And far underneath, the tiny lights of the late automobiles passed like mere fireflies down the tiny street.

And as he leaned and looked he heard, as plainly as from his own full lips, the voice of Mr. Grabstein saying: "That's right, Chris, my boy, enjoy yourself!"

"I will," young Chris Vandalaer answered him above the city; and going back he at last undressed reluctantly, and slept for the first night in his great princely bed.

For some days then, and even weeks, young Chris Vandalaer was engaged in that first thing that he was required to do before he could be useful—in learning the ropes and getting acquainted with men and ways in the great city. Sometimes he would go to the office where his name appeared in golden letters on the door; sometimes he signed some few papers that they brought to him or some individual letters, written on the stationery of the great hotel. But mostly he remained in the hotel itself, seeing life and tasting it.

And he could see now for himself that it was quite true what they had told him—that the first thing in business in New York is to get acquainted, and to talk with other men. And this was especially true, it seemed to him, of presidents. For he saw a great many other presidents there in the great hotel—of railroads and mines and oil companies, and even land companies in the Spanish Americas. And all that he could ever see them do was talk—talk and talk to other men, especially while they were eating and drinking, till they were all red in the face.

They were older men, these presidents, mostly, whose eyes were dull and whose flesh hung loosely to their bones; and, in fact, there was little doubt that of all the presidents there young Chris Vandalaer was the youngest and handsomest and cleanest-eyed.

Others noted this too as time went on; and the lithe women with red lips who sat so often afternoons in the frescoed corridor, waiting and waiting for someone to come, would often turn and look at him when he had gone by. And finally he became acquainted—was introduced to one or two of them. The place, however, was enormous; its occupants usually interested in one another or their own thoughts or some expected telephone call—so that after all there were few who noticed or were particularly friendly with young Chris Vandalaer, besides the few women with the red smiles whom he now slightly knew. And he might have been lonely if he had been older and less full of life.

There was one other person after a while, however, who he began to think took a special interest in him—a lean-faced, hard-chinned man whose eyes—at least he thought so—followed him from the high-backed chair he sat in, among the others passing by, as steadily as a black-eyed portrait's in an empty house. He wondered more and more at this for he had never seen the man before, and no one seemed to know him—till finally one late afternoon of his own accord the stranger rose and stood before him.

"Are you the fellow that calls himself Vandalaer?" the lean-faced man inquired, speaking unexpectedly, in a voice still harder than his eyes.

"What of it?" said young Vandalaer. For he was a boy of high spirits, and he liked neither the man's attitude nor the voice he spoke in.

"Come on over here and sit down a minute. I want to talk with you," the other said to him; and threw back his head and chin in a peremptory invitation toward two adjoining chairs.

And young Vandalaer—though he was inclined not to do so at first—at last followed. For he was now more than curious to understand what this man was after him for.

"I've had my eye on you for some time," the hard gray-faced man asserted when they had sat down together.

"I see you have," said young Chris tersely.

"Now, what is your real name?" the other man asked him with a quick passing shadow of a grim smile.

"My name is Christian Vandalaer," the young man answered a little hotly—"if you want to know. Why?"

"So you stick to that?" said the other man, with his glassy gray eyes fixed on his. "Well, I guess maybe it is," he continued when young Chris Vandalaer's eyes neither turned nor flinched away from them, "from what we hear."

"All right," said Chris, still angry. "Now what do you want?"

"Now listen," said the other, and placed his cold hand on the other's knee. "You're just a kid. And I'm going to give you a chance. I'm going to give you a tip."

"A tip?" echoed young Chris—for the man's voice now, though cold, was not unfriendly.

"Yes, a tip," the other answered, in his warning voice. "Drop it! he said. "Get away!"

"Get away?" Chris again repeated.

"Yes," said the other, still staring meaningly. "Before it's too late! For let me tell you something—on the side," said the other, now taking the whole conversation to himself. "You know and I know this thing's not on the square. You may think you can get away with it, and maybe you could—under the usual circumstances. For they're running wild everywhere with these wildcats. But you can't now, with this! You picked a bad one."

"A bad one?" echoed young Chris, now more mystified than angry.

"You can't do it. You nor any other living man—in one thousand years!" the other went along, with an odd note of seriousness now in his voice. "Not with old Chris Vandalaer after you."

"After me!" repeated young Chris.

"What were they thinking of—bringing him into this thing—anyhow?" inquired the other, as if speaking to himself. "They must be mad with the heat—getting gay with old man Vandalaer's name. You'd think they'd just landed on the island. You'd think they'd never heard of old Christian—and what he can do to them he don't fancy here in New York."

Then he gave him some entirely new side lights upon New York and the persons in it—and such unrecorded influences as his great namesake had.

"Whether your name really is the same or not," he said, growing almost communicative now, "don't be a fool. Don't cross Christian Vandalaer—and his hitch-up with the Central Power House in this town. I'm givin' you this extra on the side, my boy! For he's got all the politicians and all the money and all the influence in this town to fight with, when he wants it. And when he gets after you, God help you! He'll get you. Don't fret. He's half Dutch and half Indian. The best hater in New York. I've been here thirty years, and if anybody got away from him—when he started after him—I never heard it yet. He's got a private graveyard full of the fellows he got after—down below here—where the tall buildings grow—that makes Trinity churchyard look like a pocket handkerchief! I'm giving you this for your information."

"Look here," exclaimed young Chris Vandalaer, suddenly getting up, "what do you think I am?"

"Wait a minute, boy," said the lean-faced man; "just a minute. Then you can talk all you want to. I'm here on the quiet to give you warning. I've been told to warn you that if you get out and draw your name out of this thing here they might forget it and let you go. Now I've told you that. But now I'm stepping out—over what I ought to. I'm talking to you now a little for myself, like I would to my own son. For you're a young fellow—and you're green at the game—I know that. And in a way I took a fancy to you. There's something about you, to tell the truth," said the hard-faced man, staring now rather hard at the opposite wall, "that reminded me just a little bit at first of my boy I buried across in France here last year. But anyhow, my boy," he said very earnestly, "you take it from me: Pick up and get out while you've got the chance—before this old devil, this old gray-hearted relative of yours, gets after you—and gets you!"

"Who are you anyhow?" demanded young Chris Vandalaer, growing restive under this.

"Maybe this will show you something," replied the stranger. And he displayed the corner of a badge beneath his coat, which to young Chris—not yet entirely familiar with the insignia of New York office—meant no more than that he was probably an officer of some kind. At any rate it certainly did not scare him any; for he was not that kind.

"You go back," he said, "to where you came from; and tell that old devil I've got as good right to my name as he has. And I intend to use it as I see fit." And he told him to tell the great Vandalaer where he could go—to a destination where his ancestors in that branch of the family had all preceded him, in his opinion.

For he was a boy of spirit; and if there was anything he would not stand it was being dictated to.

"All right," said the officer in plain clothes, getting up, his manner cold and crisp again. "Have it your own way. I slipped you your chance. And you'll keep what I told you personally to yourself."

"I will. And I'm much obliged to you personally," said young Chris Vandalaer, for he saw the fellow really meant it and was trying to do him a good turn. "But I'm not afraid of him, and don't you forget it!"

"Good-by!" said the other briefly, and left him without further comment.

But all that evening young Chris Vandalaer could not help but think of him—even when he was talking and laughing and eating with the woman—the particular woman with red lips he knew so well now. He thought of him even when late at night he looked down from his high chamber windows upon the great golden garden of the city night, laid out round his palace à la carte. It seemed endless sometimes; a boundless plain of lights, full no doubt of lurking mysteries and dangers, which as yet he only partly knew.

"What did he say to you?" asked Abe Grabstein of young Chris very quickly when he recounted to the two others this last development that next morning—going downtown to do so into the former's private office in The Great Vandalaer Exploration Syndicate headquarters. And he related then all the circumstances as he remembered them.

"What did he look like?" inquired Mr. Grabstein and listened with his full lips slightly apart.

And Chris told him—how tall and lean and gray he was.

"With a little scar under his left eye?" asked Mr. Poco, breaking into the talk for the first time.

"Well—I guess so," replied young Chris, remembering it. "Why? Who was it?" he asked, for he thought then, from his tone, that maybe he might know him.

"I don't know," said Mr. Poco, giving a quick glance at Mr. Grabstein. "Some private detective he's got, maybe."

"Sure—he's got a thousand of them," asserted Mr. Grabstein heartily, "looking round, shadowing other people. Crooks, all of them—all of them—private detectives, all over," he said, waving his hand.

"Well," went on young Chris, asking a question now more and more in his mind anyhow—"what about our using his name all the time?"

"Well—what about it?" answered Mr. Poco quickly.

"It's your name too, ain't it, just the same as his?" inquired Mr. Grabstein.

"That's all right," said young Chris Vandalaer. "I'm not quitting. I just wanted to know."

And he told them in more detail then the answer that he sent to his great kinsman by the detective. And his fellow partner, Abe Grabstein, approved more and more as he related it.

"Good! Good! That's the boy. They can't scare you, Chrissy!"

"Not much," said young Chris.

But Mr. Poco sat dark and uncommunicative.

"And when he talks about using his name," said Mr. Grabstein, "for anything, I have to go and laugh! It would be a pity about that." And he named several of the more notable and notorious great affairs with which the older Vandalaer's name had been associated—the Draw Iron Bar Trust, for example; and the great Susquehanna Bridge and Coal Company deal.

"It would be a shame to get any grease spots on his name!" said Mr. Grabstein facetiously.

"That's all right. I can stand that!" said young Chris. For he had been in New York long enough to understand that you needed all the tools you had to keep going and making your living. "To hell with him! What do I care for him? But what I want to know is, is this thing going to make good, the way you say it is—for all these people we're selling it to—on the strength of the name?"

And then he asked them some more about those letters they got up and had signed for him, with stamps that reproduced his signature, and sent out by the thousands through the mails—all ending with the signature of Christian Vandalaer and saying how much he thought of the stock of this company he was president of as an investment. "That's all I care about now," stated Chris Vandalaer. "Is it all right?"

For he knew now from the way the mail went out and letters came back that there must be thousands and thousands of people putting in their money with them every month.

"Positively. Sure!" Mr. Grabstein reassured him. "It's better and better every day."

"And the money is right here in the treasury, where you said it was?"

"Sure! Sure!" repeated Mr. Grabstein. "That's what it's for—this form of company. Ready money—till when we get it started—putting it in sure mines and oil lands. We can't get started yet putting it out—we ain't had time. But it's all here safe—all ready money!"

"Where else would it be, besides there?" asked Mr. Poco in a rather cold and hostile voice.

"All right," said young Chris. "That's what I wanted to know."

But he asked them a little more before he dropped it, about those other letters—those answers he had sent out on the stationery of the great hotel to special people who had more than the usual amount of money to invest; and now also to the others, who now and then wrote in criticizing The Great Vandalaer Exploration Syndicate for its policy in not getting started and paying the big dividends it had promised.

These letters, he found, grew more and more frequent after that, till finally he was busier and busier answering them. There was something in the newspapers soon after that also—an attack upon the general methods of stock promoters in New York; and for some mysterious reason The Great Vandalaer Exploration Syndicate was picked out, among the thousands of others, for criticism and abuse. It was because so Mr. Grabstein and Mr. Poco thought—that old gray devil, his great namesake, the

(Continued on Page 145)

At Christmas Time

Your friends can buy
anything you can give
them—
except your photograph.

There's a Photographer in Your Town.

(And he's not as busy now as he will be in December.)

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.

(Continued from Page 143)

great Vandalaer, was getting busy with the papers and the politicians.

"You ain't afraid of him, are you, Chrissy, boy?" said Mr. Grabstein admiringly. "That's good. That's good. We ain't either."

"Let him come on!" said Mr. Poco darkly. But he grew blacker and curter every day, and smoked more black and fragrant cigars.

And every day, more and more—started up probably by the newspapers—these squeals, as his partners called them, kept coming in for young Chris to answer above his signature, telling what he thought about this stock, and to be patient, for everything was all right. It got on the raw with him finally, reading the answers The Great Vandalaer Exploration Syndicate sent back to him for his signature, forever promising those dividends right away, but never giving them. And sometimes now, since the newspapers started talking about him and his name, the letter writers would not be satisfied, when he himself refused to send them all their money back personally!

There was one letter especially which he received that from the first kept coming back into his memory, a letter written in a ragged hand—by an old Irishwoman, apparently, about her savings, and the luxury in which he lived and the riches that he had and the wrong he had done her. This letter, curiously enough, out of all that he received kept going in his head after he had deciphered it, as if he had heard the woman's voice in his own ears. For it had all the ring of an old curse; and at the end it rose into a shriek that almost haunted him.

"May the curse of God," it said, "fall upon the meat you eat and the mouths you kiss and the bed you lie on! and may you die with the blood on your lips—where you sucked it out from such as me!"

It almost seemed as if the thing brought bad luck with it from the first. For that very night young Chris Vandalaer had a falling out, not unlike a final quarrel, with his lithe girl with the red lips—who indeed at the end called him that most terrible of all names in the great city—a poor farmer.

And that night he went up early and sat up late, looking out from his high window in his palace à la carte upon his great black-and-gold garden underneath—thinking about himself, and what he had done, and where he was going. For in spite of all they told him he liked Mr. Grabstein and Mr. Poco less and less; and placed less and less assurance in their promises. And he cared, now he stopped to think of it—as he had not allowed himself to do much lately, trusting more and more to luck—he cared little for the idea of these letters and those accusations they were making now in the papers. It was one thing to use his own name, even if he were forbidden by its other owner, the great Vandalaer—that old gray-hearted crook! But he had small appetite for stealing pennies from washerwomen. For say what you want, he never was a dirty sneak thief.

"To hell with it!" he said, moving finally. "You've been hitting it up too much," he said to himself. For he had been going rather hard of late. And he got up—from looking there below. "It will come true all right!"

For he wouldn't believe otherwise. He could not. He could not face the idea of it. The loss of his princely life—his palace à la carte and his rich food and clothing and great bedchamber—and the sight of his lithe woman waiting for him in the corridor.

But all that night, alone in his wide bed, he had filthy, ugly dreams of washerwomen and dancers, and of looking down from his high window over the city, with blood on his lips.

Young Chris Vandalaer was growing tired of this; in fact it was getting on his nerves. That and the pace he was going too. So bright and early on the succeeding morning he was up and down, as soon as there was any use in it, in the section of the tall buildings, at the offices which still had his name in gold upon the door. And he sat there telling them what he wanted them to do about this thing.

"What difference does it make anyhow—$125?" he said, arguing to Mr. Poco and Mr. Grabstein in Mr. Grabstein's private office once again.

But it almost seemed as if the devil were in the thing, for no sooner had he got the words out of his mouth than Dave Poco, who had been bitterer and blacker and uglier with him every day, jumped to his feet with a black look and still blacker oath, inquiring of him who he thought he was; and then going on to tell him.

"Listen. Listen, Davy!" cried Mr. Grabstein, much disturbed. "Shut up! Wait!" he said, and rose and closed the transom into the main office.

"I won't. I'm sick!" returned Mr. Poco, going straight on. "I've heard enough!"

Young Chris Vandalaer sat, surprised and quiet, listening. It must certainly have been that he was under a spell of something—that cursed letter or the dreams or happenings of the night before—for in any ordinary time he would have reached out for Mr. Poco's collar, and wiped him up and down the floor for what he now started saying. And yet he kept on talking as he pleased; and not a word from young Chris Vandalaer.

"Oh, piff!" said Mr. Poco. "Give it back to them. Yes. All of it. To keep you looking pleasant, so you won't be superstitious and lose your sleep!"

"So as not to be a damned dirty thief!" said young Chris Vandalaer. "That's what I begin to think it looks like."

"Boys, boys!" said the warning Mr. Grabstein. "Shut it up!"

"Begin to think! Oh, piff!" said Mr. Poco, shaking him away. And he called young Chris—the second person in that twenty-four hours to do so—that most cursed of all names in a great city—a farmer!

"You farmer! What did you think we were doing here? And you getting our money for? You make me sick! You knew as well as we did, in the back of your head!"

"Davy, Davy!" said Mr. Grabstein; for Mr. Poco was talking very loud indeed.

"Oh, kill him; or I will!" said Mr. Poco, growing more and more violent every minute now. "I'm sick of having him coming in here bleating. We're sitting fighting for our lives, using all the cash and all the pull and all the friends we've got to keep us out of state's prison, and this thing comes wandering in again, with our clothes on its back and our food in its belly, and starts squealing about what we're to do, so as not to hurt its little feelings."

And he told young Chris Vandalaer much about himself and The Great Vandalaer Exploration Syndicate which he had only conjectured in his ugliest dreams. And still young Vandalaer sat there and heard him, without a murmur, abuse him with unopposed and increasing venom.

"Luck! Superstitious! What luck was it that sent us out into the wood to find this here and bring it back and set it loose? Till it comes back on us—wandering round like a bedamned bull calf in a show window, and knocks everything to bits.

"If it had shut its mouth when the fly cop goes to it, and faded and got away when it gets the word to go we'd have been out of this. And that old wolf-hearted son of hell wouldn't be after us to-day! But no; nothing would do this, but it must show old Christian Vandalaer himself how tough they raise them in Podunk! He's got to start the whole town after us."

"We all made our mistakes in this, Davy, you know that!" interjected Mr. Grabstein's soothing voice, but without avail.

"Now, I'll tell you something—if you stop and listen. If you hold up one ear with both hands and try to listen, I'll tell you where you get off!" Mr. Poco went along, addressing young Chris Vandalaer more and more severely.

And he told him a number of things about finance, and his kinsman, the great Vandalaer, and what happened when he wanted it in the great city; and a great number of other things—about politicians and financiers, and policemen and district attorneys' offices and judges, and their interrelations in a great city—strange things that young Chris Vandalaer had never dreamed about.

He talked on then, young Chris listening, until he went, hoarse and silent, with a final curse; and Mr. Grabstein, still furthering peace, spoke up again.

"It was our fault, too, Davy," he said, "starting it! You've got to admit that too. We made our big mistake ourselves here also."

"All right—say we did!" responded Mr. Poco, no longer talkative.

And young Chris still sat motionless, turning it all over in his mind.

"We've got to get out of it, that's all, the best way we can," said Mr. Grabstein hopefully. "We always have before."

"All right. All right," said Mr. Poco impatiently. "But the first thing—like I told you—is to hit this thing over the head and keep it quiet."

But young Chris Vandalaer still sat speechless, disregarding him—hunched up and wrinkling all his fine tailor-made clothes that looked so well upon him. He was not thinking at that moment of what Mr. Poco said so much as of a number of other things—patching one thing and another together finally in his mind; reflecting on all the letters he had had and answered; and curiously, and almost superstitiously perhaps, reverting to that old woman's misspelled letter with the curse in it.

"If we ever do get out!" said Mr. Poco, still pessimistic. "But we can try, I suppose."

"Sure! Sure! We'll fight for it!" said Mr. Grabstein in his most hopeful tone. "And we'll win out too. But now you made a mistake, Davy. You made a mistake, kicking up a row," he went on, "and getting after Chris here just now. We all made mistakes in this. And now you go and make the worst of all—you lose your head and your temper. It won't do no good to him or you. But since you done it—you better give it all to him now!"

"All?" asked Mr. Poco.

"About him and the old man specially."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Poco, starting up; and an apparent gleam of satisfaction came into his eye as he turned again to young Chris Vandalaer.

"There's one thing, don't forget!" he told him. "He may get us. But it ain't us he's after first. Not since you told him to go to hell! For us—we get something if he can give it to us! For you—it's the chair—for murder, if he can fix it! He'll get you for the worst thing he can cook up. For one good long term! And he'll get you too, believe me! We know that. You can take it from me straight, he's turned the whole town loose on you!"

But now young Chris Vandalaer looked up and looked at him, apparently not fully understanding him—like a man awakening from sleep.

"Yeah?" he said with a catch of his old native recklessness in his voice. For he saw now a number of things very clearly that he had never seen or let himself see before. He saw the worst. "Now what do you think you want me to do? Draw out? Quit?"

"Quit!" cried Mr. Grabstein, with the suspicion of a shriek in his rich oily voice. "Quit, and bring the whole thing down on us, without no warning!"

And the black Mr. Poco said something black again under his breath.

"Well, then, what is it? What do you want? Do you know?" young Chris demanded, disregarding Mr. Poco for the present.

"Sure we know," said Mr. Grabstein promptly. "You've got to stay there, right there where you are! We've got to all put up a front and show them we are all right."

"All right, eh!" said young Vandalaer with a bitter smile. "How much is there left—of what we've got in—from the suckers?"

"Oh, plenty. Plenty!" Mr. Grabstein answered him at once.

"Not so damned much, either," dissented Mr. Poco from far down in his chair, "after what's gone out for this."

"Enough. Enough," reiterated Mr. Grabstein most earnestly, "for all of us."

"And you want me to stay right there where I am?" asked Chris Vandalaer. "And you'll see I'm taken care of anyhow? Is that it?"

"Sure. Sure, we will, Chris! Ain't we always?" asked M. Grabstein with reassuring fondness.

"All right," said young Mr. Vandalaer, getting up. "You see you do." And he went over now and stood in front of the dark Mr. Poco.

"And you!" he said. "Now you listen! You've told me quite a few things," he informed him. "Now I'll tell you one or two. You try and trim me or slip me or give me the double cross—and I'll take you in my hands and crack you open, and spill that black stuff you're filled with all over the ground! Understand?"

And he put his right forefinger under Mr. Poco's chin, and lifted his face and eyes up so he could look into them easily. For he was a strong young devil.

And when Mr. Poco—though he now sat silent—seemed to understand, young Chris went out, telling them he would be back again at the office the next day—and right along now, so as to keep his hand on things.

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Then he went out and up again to his golden hotel—his now temporary headquarters.

In the corridor he came face to face almost with the particular girl with red lips who had once been so fond of him; and she passed him by with slightly lifted eyebrows and the air of delicate aloofness which had come upon her since he had that curse upon him—the bad luck from that old woman—and newspapers had so prominently advertised his company. And he flushed and swore under his breath—for he was still quite young—and went upstairs into his room and lay down. For he had been taking a little bracer—several in fact—on the way from downtown, this being still possible for one who knew New York as thoroughly as he did now. And when he was like that now, that curse of that old hag upon the golden name came back—till he could scarcely shut the damned thing from his mind.

So he lay down in his princely bed and slept, and shut it out; and when he woke again it was night. He got up then and sat at his high window, overlooking the black city sprinkled with its lights—the great night flower garden below him. And beyond that, miles and miles, he saw in his mind the lights of other smaller cities; and then more miles and miles of solitary farmhouses, each with its lonely yellow light of kerosene. And under them all—those lights at night—men worrying, feverish or tortured by desire or hunger or necessity which kept them sleepless, as he was evidently to be the remainder of that night. And hundreds, no doubt; no doubt, thousands among them out there who would be stung or hurt or crippled by this swindle of his—this lure of his golden name! And at that he groaned and held his head in his hand. For no matter what they had said of him, that was one thing he never thought that he would be—a slimy, swindling, sneaking thief. Yet that was what he amounted to—for these people.

And on his own side he was in scarcely better position than they were. He had come high for a moment—a few months—through this name of his. But his feet were upon slippery places; he stood now perhaps upon the verge of prison. He had earned the unenviable distinction—for he saw that this much was probably true—of the special deadly hatred of one of the strongest and bitterest and most vindictive enemies in all the world; the personal hatred of the great Vandalaer himself—with all his great machinery for vengeance. And on the other hand he had no illusion about the men who were with him. Quicksilver was stable beside the faith of those two; and at the slightest possibility he knew that they would jettison him at once and be off together with their booty.

So he sat long and lonely, and cursed the golden name and what it had done to him and others; and tried to think what he should do next. His illusions, in fact, were all gone now—the gilt was off the golden name and the golden city and the golden night, and his palace à la carte; and, almost, off the lithe woman with the red lips, who had seemed to care so much. Yet one thing never left him; all the time now, when he stopped and thought like this, the curse of that old woman kept beating to get back into his brain.

"To hell with it!" he said finally—for he didn't know what else to say. "I'll stay with them anyhow until I know the next jump! And you know always what you can do," he told himself, "if worse comes to worse."

For after all—though he was scarcely more than a boy—he had been in France and seen life and death in the great war.

So he went to bed and at last to sleep; and after the girl with the red lips that hideous old hag of an Irishwoman came back again, as usual, to curse him, for her few dirty dollars, with ruin and hunger and death with blood on his lips.

It was a mistake, it seems, his quarreling with his partners, as he did—though probably after all it only hastened the inevitable a day or two. At any rate that next afternoon, when young Vandalaer finally appeared again at the office with his name in gold upon the door, he found all was confusion there—the anarchy of a headless office, with the stenographers turning here and there for orders. For both Mr. Poco and Mr. Grabstein had gone, unexpectedly to all. And after inquiry from the excited cashier of the enterprise he found reason to believe they had taken everything with them; in fact, for some time had been gathering in large sums—as due to them for special and unusual and peculiar services.

Guarded questioning at the bank through the cashier confirmed this; and after a long stay at the office after hours with the now quite confidential cashier he saw there was no possible doubt of what had happened, except of the present whereabouts of Messrs. Poco and Grabstein, which was doubtful in the extreme.

So at last, wearied out, young Chris Vandalaer went out with the confidential cashier and closed for the last time the door with the golden name; and then dragged himself to his hotel—his former palace à la carte—not knowing in fact what else to do.

And there in the corridor the plain-clothes man who had watched him when he had first arrived came out behind him and spoke across his shoulder.

"They want you," he told him, "at headquarters."

"Just a minute," said young Chris Vandalaer; "let me sit down." For he felt strangely weak.

And as they sat there, by an ugly chance the woman, the particular lithe woman with red lips, walked by, looking straight ahead, with ostentatious unconsciousness, apparently not seeing them.

And with that, for just a second, young Mr. Vandalaer put his head in his hands—for he was really not very old, in spite of all that he had seen.

"What'd I tell you," said the plain-clothes man, whose son, now dead in France, had somewhat resembled young Chris Vandalaer, "about breaking in and fooling with the Central Power House?"

"How much—how much will there be in it, probably, do you think, for me?" asked young Chris, his voice shaking just a trifle toward the end.

"Oh, say from five to twenty years," replied the other. "We've got you right. We're going to have you for an example; the public demands it."

"You mean old man Vandalaer—my dear old namesake," said young Chris.

"I didn't say so," replied the gray detective reprovingly.

Young Christian Vandalaer sat silent then until the other at last nudged him, saying: "Come! Come!" abruptly—but not unkindly.

"Will you do this?" asked Chris Vandalaer, now straightening up with the way of a man who has made a decision: "Will you let me go upstairs to the room just for a minute? I'll promise to come right down again," he pleaded. "And the minute I get down you can have me"

"No. No," said the older man. "I'll go up with you, I guess, and let you get what you want. But I'll make it as easy for you as I can. I won't hitch on to you when you come down, if you'll promise not to run."

"I'll promise that all right," said young Chris in an even voice.

So they strolled up together by the great doors opening on the white-and-silver dinner tables and the flowers and the sounds of violins; and the lithe women with the red lips in the corridor—all the rich appurtenances of the fine and pleasant residence he was leaving; and took the golden elevator—mirrored and gilded like a little climbing antechamber to Paradise.

And young Chris Vandalaer with set lips and bloodshot eyes—for he had been drinking heavily—passed for the last time, regardless, through the many pleasures of his great palace à la carte, seeing nothing that was bright; hearing only, apparently, the cracked voice of an old woman—a call for vengeance and sudden death upon the owner of the celebrated but deceiving golden name.

And so the key clacked again for the last time in the door in the sumptuous chamber of the young prince pro tempore and he and his attendant entered it and snapped on the light.

It was dark outside now—night again. And beyond the open window, as so many times before, young Chris Vandalaer looked out and down upon his golden city—his yellow flower garden of night. And down below—a dizzy way—he saw the lights of the taxis upon the tiny street slip by, like fireflies still—reminding him, curiously enough, of his earlier home in the deep country, and its empty days and dismal nights, and the first visit of Mr. Poco, bringing him the splendid offer for his golden name.

And he thought of what had happened since, to him and others. And once more it seemed to him he heard the curse of that old woman for the last time.

"What's this?" cried the sharp and frightened voice of the gray detective, from the other corner of the room.

"To hell with it!" called young Chris Vandalaer loudly before the other man could really make a move. "Here goes nothing!"

And whirling end over end he fell from his high lighted chamber—down, down, into the great night garden of the city, with its golden flowers, underneath.

And not one in ten of the thousands over all the country who still curse the golden name continually has ever heard to this day but that its younger owner is still living happily ever afterward upon the proceeds of their distress; or will ever learn, unless they may read this, that now, months ago, they picked him from the pavement beside his palace à la carte, crushed and broken, with blood upon what were once his lips—where he had fallen and died miserably, fulfilling to the very letter the curse of an old illiterate woman whom he had greatly wronged.

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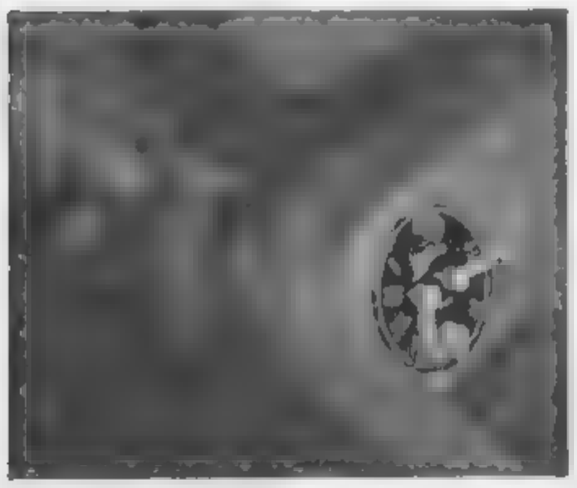

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Delco

Starting, Lighting and Ignition Systems

STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

(Continued from Page 15)

fire beside him sent a tenuous smoke column into the glaring sky.

He kept his malignant little eyes upon a notch in the Dragoon Mountains twenty miles away, scowling against the sun's bright flood. Across the far-flung interval of glowing mesas and dark mesquite flats the stark granite ramparts frowned back at him. And now a hair line of pallid smoke twined upward from the point he watched.

He sank down, crouching beside his fire. He swept his hand over it, sprinkling bits of powdered rosin into the wisp of flame. The smoke turned black.

He waited for some moments, scanning the rising fumes, then swerved his lean brown torso toward a mesquite bush. He stripped the leaves from a twig and scattered them upon the blaze. A white puff climbed into the sky.

From time to time he moved, now dropping on his belly to blow the coals, now feeding them with rosin, now with leaves. The slender column crawled on upward, taking alternate complexion, white and black.

Where the bare summits of the Dragoon range broke into a multitude of ragged pinnacles against the eastern horizon another swarthy warrior stood, remote as a roosting eagle on the heights. Beneath his feet—the drop was so sheer that he could have kicked a pebble to the bottom without its touching the face of the cliff in its fall—the shadows of the mountain lay black on the mesquite flat. He gazed across that wide plain and the mesas climbing heavenward beyond it in a series of glowing steps. His face assumed a peculiar intentness as he watched the distant smoke column. It was the intentness of a man who is reading under difficulties. In dot and dash he spelled it as it rose—the tidings of those two prospectors who traveled up the wash.

While the last puff was fading away he glided down from pinnacle to narrow shelf, from shelf to cliff, and made his way toward the rocks below to tell the news to the rest of his band.

Their camp lay at the head of a steep gorge. Several low wikiups had been fashioned by binding the tops of bushes together and throwing skins or tattered blankets over the arched stems. Offal and carrion were strewn all about the place. It swarmed with flies. Nesting vultures would have built more carefully and been fully as fastidious.

When the warrior reached the spot the rocks became alive with naked forms. They appeared from all sides as suddenly and silently as quail.

He told the tidings to the men. An unclean vermin-ridden group, they squatted round him while he repeated the smoke message word for word. There was no particular show of enthusiasm among them, no sign of haste. They started to prepare for this business as other men begin getting ready for a day's work when they see good wages ahead of them and the task is very much to their taste. Prospectors were becoming an old story in that summer of 1877. A pair of them meant nice pickings—bacon, coffee, sugar and firearms—and there was the fun of killing with the chance of torturing thrown in.

Some of the band departed leisurely to catch up the ponies. The victims would be busy for a long time in the wash. They would not travel far to make their camp. And wherever they went they must leave tracks. The day was far advanced when the party rode forth upon the flat, their dirty turbans bobbing up and down above the mesquite bushes as they came along. Several of them carried lances; there was a sprinkling of bows and arrows; a number bore rifles across their saddles, wearing the cartridge belts athwart their naked bodies. All of them moved their thin brown legs ceaselessly; their moccasined shanks kept up a constant drumming against the ponies' sides.

The afternoon was old when they reached the dry wash. They left two or three of their number behind in charge of the ponies. The others came on afoot. Two leaders went well in advance, one of them on either bank, creeping from rock to tufted yucca and from yucca to mesquite clump, watching the sun-flayed land before them for some sign of their game. A squad of trackers slipped in and out among the dagger plants and bowlders in the bottom of the wash.

One of the trackers held up his hand and moved it swiftly. To the signal the others gathered about him. He pointed to the outcropping of high-grade ore. They saw the traces left by a prospector's pick. For some minutes their voices mingled in low gutturals. Then they scattered to pick up the trail, found it and resumed their progress down the arroyo.

Evening came down on them when they reached the river bottom, and with the deepening shadows fear. Night with the Apache was the time of the dead. They made their camp. But when the sun was coloring the eastern sky the next morning they were crawling through the bear grass on the first low mesa above the stream, silent as snakes about to strike.

The prospectors awoke with the growing light. They crept forth from their blankets. Two or three rifles cracked and then the stillness came again.

The Apaches stripped the clothing from the dead men and left them to the Arizona sun. They took away with them what loot they found. They never noticed the little heap of specimens from the outcropping, or if they noticed it they thought it of no importance. A few handfuls of rock fragments meant nothing to them. And so the ore remained there near the bodies of the prospectors.

The old-timers go on to tell how Jim Shea came riding down the dry wash one day late in the summer with his rifle across his saddle horn and a little troop of grim horsemen about him. Of that incident few details remain in the verbal chronicle which has come down through four decades. It is like a picture whose background has been blurred by age.

Somewhere ahead of these dusty sunburned riders a band of Apaches were urging their wearied ponies onward under the hot sun. They herded a bunch of stolen horses before them as they fled.

The chase had begun with the beginning of the day at Dragoon Pass. What bloodshed had preceded it is not known. But Shea and his companions were following a hot trail, eager for reprisals, cautious against ambush. As they rode on down the wash the leader scanned the stony bed, reading the freshening signs left by the fugitives, while two who kept on either side of him watched every rock and shrub and gully which might give cover to lurking enemies.

Now as they clattered along the arroyo's bed Shea suddenly drew rein. Leaning far to one side and low, after the lithe fashion of the cowboy, he swept his hand earthward, picked up a little fragment of dark rock, straightened his body in the saddle once more and glancing sharply at the bit of ore dropped it into his pocket. He repeated the movement two or three times in the next hundred yards.

Chasing Apaches and being chased by them were almost as much a part of life's routine in those days as sleeping without sheets, and no one remembers how this particular affair ended. But Jim Shea kept those bits of silver ore. Later he showed them to an assayer somewhere up on the Gila and learned their richness. Then he determined to go back and locate the ledge from which the elements had carried them away. But that project demanded a substantial grubstake, and other matters of moment were taking his attention at the time. He postponed the expedition until it was too late.

In Tucson they tell of a prospector by the name of Lewis who wandered into those foothills during that year, found some high-grade float and traced it to a larger outcropping than the one down by the dry wash. But he had hardly made the marvelous discovery when he caught sight of a turbaned head above a rocky ridge some fifty yards away. He abandoned his search to seek the nearest cover. By the time he had gained the shelter a dozen Apaches were firing at him.

He made a good fight of it with his rifle, and the luck which had caused him to look up before the savages had their sights trained on him had put a wide space of open ground about his natural fort. No Apache ever relished taking chances, and Lewis was able to hold the band off until darkness came. Then he crept forth and wormed his way through the gullies to the San Pedro Valley. Dawn found him miles from the spot.

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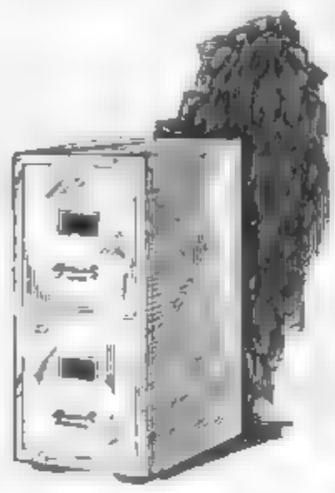

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He came back to Tucson with his specimens. Marcus Katz and A. M. Franklin, who were working for the wholesale firm of L. M. Jacobs & Co., heard his story, saw the ore and grubstaked him for another trip.

But when he reached the foothills of the Mule Mountains Lewis found that the long afternoon of battle and the ensuing night of flight had left him utterly at sea as to the location of that ledge. He had to begin his hunt all over again. He used up his grubstake, got a second from his backers and subsequently a third.

And now while Lewis was coming down the gullies between those broken ridges for the ore body—he slew himself from disappointment later on—and while Jim Shea was meditating an expedition after the riches which he had got trace of down in the dry wash, Ed Schiefflin came to the Bruncknow house to embark on the adventure which was to give the town of Tombstone its name.

The Bronco house men call it now, but Bruncknow was the man who built it and the new term is a corruption. Its ruins still stand on the sidehill a few miles from the dry wash, a rifle shot or so from the spot where the two prospectors met their death. In those days it was a lonely outpost of the white man in the Apache's land. The summer of 1877 was drawing to a close. Its showers were already a distant memory and all Southeastern Arizona was glowing under the white-hot sun rays when Schiefflin rode his mule up from the San Pedro to seek the protection of its thick adobe walls.

The flat lands of the valley stretched away and away behind him to the foot of the Huachucas in the west. They unfolded their long reaches to the southward until they melted into the hot sky between spectral mountain ranges down in Mexico. He came up out of that wide landscape, a tall wild figure, lonesome as the setting sun.

His long beard and the steady patience in his eyes—the patience which comes to the prospector during his solitary wanderings in search of rich ore—gave him the appearance of a man past middle age, though he had not seen his thirtieth year. His curling hair reached his broad shoulders; wind and sun had tanned his features so deeply that his blue eyes stood out in strange contrast to the dark skin. His garments were sadly worn and he had patched them in many places with buckskin. Such men still come and go in the remote places among the mountain ranges and deserts of the West. They were almost the first to penetrate the wilderness and they will roam over it so long as any patch of it remains.

Schiefflin had left his father's house in Oregon ten years before. He searched the Cœur d'Alenes for riches and finding none struck out from Idaho for Nevada. There he remained through two blazing summers, traveling afoot from the sagebrush hills in the north across the silent deserts east of Death Valley. He wandered on to Colorado, where he toiled in the new mining camps between prospecting trips into the great plateaus along the western slope of the Rockies. From Colorado he went southward into New Mexico, thence westward to Arizona. He accompanied a troop of cavalry from Prescott down to the foot of the Huachucas, where they established a new post. During the last leg of that journey he saw these foothills of the Mule Mountains in passing and, in spite of warnings from the soldiers, he was now returning to prospect the district.

He had spent some days at the Herrick ranch down in the valley and the men about the place had strongly advised him against traveling into the hills. They cited various gruesome examples of the fate which overtook solitary wanderers in this savage land. They might as well have saved their breath. Schiefflin had seen some mineral stains on a rock outcropping when he had passed through the country earlier in the season. So now he came on toward the Bruncknow house where he could make his camp closer to the hills upon whose exploration his mind was set.

There were several men lounging about the adobe house when he reached it. Even in those days, when the most peaceable border dweller carried his rifle almost everywhere excepting to his meals and was as likely as not to have slain one or two fellow creatures, days when the leading citizens of that isolated region presented a sinister front with their long-barreled revolvers slung beside their thighs, the members of the group showed up hard.

A lean and seasoned crew, dust stained from many a wild ride, burned by the border sun, they watched the newcomer with eyes half curtained—like the eyes of peering eagles—by straight lids. They welcomed him with a few terse questions as to where he had come from and what the troops were doing over at the new post. Of themselves they said nothing nor offered any information of their business in this lonely spot.

But when Schiefflin had made his camp close to the shelter of those thick adobe walls he learned more of the men and of the place. There was a mine hard by—at least it went by the name of a mine and it was a sort of common understanding that the owners were doing assessment work. The fragments on the dump, however, were only country rock. In later years gorgeous tales of rich ore at the bottom of the shallow shaft resulted in a series of claim jumpings, which in their turn netted no less than eleven murders, but the slayers only wasted their powder, for the ground here never yielded anything more interesting than dead men's bones. And at the time when Schiefflin was abiding at the Bruncknow house the inmates were letting their mining tools rust the while they kept their firearms well oiled. For the mine was nothing more nor less than a blind, and the adobe house was simply a rendezvous for Mexican smugglers.

In that era, when a man practiced pistol shooting from the hip—as a man practices his morning calisthenics in this peaceful age—for the sake of his body's health, the written statutes were one thing and the local conceptions of proper conduct another. Here where the San Pedro Valley came straight northward across the boundary, affording a good route for pack trains, smuggling American wares into the southern republic was pretty nearly a recognized industry. As long as a man could bring his contraband to market past marauding Apaches and the bands of renegade whites who had drifted to the border, he was entitled to the profit he made—and no questions asked.

So the men at the Bruncknow house accepted Schiefflin's presence without any fear of ill consequences. Even had their calling been more stealthy they would not have worried about him. Prospectors went unquestioned among all sorts of lawbreakers then, owning something of the same immunity which simple-minded persons always got from the Indians. He came in at evening and rolled up in his blankets after cooking his supper; and in the morning he went forth again into the hills. No one noticed him.

Now and again a cavalcade came out of the flaming deserts to the south, appearing first as a thin dust cloud down on the flat, as it drew nearer resolving itself into pack burros and men on muleback; then jingling and clattering up the stony slope and into the corral. When they had dismounted the swarthy riders in their serapes and steep-crowned sombreros, trooped into the adobe house, their enormous spurs tinkling in a faint chorus upon the hard earthen floor.

Then the men of the house got out the calicoes and hardware they had brought over the hot hills and through the forests of giant cactuses from Tucson. The smugglers spread blankets, unbuckled broad money belts from their waists and stripped out the dobie dollars, letting them fall in clinking heaps upon the cloth. The bargaining began. And when the last wares had been disposed of and the last huge silver coin had been stowed away by the hard-eyed merchants, the Mexicans opened little kegs of mescal, the fiery liquor which is distilled from the juice of the cactus plant. They gambled at monte, quien con and other games of chance. They drank together. The night came on. Sometimes pistols flamed under those adobe walls and knives gleamed in the shadows.

Then when the hot dawn was passing the burros were packed and the whole troop filed down the hill, the seraped Mexicans riding along the flanks of the train, their rifles athwart their saddles. The dust rose about them, enwrapped them and hid them from sight. Finally it vanished where the flat lands reached away into the south.

But Schiefflin was indifferent to these wild goings on. To him the Bruncknow house meant shelter from the Apaches—that was all. He could roll up in his blankets here at night knowing that he would waken in the morning without any likelihood of looking up into the grinning faces of savages who had tracked him to his camp.

(Continued on Page 153)

Put a Hammer in This Man's Hand

WHY isn't this man using a hammer, instead of the heel of his shoe? For one reason, because no hardware merchant has been enterprising enough to sell him a hammer.

It could be done. There is a hardware store somewhere in the neighborhood; and a neat, attractive little folder, calling this man's attention to household tools, would very likely have brought him in as a customer.

Whether you are a hardware merchant, a tailor, a shoe dealer—whatever your business may be—you can increase your sales by the intelligent use of direct advertising.

We are supplying printers with ideas, drawings, cuts, for circulars advertising many lines of goods. Electrotypes are furnished at cost.

To give quality, appeal, and attractiveness to your circulars and leaflets, print them on Hammermill Cover. It is as standard as Hammermill Bond, economically priced, and furnished in a wide variety of colors.

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AN expectant hush of intense anticipation precedes the flashing on the screen of

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because great stars and great authors have combined to provide the best in motion pictures.

Attend the theatre that presents them.

FOX FILM CORPORATION
WILLIAM FOX, *President* — WINFIELD SHEEHAN, *General Manager*

(Continued from Page 150)

He minded his own business. As a matter of fact his own business was the only thing he deemed worth minding; it was the one affair of importance in the whole world. The more he saw of those hills the surer he became that they were mineralized. Somewhere among them—he fervently believed—an ore body of great richness lay hidden and he had been devoting the years of his manhood to seeking just such a secret. In those years of constant search a longing mightier than the lust for riches had grown within him. Explorers know that longing, and great scientists. Once it owns a man he becomes oblivious to all else.

Every day Schiefflin set forth on his mule from the adobe house. He rode out into the hills. All day he hunted through the winding gullies for bits of float which would betray the presence of an outcropping on the higher levels. Once he cut the fresh trail of a band of Apaches and once he caught sight of two mounted savages riding along a slope a mile away. Several times he picked up specimens of rock which bore traces of silver, but he found no ore worth assaying.

The men at the Bruncknow house saw him departing every morning and shook their heads. They had seen other men ride out alone into those hills and they had afterward found some of those travelers—what the Apaches had left of them. It was none of their affair, but they fell into the habit of watching the tawny slopes every afternoon when the shadows began to lengthen and speculating among themselves as to whether the bearded rider was going to return this time, which was as close to solicitude as they could come.

One of their number—he had lost two or three small bets by Schiefflin's appearing safe and sound on various evenings—took it upon himself to give their visitor a bit of advice.

"What for," he asked, "do yo'-all go a-takin' them paseara thataway?"

Schiefflin smiled good-naturedly at the questioner.

"Just looking for stones," he said.

"Well," the other told him, "all I got to say is this: Yo'-all keep on and yo'll sure find yo'r tombstone out there some day."

He never dreamed that he had named a town. Nor did Schiefflin think much of it at the moment. He had received other warnings just as strong before. But none of them had been put as neatly as this. So the words abided in his memory, though they did not affect his comings and goings in the least.

Only a few days later he left the Bruncknow house for a longer trip than usual. He rode his mule down the San Pedro toward the mouth of the dry wash where the two prospectors had found that silver ore the day before they died. And the luck that guides a man's steps to good or ill as the whim seizes it saw to it that he came into the old camp where the Apaches had enjoyed their morning murder months before.

Someone had buried both bodies, but whoever had done this—possibly it was one of the self-styled miners at the Bruncknow house—had not enough interest in minerals to disturb the little heap of specimens. It lay there near the graves just as the Apaches had left it, just as its original owners had piled it up before they sought their blankets—to dream perhaps of their big strike while death waited for the coming of the dawn to cheat them out of their discovery.

The story was as plain as printed words on a page. The nameless graves among the tall clumps of bear grass proclaimed the penalty for venturing into this neighborhood. The little handful of dark-colored stones betrayed the secret of the riches in the hills.

The dry wash came down between the ridges half a mile ahead to show the way to other float like this. It was as though after the years of long and constant search he found himself faced by a grim challenge—to attain the consummation of his hopes on pain of death.

When he had examined the bits of rock he mounted his mule and struck out for the mouth of the dry wash. After he had ridden for some distance up the stony bed of the arroyo he dismounted and came on slowly, leading the patient animal. He searched the rocks for fragments of float. At times he left the mule and crept to the summit of a near-by ridge, where he remained for some minutes looking out over the country for some sign of Indians.

The day wore on and as he went farther the hill to the south became loftier; the banks drew closer in on either side of him; the bowlders in the arid bed were larger. Cactus and Spanish bayonet harassed him like malignant creatures; skeleton ocotillos and bristling yuccas imposed thorny barriers before him. The sun poured its full flood of white-hot rays upon him. He wound his way in and out among the obstacles, keeping his intent eyes upon the glaring rocks save only when he lifted them to look for lurking savages. The shadows of noonday lengthened into the shades of afternoon; they crept up the hillsides until only the higher peaks remained ashine; evening came.

Schiefflin picked up a sharp fragment of blackish rock—horn silver. In those days when the great Comstock lode was lessening its yield and the metal was at a premium such ore as this which he held meant millions—if one could but find the main ledge. He scanned the specimen closely, looked round for others, and then as his eyes roved up the hillside the exultation born of that discovery passed from him.

Dusk was creeping up from the valley. The time had passed when he could return by daylight to the Bruncknow house. He must make the most of the scant interval which remained before darkness if he would find a hiding place where he could camp. He glanced about him to fix the landmarks in his memory that he might find this spot again on the morrow. Then he led the mule away into the hills and picketed it behind a ridge where it would be out of sight from passing Apaches.

He found his own hiding place a mile away from where he had tethered the animal. Here three huge bare knolls of granite bowlders rose beside the wash. From the summit of any one of them a man could survey the whole country. Between its ragged rocks he would be invisible to one below. He chose the highest one and crept to its summit. No Apache could look down upon him here.

The gray twilight was spreading over the land when he raised his head above one of the bowlders. In that instant he dropped to earth as if he had been shot. An Indian was riding up to the bottom of the knoll.

The Apache's rifle lay across his lean bare thighs; his gaunt dark body bent forward as he scanned the rocks above him. He had been heading for the hill from this side while Schiefflin was climbing up the opposite slope. Evidently he was coming to the summit to look over the country for enemies. There must be others of the band close by.

Schiefflin found a narrow crack between two bowlders and peeped out.

Another savage appeared at that moment on the summit of the next knoll. He was afoot and now he stood there motionless, searching the wide landscape for any moving form. He was so near that the smear of war paint across his ugly face was visible in this waning light.

Schiefflin crooked his thumb over the hammer of his rifle and raised it slowly to the full cock, pressing the trigger with his finger to prevent the click.

The first Apache had dismounted and was climbing the hill. As he drew closer the clink of ponies' hoofs sounded down in the dry wash. A number of dirty turbans came into sight above the bank. More followed them and more until thirty-odd were bobbing up and down to the movement of the horses.

A moment passed—one of those mighty moments when a man's life appears before him as a period with which he has finished, when a man's thoughts rove swiftly over what portions of that period they choose. And Schiefflin's mind went to that talk with the man at the Bruncknow house.

"Yo'-all keep on and yo'll sure find yo'r tombstone out there some day."

He could hear the old-timer saying the words now. And as he listened to the grim warning again he felt—as perhaps those two prospectors felt in the moment of their wakening down by the river—that Fate had sadly swindled him. He was stiffening his trigger finger for the pull, peering across the sights at the Indian who had climbed to within a few yards of the weapon's muzzle, when ——

The warrior on the summit of the next knoll waved his hand. The nearest Apache halted at the gesture and Schiefflin followed his gaze in time to see the lean brown arm of the sentinel sweep forward. Both of the savages turned and descended the knolls. They caught up their ponies and rode on, following the course of the wash below them. The band down in the arroyo's bed were

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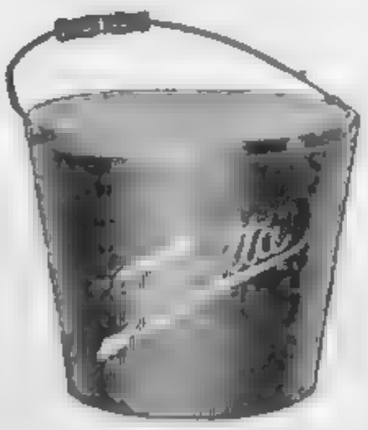
WHEN you buy jams, jellies, apple butter, etc., that are packed in pails, be sure that they have not lost much of their goodness. Pails which absorb the fruit juices or the oils of peanut butter or lard, mean a dried-up, inferior product. The dry rind that forms next to the sides of the pail is practically unusable and represents a big loss, often several pounds to a pail.



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Made in one piece, from wood pulp, under tremendous hydraulic pressure, "Fibrotta" pails are finished with a hard, glasslike mahogany surface that will not absorb any of the good fruit juices or communicate a taste to the product. Their contents come to you as fresh and good as when they were first put up.

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receding. The rattle of hoofs grew fainter. Schiefflin lowered the hammer of his rifle and took his first full breath.

A low outcry down the wash stopped his breathing again. The band had reined in their ponies; some of them were dismounting. He could see them gathering about the place where he had led his mule up the bank. Two of them were pointing along the course he had taken with the animal. Several others were creeping up the slope on their bellies, following the fresh trail. The murmur of their voices reached Schiefflin where he lay watching them.

Then as he was giving up hope for the second time a mounted warrior—evidently he was their chief—called to the trackers. They rose, looked about and scurried back to their ponies like frightened quail. The whole band were hammering their heels against the flanks of their little mounts. The coming of the night had frightened them away.

The shadows deepened; stillness returned upon the land; the stars grew larger in the velvet sky. Schiefflin crouched among the bowlders at the summit of the knoll and fought off sleep while the great constellations wheeled in their long courses, for the dawn was coming in its proper time and it seemed as certain as that fact that the Indians would return to hunt him out. He dared not leave the place, for he knew that the Apache never traveled at night and he feared to stumble on them in the darkness, or he might stray into some locality where they would find him without shelter when the day revealed his trail. He waited for the sunrise and the beginning of the attack.

The color deepened in the east. The rocks below his hiding place stood out more clearly. He could see no sign among them of creeping savages. The sun rose and still nothing moved down there. He came forth finally in the full blaze of the hot morning and found the mule where he had picketed it behind the ridge. When he returned to the dry wash he saw the tracks where the band had passed during the evening before. For some reason of their own they had found it best to keep on their course instead of coming back to murder him. He resumed his search for float where he had left off. It showed more frequently as he went on. He followed the bits of ore to the outcropping. It was a narrow stringer of blackish rock. He dug into it with his prospector's pick, chipped off specimens and carefully covered up the hole with fragments of country rock. The danger of Apaches had passed, but a new fear had come upon him—the dread that some rival prospector might stumble on his discovery before he could establish possession, for his provisions were running low. He had no money and he needed a good grubstake—and companions to help him hold down the claim against jumpers—before he could begin development work.

He hurried back to the Bruncknow house. An attack of chills and fever brought on by his night among the rocks gave him a good excuse to leave the place. The climate, he said in concern, did not agree with him.

While he was trying to think of one with whom to share the secret of the rich ore, one whom he could trust to take his full portion of the dangers which would attend the claim's development, he remembered his brother Al, who was working at the Signal Mine, way over in Mohave County. There was the man.

Schiefflin made his way across the state of Arizona in the next two months. During the journey he stopped more than once to earn money for food to carry him through. Some time in December he reached the Signal Mine.

Al Schiefflin had a friend, Dick Gird, who was an assayer. Gird saw the specimens, tested them and was on fire at once. He joined forces with the brothers, helped them procure a grubstake and in January, 1878, the three men set forth from the Williams Fork of the Colorado River in a light wagon drawn by two mules. Spring was well on its way when they reached Tucson and made their camp in Bob Leatherwood's corral. The Apaches were raiding throughout the southeastern part of the territory and the little town of adobes was getting new reports of murders from that section every day.

They drove their mules on eastward up the long mesas leading to the San Pedro divide. At the Pantano stage station they saw the fresh scars of Apache bullets on the adobe walls. The men here had held the place against a large band of Geronimo's warriors only a few days before.

Now as they drove on they kept constant lookout and their rifles were nearly always in their hands. Every morning they rose long before the dawn and two of them would climb the ridges near the camp to watch the country as the light came over it while the other caught up the mules and harnessed them.

They turned southward up the San Pedro, avoiding the stage station at the crossing of the river lest some other party of prospectors might follow them. They made a circuit round the Mormon settlement at St. David and came on to the Bruncknow house—to find two more fresh graves of Apache victims under the adobe walls.

They made their permanent camp here and Schiefflin took his two companions up the dry wash. They reached the outcropping—it was undisturbed. Gird and Al Schiefflin dug away at the dark rock with their prospectors' picks. Less than three feet below the surface the stringer pinched out. The claim was not worth staking.

Beside the little strip of ore whose false promises of riches had lured them into this land of death they held a conference. The hills opened to a low swale which led up between them toward the loftier summits in the south.

They decided to follow that depression in search of another ledge.

They made their daily journeys along its course, returning with evening to the Bruncknow house, whose inmates were away at the time on some expedition of their own. Sometimes they saw the smoke of signal fires over in the Dragoons, sometimes the slender columns rose from the summit of the Whetstone Mountains in the north. One morning—they had spent the previous night out here in the hills—they woke to find a fresh trail in the bear grass within one hundred yards of where they had been sleeping, and in the middle of the track Dick Gird picked up one of the rawhide wristlets which Apaches wore to protect their arms from their bowstrings.

That day Ed Schiefflin discovered a new outcropping. Gird assayed the specimens in a rude furnace which he had fashioned from the fireplace at the Bruncknow house. Some of them showed as high as $2200 to the ton. They returned to the ledge. Exploration showed every evidence of a great ore body, and two or three of the fragments which they chipped from it below the surface assayed $9000 a ton. They had made their big strike. They staked the claim and when they came to fixing on a name Ed Schiefflin remembered once more those words of the old-timer at the Bruncknow house.

"We'll call it the Tombstone," he said, and told the story.

It was recorded in Tucson as the Tombstone. And when the rush came into those hills Ed Schiefflin, then a figure of importance in the new camp, recited the tale to some of the men who had risked their lives in traveling to the place. They in their turn retold the tale. That is the way the town got its name.

In after years when men had learned the fullness of that secret which the Apaches had guarded so well from the world—when Bisbee and Nacosari and Cananea were yielding their enormous stores of metal and Tombstone's mines had given forth many millions of dollars in silver Ed Schiefflin remained a wealthy man. But the habit of prospecting abided with him and he used to spend long months alone in the wilderness searching for the pure love of search.

Just before one of these expeditions he was driving out of Tombstone with Gus Barron, another old-timer and a close friend, and as they went down the Fairbank road they reached the spot where the three great bowlder knolls rise beside the dry wash. Schiefflin drew rein.

"This," he said to Barron, "is the place where I camped that night when the Apaches almost got me, the night before I found the stringer on the hill. And when I die I want to be buried here with my canteen and my prospector's pick beside me."

So when he died up in Cañon City, Oregon, just about twenty years after he had made his discovery, they brought his body back and buried it on the summit of the knoll and they erected a great pyramid of granite bowlders on the spot for his monument.

And within sight of that lonely tomb the town stands out on the sky line, commemorating by its name the steadfastness of Ed Schiefflin, prospector.

Practice Putting on— WEED TIRE CHAINS in the Garage

It only takes a few moments to attach them when you know how. No jack required. Study the directions. Practice makes perfect. No danger of injury to tires.

THE careful driver regularly gives his car "the once over" every few days before he takes it out of the garage. He gives a turn or two to the grease cups—tests out the brakes, sees that there is a sufficient supply of oil, water and gasoline and that the batteries are in good condition, etc. By so doing he is assured, barring accidents, that he will have no trouble on the road. But

HOW few there are that pay the slightest attention to the proper method of attaching Weed Tire Chains

Rain comes on, the road and pavements suddenly become slippery and treacherous—the car slips or skids—the Weed Chains, carried in nearly every tool box, are hauled out and a hundred to one the driver has only a hazy idea how to attach them. He fumbles around, gets hot under the collar and falsely accuses them of being a nuisance.

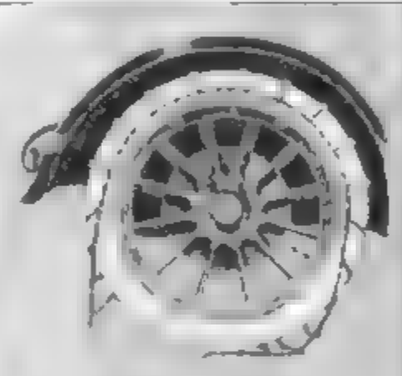
Women drivers are very numerous nowadays. They are driving out into the country over all sorts of roads—*they surely need protection against the dangerous skid.* How many of them know how to put on Weed Chains? Have you ever instructed your wife, your sister or your daughter?

The directions for attaching Weed Chains are simple yet most important. Avoid annoyances on the road—learn how easy it is to put them on correctly—*practice in the garage* and give the women instruction. It will amply repay you in security, satisfaction and comfort.

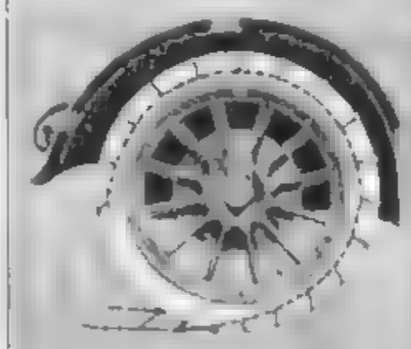
Printed instructions for attaching Weed Chains are packed in every bag—If you desire a copy write us and we will gladly mail it to you.

Weed Chains are also made to meet the demand for an efficient traction and anti-skid device for trucks equipped with single and dual solid tires or with the very large pneumatic tires. They are so constructed that they satisfactorily meet the requirements of heavy truck service in mud, sand or snow.

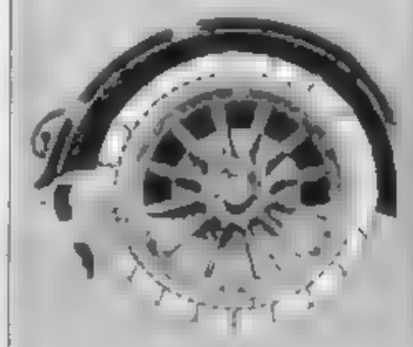
Observe these three fundamentals



Lay chains over wheel with hooks toward rear, and tuck the slack under front part of wheel.



Start car forward just enough to run over slack ends.



Hook chains as tightly as possible by hand.

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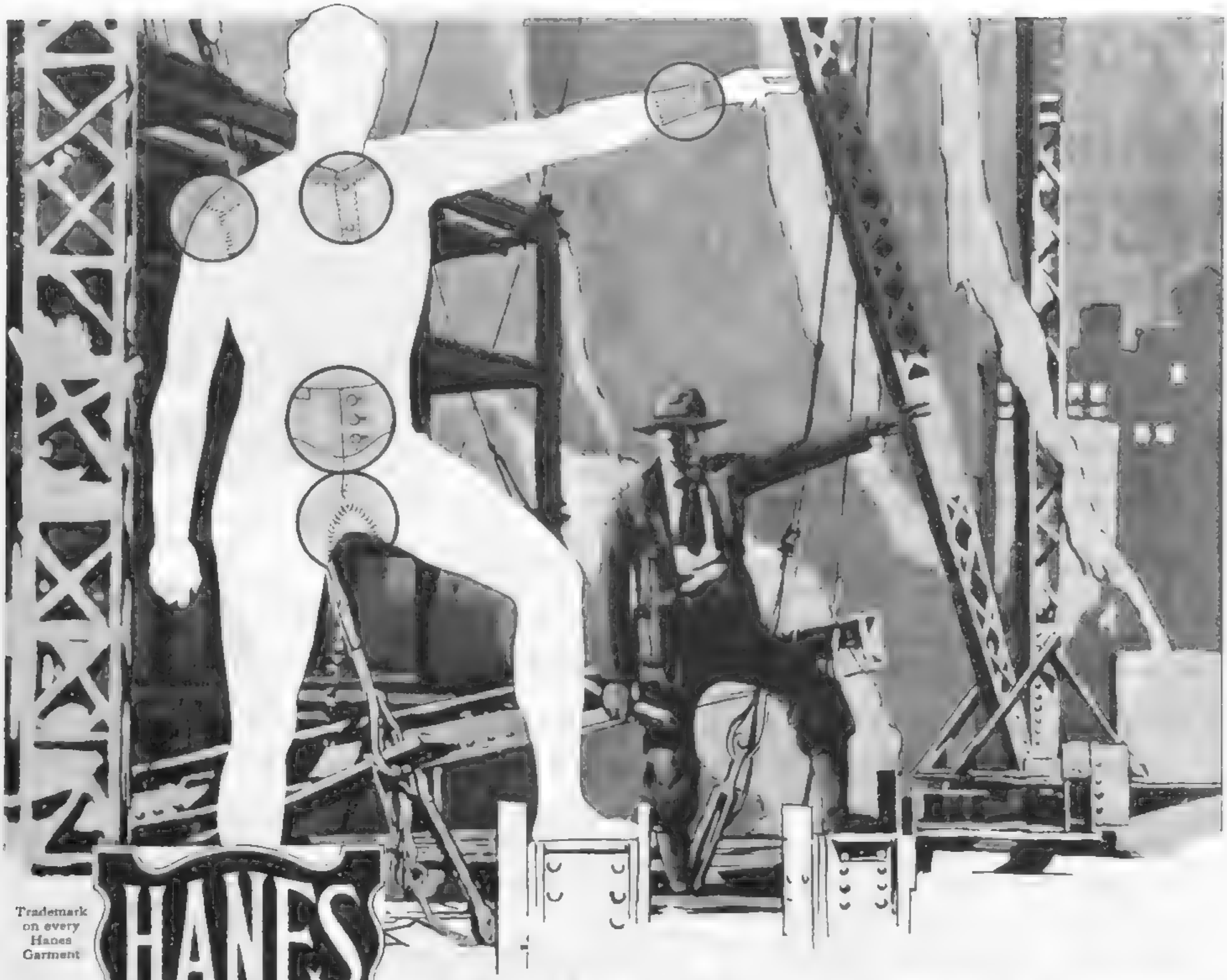

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What goes into Hanes in quality and workmanship comes out to you in extra-wear, extra-comfort, extra-warmth! We tell you frankly that Hanes is the biggest underwear value ever sold at any price! *Prove our statement for your own satisfaction!*

If you prefer Shirts and Drawers, Hanes will meet your keenest desires! Read every detail and compare with the circles in the diagram figure above, because you should understand what Hanes hands you:

Guaranteed unbreakable seams, with reinforcements at buttonholes and at every strain point; buttonholes last as long as the garment; elastic knit collarette that snugs up to the neck, preventing gaps; shape-holding elastic knit shoulders that "give and take"; durable, snug-fitting three-button sateen waist-band; elastic knit wrists; pearl buttons sewed on to stay! Put behind that array of wear and comfort features Hanes perfect workmanship and *Hanes quality!*

Hanes Union Suits have never been near-equaled at the price. They are the last word in comfort and the most unusual underwear value in America! These Union Suits have all the desirable features of Hanes Shirts and Drawers *with a closed crotch that stays closed!*

Your confidence in "Hanes" can never be misplaced! *Any Hanes garment will outlive our guarantee!* See this Hanes Underwear at your dealer's. If he cannot supply you, write us immediately.

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are as distinct from all other boys' underwear at the price as are our men's garments. To mothers and fathers Hanes boys' Union Suits are superb. Cozy, fleecy warmth and the finest workmanship, combined with the best features of Hanes Union Suits for men, put these boys' suits in a class distinct from all others. *They certainly do stand the wear and wash!*

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366 Broadway

Warning to the trade—Any garment offered as "Hanes" is a substitute unless it bears the Hanes label.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Concluded from Page 42

Three Enemies

was started and now the average for doctors' calls is one in three days. The efficiency of employees in the mills at the present time is normal, and the whole work cost less than $2 a head. Dozens of other cases of a similar nature might be cited.

Control of malaria is both feasible and profitable. The disease can be eliminated by getting rid of the Anopheles mosquitoes. To do this we must destroy their breeding spots and shelters. If pools and marshes are drained and filled the insects will have no places to breed. If ponds are oiled this process forms a film on the surface of the water which prevents the larvæ from getting air to breathe, and consequently they die.

We now come to the rat, and the reader will be surprised to know that a recent survey places our rat population at 100,000,000. The annual upkeep per rodent is estimated at $1.80, so that the rat portion of our population costs us in the neighborhood of $180,000,000 yearly. This is similar to the cost of rats in Great Britain. In Denmark the annual cost per rat is $1.20, and in France only $1. These costs do not include mice.

Most every parasite has some compensatory feature. The rat has none. The black rat used to be the scourge. The brown, or Norway, rat, being large and more ferocious, has ousted the black rodent and now holds sway. The average litter of the brown rat is eight, and the female has been known to bear young monthly throughout the year. A sun-dried brick wall held together by sand and lime mortar is no barrier to a rat. To stop them the mortar must be composed of cement. The English Plague Commission stated that the Norway rat can gnaw his way through concrete, but it is safe to say that the concrete in question was not well made.

Our farmers suffer most from rats. A single rodent will consume 50 pounds of grain in a year. One Middle West farmer states that he lost 500 bushels of corn in one winter through the depredations of rats; another lost 350 chicks. A merchant tells of rats that gnawed a hole in a tub containing 100 dozen eggs, and within a period of two weeks carried away 71 dozen, without leaving either shell or stain.

Rats have been the sole agents in transmitting the bubonic plague. This disease has destroyed millions of lives and now exists in the rats of certain seaports in England, Southern Europe, Africa, the Orient and South America. It is estimated that every cargo ship that sails carries on an average 200 rats. These same rodents also are infected with intestinal parasites and are frequently responsible for tapeworm. They transmit trichinæ to hogs, from which animals the infection is spread to human beings.

About the only way that rats can be eliminated is through rat-proofing our buildings. All measures of prevention and destruction should be communal in nature—spasmodic individual efforts get nowhere. Rat trapping is never effective. Dogs and cats are but feeble helps. Rats must be excluded from food supplies or there will be no material reduction in our rodent population. Here again we see the need of vermin-proof food receptacles and covered metal garbage cans.

Our enemy the rat will not be on his way to oblivion until each town enacts a really effective rat-proofing law. Such legislation would have to provide a minimum standard of concrete. It would have to specify the thickness of floors and walls and the depth and style of construction of foundations. The first town that enters on this kind of work will be building not only against vermin but against fires and disease. Such a community will be a happy place in which to live, and yet the town will be doing only those things that should have been done decades ago.

So much for man's chief enemies. It will be a blessing when we no longer accept these pests as matters of fact. It is foolish to say we know all about them and realize their danger, for if we did they wouldn't be here.

MATTERS OF OPINION

Concluded from Page 44

A Voice From the Tropics

For the past twenty-five years our consular agents have been making precisely the same sort of observations—though the epistolary style most favored by the Department of State deprives us of the pleasure of reading their opinions in the breezy vernacular style of the correspondent just quoted.

Some day we shall learn; and learn we must, for American exporters will surely come a cropper if they count on the luck of "Lord" Timothy Dexter.

This eccentric merchant threw his Newburyport neighbors into spasms of delight by shipping to the West Indies a consignment of brass bed warmers. Their laughter gave place to stupefaction when they learned that the Dexter warming pans found a ready market, at a high price, among the Cuban sugar planters, who used them to skim off the rats that fell into their molasses vats and met a sweet but sticky fate. The average exporter cannot afford to take a chance on having Dexter's luck.

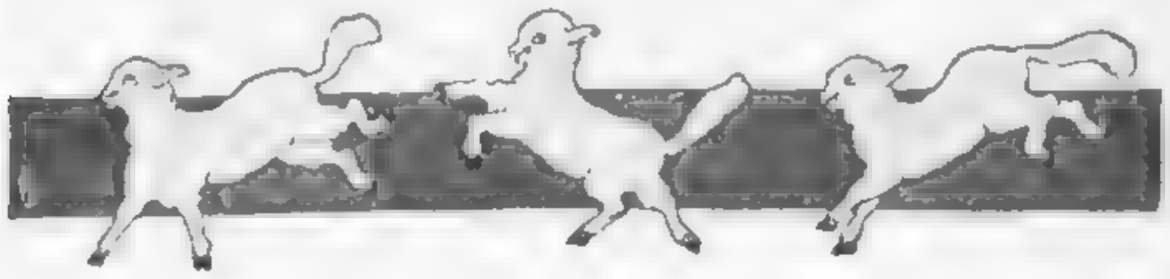
Capital Levies

NOMINALLY, at least, the government of Germany is a socialist government. Weeks ago it announced an intention to lay ruthless hands on capital by a levy that would produce seventy billion marks, or some such sum, the tax to be steeply graded so as to fall heaviest on the largest fortune. That sounded formidable. Latterly the details of the levy have reached this country. Corporations, it appears, are to be taxed ten per cent of their capital. Individuals must pay ten per cent of the first fifty thousand marks of their possessions above the exemption of five thousand marks, twelve per cent on the next fifty thousand, thirteen per cent on the next hundred thousand, and so on up to sixty-five per cent on the top slice of the largest fortunes.

But the tax is payable in equal annual installments spread over thirty years. As a considerable part of the very largest fortune would be taxed under the lower schedules, the tax of the richest man in Germany would hardly be more than sixty per cent, and that, spread over thirty years, would amount to two per cent a year. As the return on capital can hardly be taken as less than six per cent a year it would obviously amount to an income tax of not more than thirty-three and one-third per cent, while our capitalistic government levies a tax of more than seventy per cent on the largest income.

There may be other features of the German tax plan; but this formidable socialistic capital levy in itself amounts to about half our capitalistic income tax—or considerably less than half, in fact. It is practically impossible to levy a big capital tax that is anything else in fact than a mere income tax. Confiscation itself is only a hundred per cent income tax, for all the government can get out of the property is its income.

In Germany and England and even to some slight extent in America it amuses the so-called proletariat to talk of a capital levy, but in practical effect our American income tax is the heaviest impost laid on capital except where outright confiscation has been practiced.



A Six-Dish Package FREE

Two-Minute Oat Food

Already 3-Hour Cooked

The Quick Dish

That Millions Wanted

For Women
who have wanted an instant hot oat dish.

For Men
who want quick breakfasts, yet want oats.

For Boys
who want an extra-flavory oat dish.

For Doctors
who urge that oats be super-cooked.

We have now found a way to supply ready-cooked oats—a hot, flavory dish in two minutes.

The Way is This

We cook the oats for three hours by live steam under pressure at higher than boiling heat.

Then we evaporate them. That removal of all water keeps them ever-fresh.

The oats come to you ready-cooked, in dry form and condensed.

To Serve Hot

Stir one cup Two-Minute Oat Food in four cups boiling water. Within two minutes it absorbs the water. Then you have about 8 dishes of hot, flavory oats, seemingly just cooked.

The Advantages

This oat dish is ready long before the coffee.

It is super-cooked, so every granule is fitted for easy digestion.

You can serve oats regardless of your hurry. And everybody, young or old, should eat oats every day.

Then this high-heat cooking gives a new, delightful flavor. It makes the oat dish doubly inviting, especially to children.

Two-Minute Oat Food is entirely new in form and flavor. The product is controlled by patent exclusively by the Quaker Oats Company, as is the process.

We have sought 25 years to find a way for supplying a dish like this. Now that we have it we urge you to enjoy it.

The Quaker Oats Company

Today

This new dish is too good to miss. Get from your grocer a 15-cent package. Or send the coupon—and today—for a six-dish package free.

3218

6-Dish Package Free

The Quaker Oats Company
1722 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Mail me a 6-Dish Package of Two-Minute Oat Food free.

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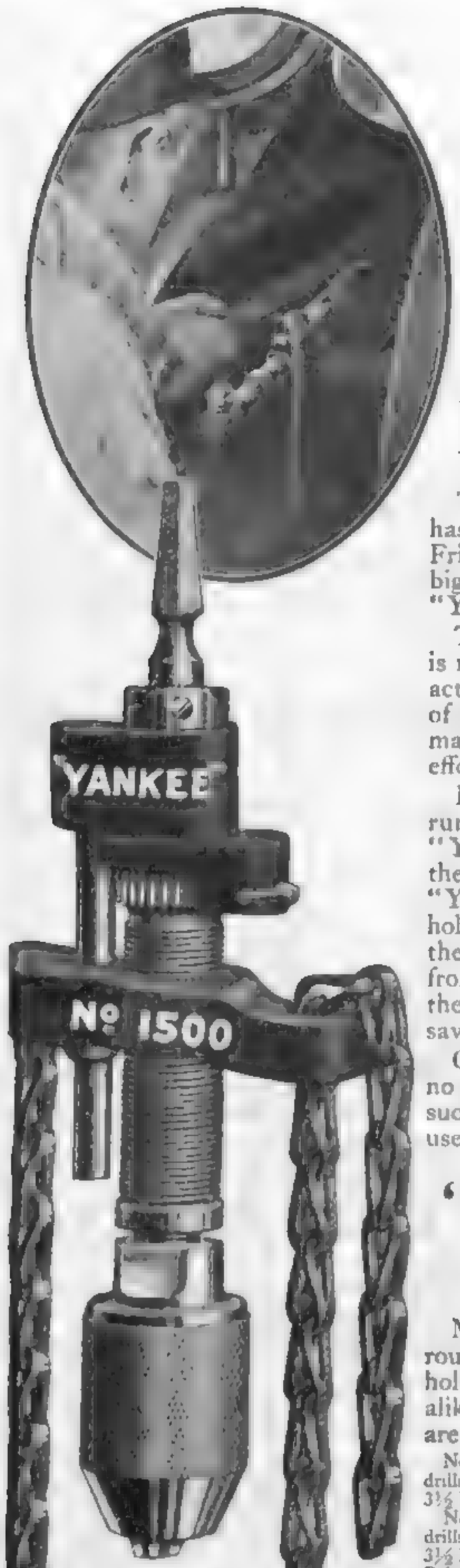


The Chain Drill That Feeds Itself

The "YANKEE" Chain Drill has exactly the same Automatic Friction and Ratchet Feed as its big brother in efficiency, the "YANKEE" Bench Drill.

The "YANKEE" Chain Drill is really more than a tool; it is actually a highly efficient machine of beautiful precision that automatically relieves the user of effort and responsibility.

In operation, the drill is quickly run up to the work by the "YANKEE" Friction Feed; then, at the touch of a lever, the "YANKEE" Ratchet Feed takes hold and feeds the drill through the cut without further attention from the operator than turning the brace. Saves hand-feeding; saves time; saves drills.

Other conditions being equal, no man, using ordinary tools, can successfully compete with the user of "YANKEE" Tools.

"YANKEE" Chain Drill

Made in two styles. One holds round-shank drills; the other holds square shanks. They are alike except for the chucks, and are the same in price.

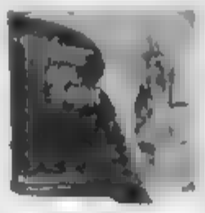
No. 1500. 3-jaw chuck for round-shank drills up to ½ in. Length 9¼ in. Weight 3½ lbs.

No. 500. 2-jaw chuck for square-shank drills up to ½ in. Length 10¾ in. Weight 3½ lbs.

Price $5.20. Your dealer can supply you.

Your Dealer Can Supply You

Write for free "YANKEE" Tool Book showing "YANKEE" Tools in action; illustrations of better ways of drilling, boring, tapping and driving screws



North Bros. Mfg. Co.
Philadelphia

"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

THE ANTHOLOGY OF ANOTHER TOWN

(Continued from Page 14)

and there is little he doesn't know. Indeed we sometimes think that, like the editors, he invents things on dull days, to interest his customers.

And what wonderful experiences Joe Stevens has had! He must have forty customers, but nothing ever happens to any of them he can't beat. Ez Hawkins caught two mice in a little dead-fall trap intended for one, and thought it very wonderful; but when Mr. Stevens came round with the milk he didn't pay much attention to the incident; he said he had caught two mice repeatedly. So Ez started in to find something Mr. Stevens had never heard of.

Mr. Stevens moved to town from the country, to retire, but didn't like idleness so well as he thought he would, and began selling milk. At first he sold to only a few, and packed it round, but after a while he was compelled to get a horse and wagon, and a boy to help him.

But his wife liked idleness. Her ambition while on the farm had been to move to town and buy a surrey; and when she attained these two ambitions she wouldn't go back to work; she said she had slaved enough.

And the longer she was in retirement the stouter she became; people noticed, when she was out driving on Sunday, with the milk-wagon horse attached to the surrey, that she completely filled the back seat. Mr. Stevens drove, but was so small that many people didn't notice him and thought he was busy with the cows.

Ez knew Mrs. Stevens wouldn't help with the cows, saying she had done her share; so after that when Mr. Stevens came with the milk Ez began telling about a wonderful woman who lived over on Mule Creek. She made nearly five hundred dollars a year, Ez said, with her chickens and cows, and turned it over to her husband; in fact, was glad to do it, as she wanted to help.

Ez noticed that Mr. Stevens took an interest in the Mule Creek woman, so he quit talking about trifling things like catching two mice in one trap, and told about the woman who worked hard but always looked well in spite of it, and was cheerful and content. Mr. Stevens was a great talker, but was silent when Ez talked about the wonderful Mule Creek woman; it was almost indelicate, the interest Mr. Stevens took in the other woman. The neighbors knew about Ez's stories, and complained that he kept Mr. Stevens so long hearing them that they were compelled to wait for milk, and made breakfast or supper late.

The men in the neighborhood were amused over Ez Hawkins' joke on Mr. Stevens; they, too, had heard him brag of having had more wonderful experiences in everything, so some of them used to go over to Ez's house Sunday morning and wait round until Mr. Stevens appeared at the kitchen door, when Ez would go out and tell him more about the Mule Creek woman. In fact, three of the men in the neighborhood were in Ez's kitchen listening when Mr. Stevens finally confessed defeat.

Ez told Mr. Stevens that the Mule Creek woman's husband went to town the day before to attend a lodge gathering, and that his wife told him to have a good time; not to worry in the least about affairs at the farm. Then she took the team and her two boys, Ez said, and put up four tons of hay. When the Mule Creek woman's husband returned home at night his wife had all the chores done and was dressed up to welcome her husband. She expressed the hope that he had enjoyed himself in town, and had an appetizing lunch ready for him.

This story greatly impressed Mr. Stevens and as he moved away from the kitchen door he said to Ez, in hearing of the three men in the kitchen: "Well, that beats my time."

Davis Straight

WHEN I was ten years old my Uncle Joe came to our house on his wedding journey, driving a pair of little mules to a farm wagon; and it was arranged that I should accompany him home and visit my grandmother, who lived five miles from his house, in the Grand River hills.

Uncle Joe's bride didn't like me very well, and I didn't stay long at their house; Uncle Joe soon took me over to my grandmother's, who had a son only a little older than I was; a boy named Nate, a noted hunter, for he had killed wild turkeys.

Nate never did do much but hunt, but I was kept pretty busy at home and greatly enjoyed the vacation. We went hunting every day, but Nate said I had brought him bad luck, for we didn't find any turkeys; nor much else except a few squirrels We were the idlest pair of vagabonds in that entire section, and a certain boy living in the same neighborhood caused us a good deal of annoyance. He was a famous good boy named Davis Straight, and some sort of a distant relation of ours; but we didn't like him, he was so industrious and well-behaved. We were always being told how industrious and worthy Davis Straight was, and wherever we went we met him on the road driving a wagon loaded with wood; and every time we met him he had a turkey or wild goose on the wagon. He had run into the game accidentally, while at work; we couldn't do it, hunt as hard as we would.

But one day we sneaked up to a little lake in the Grand River bottom, and there sat a wild goose with its head under water poking round for wild celery. I was so anxious to get a goose that I let Nate shoot, though it was my turn. He had an old shotgun, and was a noted shot with it, and while he was taking aim I thought as rapidly as they say a drowning man does; I made up my mind to tell the other boys, when I returned home, that there were two geese, and that I got them both.

Just then there was a muffled report and Nate fell over on the ground with his fingers in his mouth; the gun had burst, and the goose flew away.

Nate wasn't much hurt, and we started home, carrying the heavy gun, though there weren't enough gunsmiths in the world to do anything with it; it had burst at the breach. We had put in a goose-and-turkey load, and put in too much.

Of course we met Davis Straight on the way home with a load of wood. He had a wild turkey, which he had run into accidentally and shot without any delay; otherwise he wouldn't have stopped. He was such a good boy that he always returned home when expected—or earlier—ready to be at something else, and shame Nate and me. Davis Straight was my Aunt Beckie's stepson, and I never could understand how she tolerated him.

Having no gun, time didn't pass very rapidly, and Nate and I became quarrelsome; indeed we came near having a fight one day. So grandmother said it was time for me to go home.

It was forty miles to where I lived through an almost unbroken country, but I was mad at Nate, so I struck out to walk home, without bidding Nate good-by. Grandmother said it was a shame the way we acted, but Nate started it; I remember that.

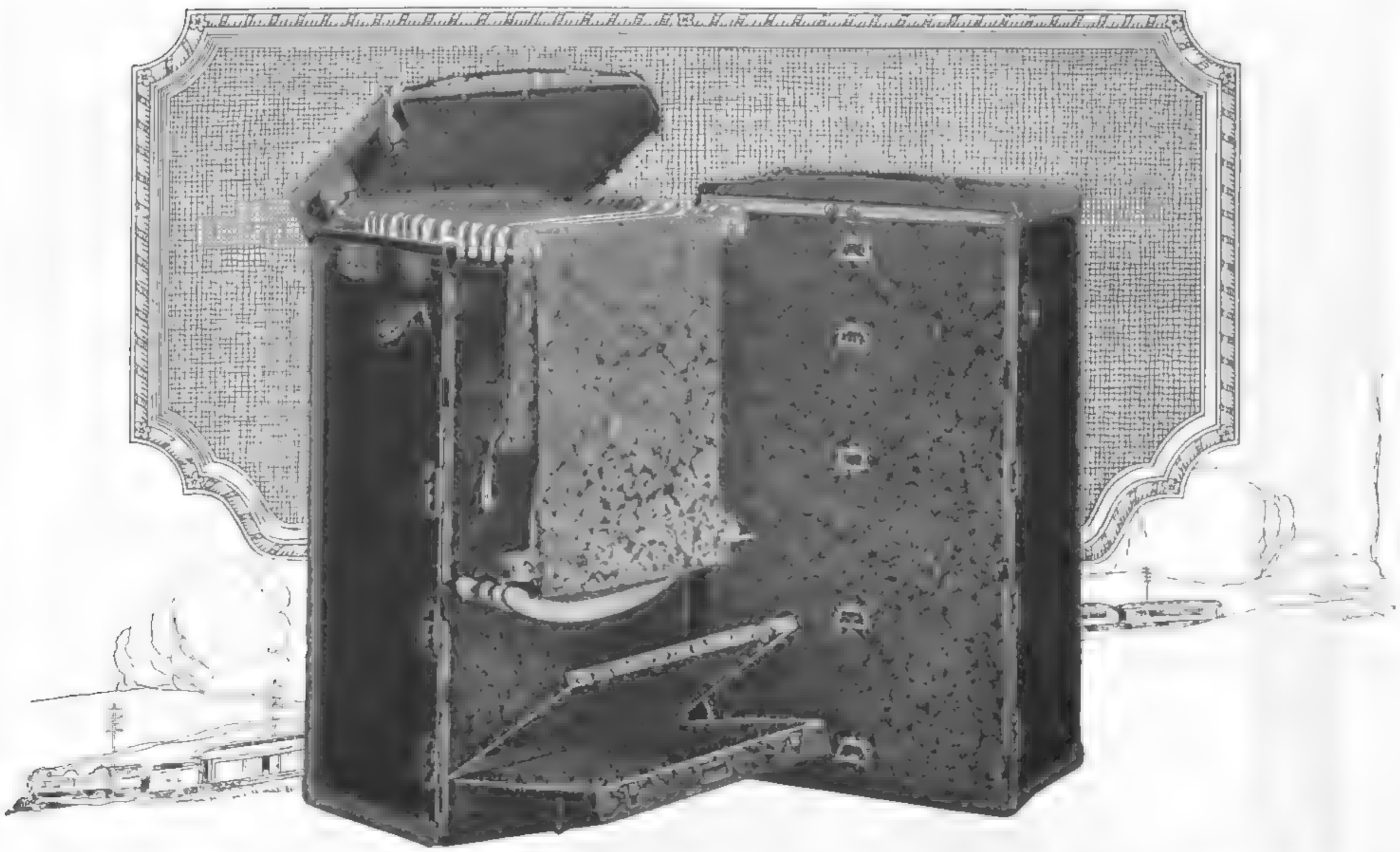
I left in the afternoon, intending to spend the night at Uncle Joe's, who lived five miles on the way. Aunt Mary wasn't very glad to see me, though she was a bride, but I told her she needn't worry; that I intended leaving at daylight next morning. Uncle Joe talked of taking me part way in the wagon, saying that it was a shame for me to walk home after coming so far to see them, but Aunt Mary soon put a stop to that talk; she seemed to run things round that house. Aunt Mary was a Brassfield, and the Brassfields thought a good deal of themselves; I think they opposed her marrying Uncle Joe in the first place.

I liked the way she talked so little that I got up at daylight and started without eating any breakfast. Uncle Joe was a good deal exercised about my starting out on foot; he always was the best one in the family. But he couldn't help himself; he was afraid of Aunt Mary, who didn't like me.

I intended stopping that night at George Meek's, a neighbor of ours before we moved to town. That left thirty miles for me to walk from daylight to dark; but I didn't think much of it—before I started and when I was mad at Nate. There were only a few houses on the way, and the road ran mostly through prairie.

About noon I passed a house and went in, asking for a drink of water, but really

(Continued on Page 161)



Do you *get* what you *pay* for in Luggage?

THE American people are pretty shrewd buyers as a general rule.

Why not in luggage? How many people, for instance, have selected their trunks for the quality and honest value they insist on as a matter of course in everything else they own and use?

Think of the people who cheapen themselves through their luggage every time they travel!

Men and women whose every other personal belonging is right up with the best thought of the times—but whose luggage is unsightly, inconvenient and wholly out of key with their scale of living.

You cannot buy good, dependable luggage hit or miss. There is nothing to gain in buying an eye-full at bargain prices.

The value you pay for in luggage is in the sound materials, the sturdy workmanship *inside* your trunk or bag where you cannot always see it.

And just because you *cannot* see it—it is to your highest interest to know who makes this sturdy luggage, value through and through.

This maker is the Belber Company—now rounding out its *thirtieth year* as makers of the highest type of Wardrobe Trunks, Steamer, Dress and Hat Trunks, Traveling Bags, Kit Bags and Suit Cases for Men and Women. The largest makers of fine luggage in the world—represented by merchants of the first class all over the United States.

No. 84 Open top round edge wardrobe trunk. Made of three ply basswood. Covered and interlined with green fiber. Binding heavy granite fiber. Yale paracentric lock with patented Belber boltless inter-locker. This locks the trunk in four places at one operation. *No stooping is necessary.*

Lined with fancy pattern, green cretonne. Has laundry bag, shoe box, and an assortment of hangers. Contains five drawers with patented hat drawer at bottom.

An efficient locking device locks all drawers with one turn of the key.

PRICE $125

Other styles from $40 to $300

THE BELBER TRUNK & BAG COMPANY

The Largest Manufacturers of Wardrobe Trunks, Trunks, Bags and Suitcases in the World

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Sales Offices: New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, San Francisco

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Belber
TRAVELING GOODS

LINCOLN ARC WELDER

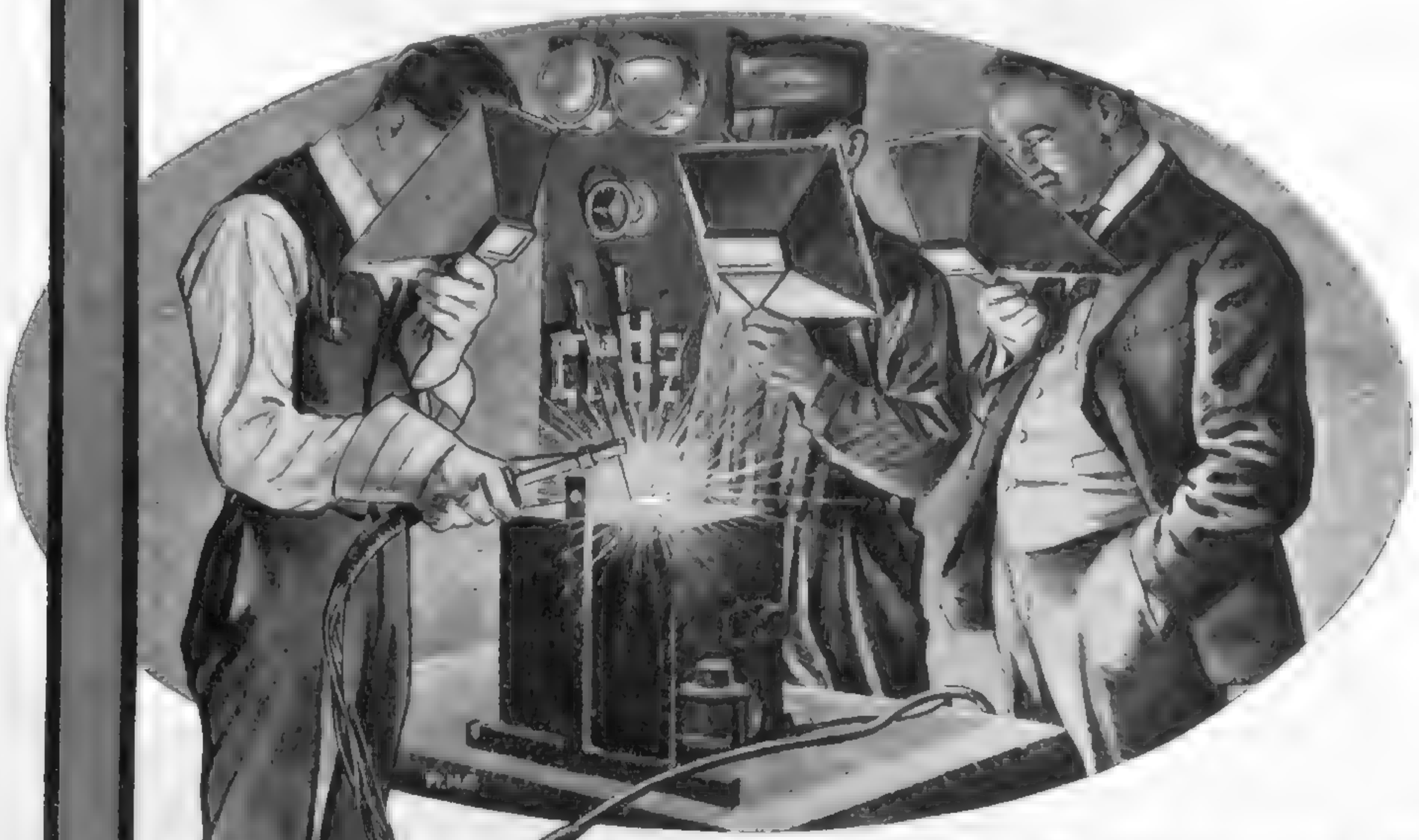
This Welding Engineer Saved a Million

This man saved a million dollars last year for business managers and shop superintendents by showing them, in their own plants, opportunities to use electric arc welding.

He could do this because he has had a thorough, practical training in this wonderful process—and because there are applications for it in practically every plant where iron and steel products are made.

He goes through a plant and finds places where welding can be used—he submits estimates of what welding will save—he dons overalls and puts his suggestions into actual operation right on the ground—and if necessary he arranges for training men to do this work.

There is a welding engineer like this man—with the same ability and training—in each of our sixteen offices. A letter will bring him to you without expense or obligation except that you show him through your plant.



The Lincoln Electric Co., Cleveland, O.

New York City, Buffalo, Syracuse, Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit, Columbus, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Charlotte, N. C., Boston, Minneapolis

The Lincoln Electric Co., of Canada, Ltd., Toronto-Montreal

Agencies in other principal cities

(Continued from Page 158)

hoping they would give me something to eat. They were just sitting down to the table, and the man asked me to eat with them.

I thought I must be polite a while, and said: "No, thank you."

Unfortunately the man took me at my word, and said: "Well, of course, if you don't want anything, all right, but you're welcome to it."

I sat and watched them eat a while, and then went out to the bars and cried because I was such a fool. But I had to make it to George Meek's before dark, as there were panthers in the woods round his place, the big boys said; so I started on my weary way again.

In the middle of the afternoon I passed through a little town called Bancroft, a collection of half a dozen houses and a store. When I went into the store the proprietor was eating candied cherries out of a jar. I was hungry but had no money, and would not beg. The man dropped one of the cherries, and I was just about to dart after it, when he mashed it with his foot. He was the burliest ruffian I ever saw.

The walk nearly killed me, and I dragged myself into George Meek's house about dark. They knew me well, and were surprised when I told them how far I had walked. They offered me food but I couldn't eat much, and went to bed, sick.

The next day I had a high fever, and my father was sent for. He came the second day with a horse and buggy, to take me home. I lay down in the bottom of the buggy on a quilt, and father was disposed to grumble because I had made myself sick.

When we reached home mother was waiting at the front gate.

"Where's Ed?" she asked anxiously.

For some reason father replied: "He was too sick to bring home."

Mother turned toward the house hurriedly, to get her bonnet and shawl, and said: "You needn't put up the horse; I am going right back after him."

There had never been much affection in our family, father was so stern and busy, and her saying that made me cry. She heard me sobbing, and she came back and took me into the house, where I told her exactly how Nate and Aunt Mary and grandmother had treated me.

Gladys Hart

UNTIL six months ago there lived in our neighborhood a beautiful creature we all called The Princess behind her back. Though apparently the daughter of George Hart and his wife Margaret, The Princess was very superior to her surroundings. The Hart boys worked, and were of considerable cash value to their father, but were never clothed in fine raiment as was their sister Gladys, who was also sent away to school one term, and spent her time when at home mainly in practicing music lessons.

Everyone seemed to take pleasure in doing something for Gladys Hart; I confess I did, and was ashamed of my ugliness and worldly habits when in her presence.

We never knew much of the man she married, except that he came from a fine family and was an unusually capable business man, considering his age; and I think this came from The Princess. But we never wondered that he fell in love with Gladys Hart; she was really beautiful and witty and superior.

Everybody was expected to give a social function of some kind for The Princess, and we all did our duty promptly; we were as humble as George Hart himself when it came to giving her a proper send-off; the whole neighborhood was disturbed during a busy season.

And what a fuss was made when she was finally married! George Hart couldn't afford the wedding he gave her, but there was no other way out; such a beautiful creature just naturally demanded a big wedding, and George submitted. It cost George and the boys a year's work at least, as the caterers and dressmakers came from the city; nothing came from our local trading point except the society reporters from the papers, who gave a rich flavor to everything they wrote of the affair.

And how the women and girls worked in decorating the church! Busy, hard-working men were neglected, and frequently prepared their own meals.

The guests marveled a little at the bridegroom's kin; they didn't live up to the advertising, but the wedding was finally over and The Princess departed for her new home, accompanied by the usual foolishness at the depot.

But the manner in which The Princess dropped out of sight and mind after her marriage was the strangest thing I have ever heard of. I had supposed Mrs. Hart at least enjoyed the preparation for the wedding of her daughter, but a perfectly reliable woman informs me she heard Mrs. Hart express weariness and say, "Never again!"

Another perfectly reliable witness testifies that the Hart boys—John, Silas and William—said in the presence of their father that they were grateful to the bridegroom for taking The Princess off their hands; and they were not reproved. I myself heard George Hart say the day after the wedding, in presence of his wife, "What a relief!"

For weeks before the wedding we heard of nothing but The Princess; after it we heard almost nothing at all of her. Her parents and neighbors washed their hands of her, as the Hindus do.

I often think it is a shame we do not all miss The Princess, and are almost glad to be rid of her; but she is not entirely blameless; she overloaded us when we couldn't help ourselves.

Mary Mason

THE best women have a streak of stubbornness. I know a gentle woman who has a daughter as gentle as herself. I greatly admire both of them, as they are the sort of women I believe others should accept as models. But John Mason, husband of the one and father of the other, lately told a story about them which amused me.

Every morning this family has fried eggs for breakfast; they prefer eggs cooked in that way rather than soft boiled or scrambled. The gentle mother believes fried eggs should be salted as soon as broken into the pan, while the gentle daughter believes they should be salted when ready for the table.

Mary, the gentle daughter, always fried the eggs, and the husband and father says that every morning for years his gentle wife said to his gentle daughter as soon as she broke the eggs into the frying pan: "Mary, did you salt the eggs?"

And Mary, being truthful, replied that she had not; and being obedient, proceeded to salt them according to her mother's notions rather than according to her own; at the same time getting that sullen look in her eyes which should never disfigure the face of a gentle woman.

The husband and father says he and his wife lately spent the night at the home of his daughter, now married, and at breakfast the daughter salted the eggs when she brought them to the table.

"And," he added, "they were just as good; though I could see my wife was aching to say something."

Lige Banta

WHEN I was a boy, a noted character in our village was an old bachelor named Lige Banta.

There had long been jokes about Lige Banta's bachelorhood, as he kept bachelor's hall; and he seemed to do pretty well at it, for he was a fat and good-natured man of about forty. He ran a butcher shop, and it rarely happened that anyone bought meat of him without mentioning the marrying joke. Lige rather liked the banter of the people, and always said he didn't marry because no one would have him.

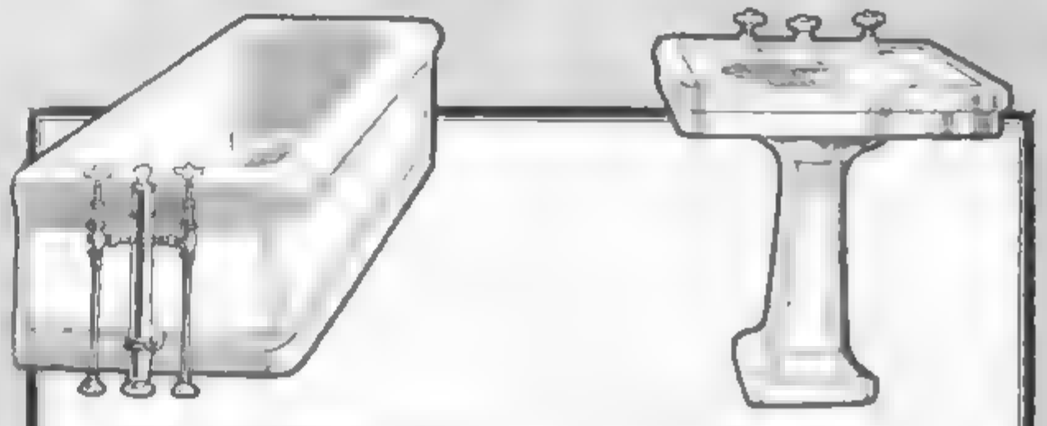
But it was reported one day that Lige was actually to be married, and the rumor attracted much attention. Finally the name of the woman came out. Lige, to the surprise of everybody, admitted that this time the story was true, after many false alarms, and that he would be married early on a certain Thursday morning, and take the stage for Chillicothe on his wedding trip.

I had a consuming desire to witness the marriage, never having seen one. I wondered what the ceremony was like, and had a notion that it was something wonderful. Lige Banta was a friend of mine, and I often put myself in his way, but he didn't invite me. Finally I made up my mind that I must see that wedding ceremony or die of curiosity.

The morning the wedding was to take place I overslept, and was not able to put on my Sunday suit; I only had time to slip on my everyday clothes, which consisted of

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY
TEPECO
TRENTON N J

A Small Mark with a Big Significance



PLUMBING fixtures are of only two kinds—the permanent and that of limited usefulness. The former is the all-clay product; the latter—that which looks like china, and for a time fulfils its functions. Such people as are careful to investigate thoroughly the bathroom, kitchen and laundry fixtures that go into their homes invariably select the true product. Others, sometimes misled by the similarity in appearance, fail to obtain that which would insure them plumbing permanency.

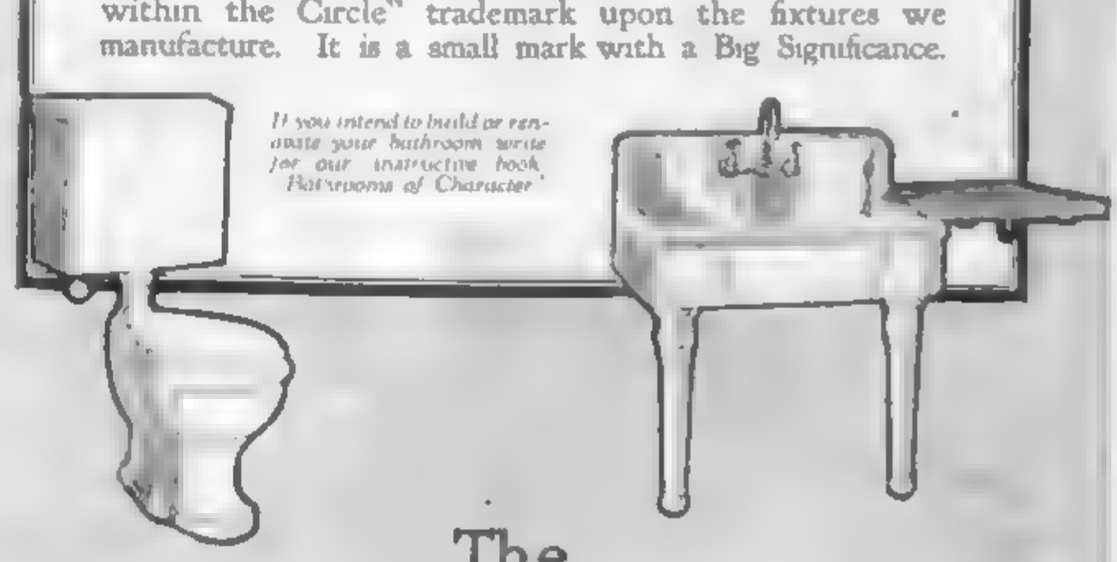
THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY "TEPECO" ALL-CLAY PLUMBING

is most sanitary, beautiful, practical and permanent. Permanency is not denoted by a white surface, but by what material is beneath that surface. With time, inferior materials will lose their sanitary value, dirt will adhere, the appearance becoming uninviting—the piece lose its usefulness.

"Tepeco" Plumbing is china or porcelain, solid and substantial. Dirt does not readily cling to its glistening white surface, nor will that surface be worn away by scouring. A wise investment—a beautiful one.

Because it is not always easy for the layman to differentiate in the selection of such material, we place the "Star within the Circle" trademark upon the fixtures we manufacture. It is a small mark with a Big Significance.

If you intend to build or renovate your bathroom write for our instructive book, 'Bathrooms of Character'



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Strop your *new* safety blade

and strop before each shave—
makes a keen edge, *keeps* it keen

The finely tempered steel of your safety blade is so sensitive that its keen edge is dulled even by slight changes in temperature. That is why a *new* blade, just out of the package, is improved 100% by stropping. And to keep your safety blade *fit*—so it glides through the stubble on your face with clean, light, easy strokes—*daily* stropping is *necessary*.

Twinplex Stropper

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You just insert the blade and turn the crank. Strops both edges at once, reverses the blade and strops the other side. Every shave turns the edge of your blade to tiny saw-teeth, like this /\/\/\/\. Stropping smoothes them back, like this /////, into a keen cutting edge that glides over your face. However wiry your beard, however tender your skin your face will always be shaved clean and close, delightfully cool and comfortable, when you strop your safety blades with Twinplex Stropper.

Get Your Twinplex on 30 Days' Trial

from any cutlery, hardware, drug or department store—*with 10-year service guarantee.* Price $5—in satin-lined, nickel or leather case. Also a variety of outfits, including Twinplex Stropper and Shaving Sets.

More than half a million men now use Twinplex Stropper. It is indispensable to *delightful* shaving with double-edged safety blades. Make *your* trial of Twinplex *now*—full 30 days' use in your own home, without obligation.

Write for Free Booklet.

Twinplex Sales Company
1646 Locust Street, St. Louis
234 Fulton Street, New York
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Get 100 Velvet Shaves from One Blade

a pair of pants, a hickory shirt and a straw hat. Hurrying into this costume I ran all the way to the part of town where the marriage was to take place, without knowing exactly how I was to get in. Arriving in front of the house I saw people entering, and gradually worked up to the door. At last, when I thought it must be time for the ceremony, a belated guest hurried up, and when he went in I went in with him.

There were ten or fifteen men and women sitting round, and my appearance amused them. It was summertime, and my pantaloons were rolled up at the bottom, showing brown legs and bare feet. I had on galluses, and my hat was an old straw affair that was very decidedly out of place at a wedding. The guests though greatly amused didn't know I hadn't been invited, and didn't put me out.

Fortunately attention was soon drawn from me; a side door opened and Lige came out with his bride. I can't recall her name; she probably belonged to a family I didn't know very well. The man I came in with turned out to be the preacher, and he stepped up to read the ceremony.

I was greatly disappointed; it didn't amount to anything, and I half regretted coming. After the ceremony the guests went up and congratulated Mr. and Mrs. Banta, and I followed their example. By this time I was attracting more attention than the bride and groom, the preacher and the bride's kin. Lige didn't seem to care, and I thought I might find opportunity to take him off to one side and explain matters.

The bride's kin had prepared a wedding breakfast, and when it was ready they invited me out with the others. They had lots of fun with me, and heaped my plate with things to eat, but as I had a ravenous appetite they didn't have any more fun with me than I had with them. It happened that there was a vacant seat next to the bride, and I was assigned to that. I always did talk too much, and it wasn't long before I was impatient when interrupted by the bride or groom, the preacher or any of the guests.

Soon after the breakfast was over the stage came along, and Lige and his bride left for Chillicothe. I swung on behind, and rode uptown.

When my mother heard about my attending the wedding she cried, but she didn't whip me; she never whipped her children, but my father whipped hard. But fortunately he never heard of it, though everyone else did. The story of my attending the wedding uninvited, in my bare feet, got round—stories on me always get round somehow—and I never heard the last of it.

I went back to the town forty years later, and though I had been away a good many years Jim Hamilton threw up the story to me. Jim Hamilton was the man who had always predicted that I would be hanged.

I recalled that prediction to him, but he didn't mind it; indeed he replied quite coolly: "Well, you're not dead yet."

Kate Howell

WHEN I was a little boy living on a farm it happened that on a certain Fourth of July I was the only member of the family left at home. There was a celebration at a village called Kilmer, twelve miles away, but there wasn't room in the wagon for me, and I was left at home to do the chores in the evening.

I wanted to attend the celebration at Kilmer so much that I could scarcely get my breath; when I want to do anything it nearly kills me to be disappointed.

I kicked and screamed for an hour, though there was no one round to see or hear me, so finally I concluded to go out on the main road and see if someone willing to take me would not come along. A farmer soon appeared on horseback, and agreed to let me ride behind him. But the horse jolted me so that I soon had a terrific pain in my side. I stood it as long as I could, and was at last compelled to get off. I thought of trying to walk to Kilmer, but soon realized that this was foolish, as I did not know the way. So I started back home, crying.

On the way I stopped at Kate Howell's house. She was alone and I was surprised that she was not at the celebration.

But she said she didn't care to go! I thought of it as the most wonderful thing I had ever heard of.

Here was a country girl who had never seen much, and she didn't care to attend the Fourth of July celebration at Kilmer, where there was to be a band and prominent speakers!

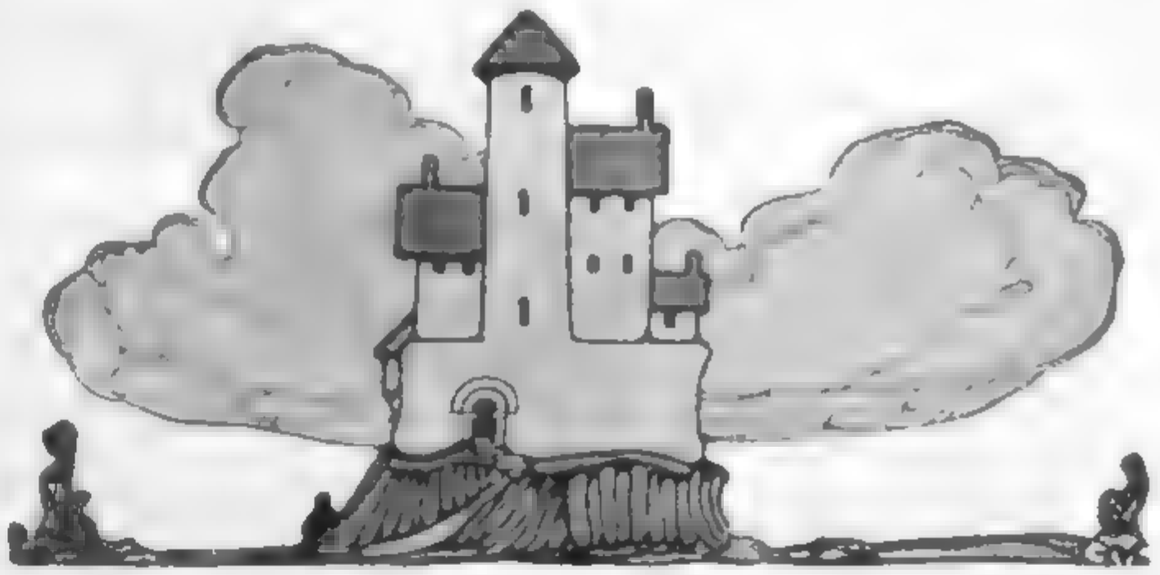
I spent most of the day at her house, and young as I was her indifference interested me. I was always wanting to do something I should not do, but Kate Howell was about as well satisfied with one thing as another. Nothing made any difference to her. She didn't love or hate anyone very much or care much about anything. While I was at the house a man came riding by and called me out to the gate. The times were exciting, as we had heard vague rumors that the siege of Vicksburg was going on; but Kate didn't come out to see what the man wanted, and she didn't ask what he wanted after I returned to the house. When anyone came to our house I was always hanging round and in the way, and asking "What's that?" when I didn't understand what was said.

Had Kate Howell been transferred to Arkansas or California she would have been satisfied with her new surroundings; nor would she have greatly missed her father or mother or her brothers and sisters or neighbors. She was a good girl, and capable, but one thing suited her about as well as another, and nothing suited her very well. I was always longing for certain things to eat; one sort of food suited Kate about as well as another, and she didn't require much of whatever was set before her. It is different with me; I always eat too much, and when I am not hungry I am suffering from overeating.

I spent the day wondering about Kate Howell, for I preferred being with her to being at home alone. When she prepared dinner I ate sparingly, fearing that if I ate as much as usual Kate would regard me as a pig. She didn't seem to care whether I was about the place or not; indeed my presence seemed to tire her, and once I went out resolved to remain until she was lonesome and came out to talk to me. I stood it nearly an hour, and then went into the house to see what had become of her. I found her in the front room reading a good book I could never tolerate. When I began talking to her she was polite, but her manner indicated that she wished I would go away. Which I did; I went home.

And I learned later that the celebration at Kilmer didn't amount to much. Those who attended returned late, with their noses in the air. The band didn't come, the boys didn't behave, and the speaker was a local preacher instead of the governor, as had been promised.

Kate Howell knew how it would be, but I didn't; I thought the most wonderful things in the world were going on that day at Kilmer.



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because Simonds steel from which
it is made utilizes the
finest alloys the
world produces

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SAW STEEL PRODUCTS

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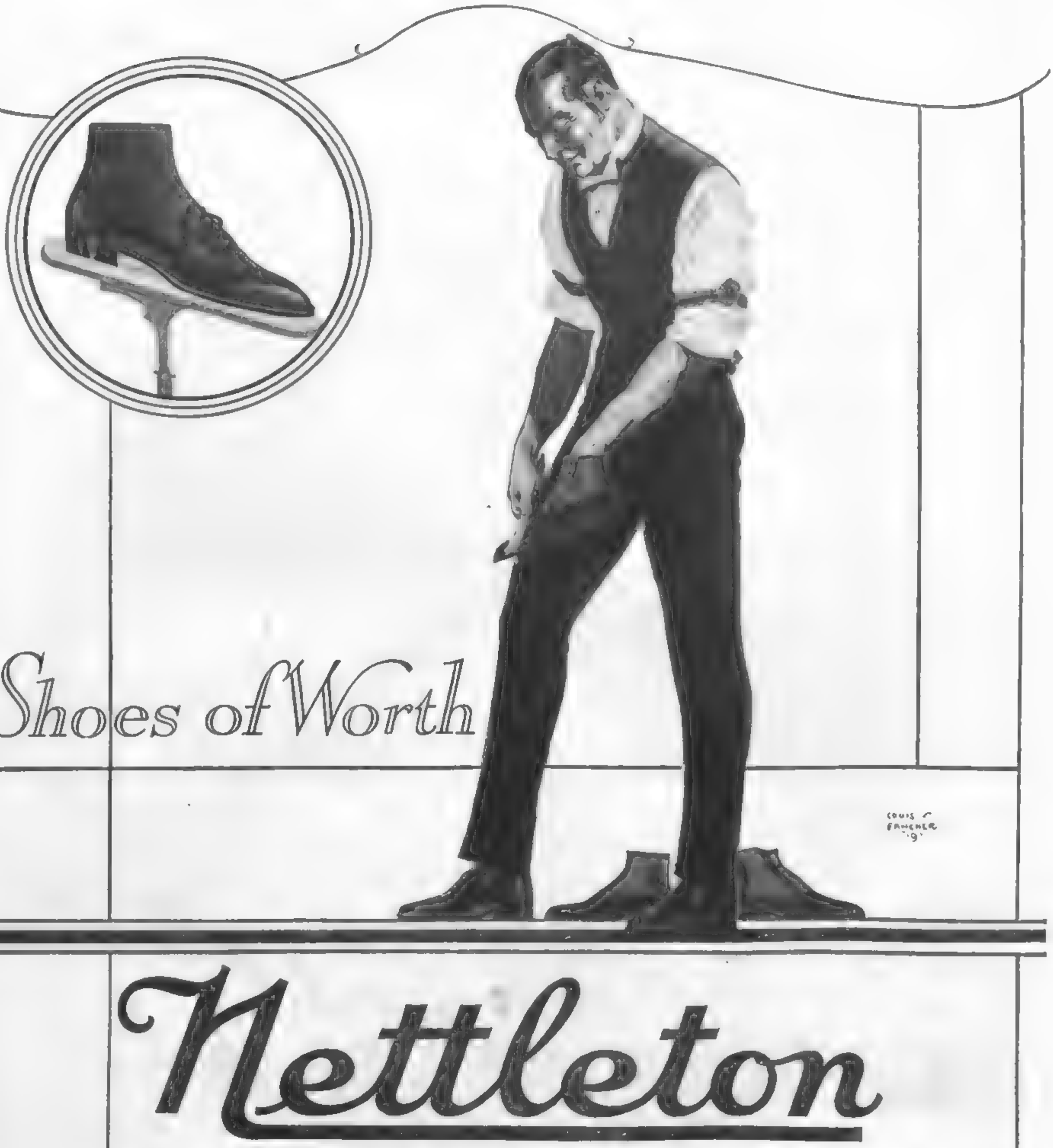

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There is Art in Nettleton Shoemaking

ONLY painstaking craftsmanship can account for that subtle difference in line and finish which places footwear by Nettleton in a class by itself. And this is evident not only in appearance, but is emphasized by a stability and reliability which more than offsets its slightly greater first cost.

A. E. NETTLETON CO., *Makers*
Syracuse, New York, U. S. A.

DOWN TO CONSTANTINOPLE

Continued from Page 11)

them have more ready cash than they know what to do with and they'll pay any price for what they happen to want. What they are willing to pay is what everybody else is compelled to pay. So there you are! The Turks are having the time of their lives. They're getting so much real money all of a sudden that they don't care whether school keeps or not. The town is wide open and everything is going to the devil."

"That's a curious situation in a town under military control."

"Queerest situation you ever heard of! But military control, nothing! There is no such thing. Trouble is that everybody is interested—all the Allies, that is—and nobody is responsible. The place is a mess. And as for politics!—well, wait until you see how it's being played and how all our friends—the British, the French, the Italians and the Greeks—love each other!"

One of the things the Germans did was to make Constantinople clean. And in connection with this fact I always think of Queen Sofia of Greece, who now lives in Switzerland in enforced retirement, but who in 1915 was still in Athens helping to keep Greece out of the war. Or trying to get her in on the side of Germany? She is the Kaiser's sister, you remember.

Royalty Out of a Job

I left Constantinople just as Bulgaria was joining up on the wrong side and when I arrived in Athens I had an interview with Her Majesty. It was supposed that she wanted to talk with me about the possibility of getting some American philanthropists to help her out with some money for some hospital work she was doing, but she spent most of the time talking about how wicked the British were in starting such a terrible war and about how the Germans were going to win hands down and without any doubt whatsoever. It was exceedingly embarrassing and I had difficulty in keeping up my end of the conversation, because you are not permitted to quarrel with a queen, you know—at least not on short acquaintance.

Then she began to ask questions about Constantinople. I answered them with all proper caution and—with secret satisfaction, but as though I regarded it as a most regrettable circumstance—I emphasized the fact that the Turks were not so fond of the Germans as they ought to be, and that a majority of the civil population—Turks, Greeks, Jews, Italians, Armenians and what not—were praying for the success of the British at Gallipoli and were offering odds that they would take the city within a month. She raised her eyebrows and shrugged her shapely shoulders.

"But the Germans have made Constantinople clean, have they not?" she asked, as though that were a very important consideration.

"Constantinople is clean, Your Majesty."

"And it was the dirtiest city on earth!"

"Yes, I know."

"And the Germans cleaned it up! I knew they would do that. That is what they will do everywhere. They will control the world—mark my word!—and they will make it clean!"

I cannot remember everything she said to me, but I remember that remark with particular clearness because at the moment a funny vision flashed across my mind which my mind has since retained. I saw a chastened and obedient world cleaning itself up while spiked-helmeted Germans goose-stepped round and bossed the job. I thought I would not mind giving them control in certain countries I know just long enough for them to accomplish this one thing, but I saw at once when I landed in Constantinople, after they had been gone six months, that there is nothing permanent about a clean-up.

The streets are very narrow for the most part, and some of those in Pera—the European section of the city on the European side—are almost perpendicular. If they were just a little steeper the dirt would all fall to the bottoms of them, where it could be shoveled away without much difficulty. But they are not quite steep enough for that. And besides, they are paved with cobblestones and have deep ruts and holes in them, in which dirt can lodge and in which it can lie indefinitely.

A good pouring rain will always wash the gutters clean for the simple reason that water has a tendency to run downhill, but in Constantinople the rain does its raining by the season and not just semioccasionally. And it doesn't often do it with what might be described as efficient energy. It does it lazily, slothfully; it drips and drizzles; it murks up the atmosphere and turns that which lies in the streets into a thin slimy substance that is splashed upon one by the hoofs of horses and the wheels of passing vehicles.

The public vehicles of Constantinople, incidentally, are rather particularly fine. They lend to the city an air of leisurely opulence that will be lost when mere taxicabs are introduced. They are two-horse victorias as a rule, and their owners seem to take great pride in them. They are usually shiny and bright and many of them are quite splendidly upholstered in blue or plum-colored cloth. And the horses, too, are well kept. One seldom has occasion to feel sorry for a horse. The drivers on their high boxes crack long whips in the air and otherwise annoy a nervous passenger, but they do not lash their horses. What they do do is to trot them down the steep hills and one wonders whether or not they know that this is a very unwise thing to do to a horse.

These drivers used to be very polite and considerate. They were more like private coachmen than public jehus and gave one opportunities to enjoy sensations of dignity and decorum. They were down off their boxes helping one in, tucking in robes and touching their red fezzes in respectful salute as one gave them addresses to drive to. Also they regarded the Turkish equivalent of about fifty cents an hour as ample pay and received a twenty-five-cent baksheesh with a gracious "Merci, madame!"—or monsieur, as the case might be.

By some process known only to themselves they still manage to keep their horses sleek and their carriages in trim, but their conception of values and their manners have undergone a complete change. They have caught the universal grouch. It is universal—one encounters it all over the world. The world has simply lost its kindliness and its courtesy; it has lost its ability to gauge the fitness of things. One may be willing to pay for service ten times what one ever paid before, but why, in addition, should one be growled at and frowned upon? In London if you wish to engage a cabman and avoid violence in the process you must humble yourself and exercise the utmost diplomacy. Why, even in Japan the riksha boys have adopted an aw-get-in-and-stop-your-nonsense attitude toward the public. And I remember Japan—less than ten years ago it was too—when my riksha boy on coming in for his orders of the day dropped on his knees at my feet and touched his forehead to the floor, while he murmured: "*Ohayo O'ku-san!*"—which means: "Good morning, honorable madame." This was customary and therefore it was right. It did not lower his dignity one jot or tittle. He had a dignity all his own and he maintained it quite magnificently. This was merely his way—sanctioned by general acceptance and by age-old habit—of saluting his superior officer. He smiled always and was a happy if benighted man.

No Smile, No Dollar

Not that I believe in benightedness or servility. I do not. But I do believe in an occasional smile and in the old forms of mutual courtesy that hurt nobody and that made life a little pleasanter for us all than it might otherwise have been.

It grieved me to find that the world's ill humor had communicated itself to Turkey. At best the Turk had only one thing to recommend him and that was his outward kindliness. His manners were nearly always charming.

My cabman drove me up from the landing through clouds of unspeakable dirt that was being blown about the streets by big gusts and little whirlwinds, and drew up at the hotel entrance with a sufficient flourish to show himself off to advantage, but without any reference whatsoever to me. I had to unload myself and my belongings, go inside and drag forth a porter, then face the driver's scowling demand for the equivalent in Turkish money of nearly five dollars. In a coaxing but wordless way I indicated that if he would just smile a little I might make it six. He refused, so I put the extra coin back in my bag and did the smiling myself.

FOR every outdoor purpose there is a Lanpher Coat with a style all its own. The Lanpher name has been known for years as a guarantee of fine tailoring and superlative quality in overcoats. The ability to combine an individual smartness with real warmth is the result of Lanpher experience.

Keep comfortable in Lanpher style this winter. There is a leading dealer in your city who will be glad to show you Lanpher coats. If you do not know him, write us and we will send you his name.

Lanpher, Skinner & Company

SAINT PAUL MINNESOTA

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COATS

How often do you get a *satisfying* shave?

MANY men get a really enjoyable shave only once or twice a week—whenever they use a new blade. The keen, fresh edge slips easily through the beard, and leaves the face velvet-smooth.

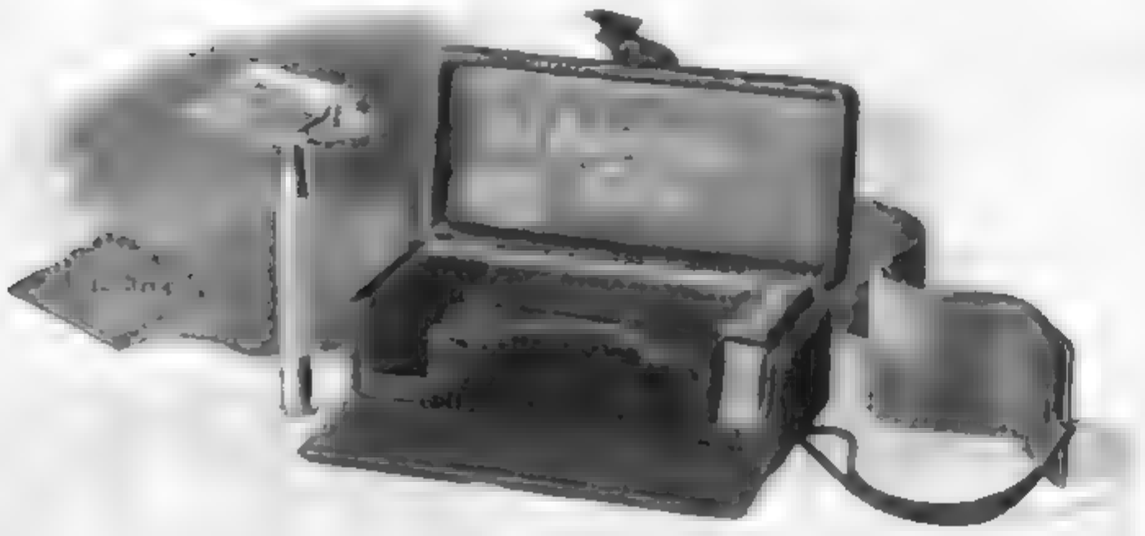
How often do *you* get a shave like this?

With the AutoStrop Razor you can get a shave as smooth and clean as that first shave with a new blade—*every day of the week*. Built right into the frame of the AutoStrop Razor is a simple, efficient stropping device which resharpens the blade in a few seconds—without taking the razor apart or removing the blade.

Five hundred satisfying shaves are *guaranteed* from every dozen blades.

Begin to-morrow to get the comfort of a fresh, keen edge for every shave. Ask your dealer to-day about the AutoStrop Razor free trial plan.

AutoStrop Razor
—*sharpens itself*



AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., *New York, Toronto, London, Paris*

My room was just about what the captain of the Scorpion said it was, and by way of making me feel welcome as he conducted me toward it the clerk assured me that in holding it for me he had made a great sacrifice.

"There have been several persons here," he said, "who would have paid twice as much for it as I am charging you." I paused in the doorway a moment to look it over.

"And do you mean to tell me you would have the nerve to take twice as much for it as I am paying?" I asked.

"We must get all the money we can." He looked guilty when he said this.

"Yes, of course. You remember me, don't you?"

"Yes, madame, very well."

"Well, when I was here last I could have had this room for a medjidie a day and welcome." In normal times a medjidie was about eighty-five cents' worth of Turkish silver.

"Yes, but times have changed."

"And I remember having a fine big room with a private bath for a lira a day." Then about four dollars and a half.

"But times have changed, madame," he repeated.

"Yes, I know times have changed, but not to an extent that justifies you in charging any such exorbitant prices." His eyes narrowed and his lip curled in a most unpleasant smile.

"You Americans have all the money," he replied, "and there's no reason why we shouldn't get all of it away from you that we can."

"Oh, that's the idea, is it? Well, there's nothing like being perfectly frank about it. You Turks are not the only people who have adopted that attitude toward us, but you are the first person I ever heard acknowledge it."

We both laughed and he went away on excellent terms with himself. The porters came in then with my luggage and I had to buy it from them. They had formed a porters' union and instituted a new system. They had decided that it was beneath their dignity to depend on such generosity on the part of hotel patrons as they might be able to evoke by good-natured and efficient service. And they may have been right about that. I am not saying they were not—except that after collecting fixed fees they continued to look for the usual voluntary contributions. I found at once that in order to get any service at all it would be necessary to bribe the heads of departments handsomely and make a preliminary distribution of largess among bell boys, room stewards, waiters, shoe cleaners, door men, elevator men, electricians, plumbers, valets, everybody—including the already overpaid porters. I was told by previously initiated friends that if I overlooked anybody he was likely to appeal to the others and get them to organize a boycott against me. It was a most amusing game for a while, but really it ceased to be funny when at the end of a week I received a staggering bill and found stamped across it: "The patron is expected to add to his account ten per cent of the total for the benefit of the employees."

Russian Refugees

Having already done my full duty as a liberal tipper I protested that. I had to out of mere self-respect. But the little clerk grinned at me again and told me that though I could not be compelled to comply with the request the employees would have to be told—of course!—that I had refused to do so. What action would you take in a case like that when there was not a chance on earth of your going somewhere else, and when giving up your room meant turning yourself out into the cold, cold world?

That Constantinople was crowded to its chimney pots became evident to me at once. There was always a feeling of an awful mob round, and a mixed mob too. There was a blare of music in the hotel lounge from half past twelve until half past two, from half past four until half past five, and from seven until half past ten. Luncheon, tea and dinner! And if there happened to be a lot of people who wanted to dance—and usually there were—they could keep it going until half past any old hour they liked. All they had to do was to pay for it—and keep on buying wine. Talk about your mining camps—no mining camp ever had anything on Constantinople during armistice days.

It seemed to me that mostly there were British officers, but that was only because British officers have a way of filling the observing eye. Two or three British officers in a crowd can turn the crowd into a crowd of British officers. Their uniforms are just so snappy and they are just so self-evident to themselves that they become the central figures in any picture they may happen for the moment to adorn. There were twenty Russian refugees to one British officer, but the Russians formed the mob in the background. Most of the Russians wore black and looked kosher—whatever that may mean. It means ceremonially clean, does it not? If so my comments to myself were not without point. Some persons bathe biennially; others bathe only on dates that are written in the Talmud; and again there are those who engage all the private bathrooms in a hotel before oneself arrives and are compelled to be consistently kosher in order to get their money's worth.

They were a sleek-looking lot even though a majority of them were bewhiskered—women as well as men. Most of them were fat and walked as though they had hurty feet and a habit of going to spas every so often. It is perfectly awful what the war has done to some persons. They can't go to spas for their cures—or anything! It is simply terrible! They always consumed quantities of hors d'œuvres and many little glasses of liquid of some sort before they came to the simple home dinner that cost me at least seven ninety-eight without any trimmings at all. One wondered where the Russian refugees got all their money, and I thought to myself: "Well, at this rate a campaign will have to be started pretty soon to raise money for them in the United States. We kind-hearted Americans would never let them go without their *apéritif* and hors d'œuvres, poor things!"

American Headquarters

There were many French officers in their horizon blue, and a fair sprinkling of Italians, who seemed all the time to be doing the Edwin Booth Hamlet act with their all-enveloping and gorgeously graceful blue-green capes. A fine sweep of heroic drapery over the left shoulder, the clank of a dangling saber, the splendid uplift of a noble head and *"O Italia, O Morte!"* registered upon the film of your imagination. The Italians incidentally are the handsomest people in Europe. There is no getting away from it; they are. We have a kind of little wop conception of them that is all wrong. Taken en masse there is nothing about them that justifies the nickname we have given them. We may get their little-wop element as immigrants, but as a people they could disguise themselves as Americans of the highest quality and nobody could tell the difference—until they got into action.

We Americans were not so much in evidence after all. We were feeding the people and relieving the situation with the only kind of relief that amounted to anything at the moment, but we were doing it in the offing, so to speak. What had we to do with the London Pact, with the partitioning of Turkey and with the embroilments of international politics? Nothing at all! What was unanimously demanded of us was food and food and more food—though it was generally supposed that we would shoulder the Armenian responsibility. The United States would accept a mandate for Armenia. No such country had yet been created, but that only made speculation with regard to America's attitude the more interesting. Everybody could study maps and talk about delimitations of boundaries, vulnerable areas, ports, military and economic necessities and all that sort of thing and have a beautiful time. And Armenia was to be just anything the United States wanted, so long as what the United States wanted was confined within limits that did not encroach in any way on anybody else's claims or desires.

American headquarters is located at our embassy. We have an embassy in Constantinople. Oh, yes! And of course everybody knows we have because it is such a rare thing for us to have anything of our own anywhere that we have talked about it a great deal. It and our old wooden and mildewed firetrap in Tokio are the only embassies we have in the world that I know of. In comparison with the British Embassy and the Italian and the German and a good many others it is a poor thing, but it is our own. And now what is to become of it and of all the grander edifices of our grander partners in righteousness? If Constantinople is internationalized they will be used no doubt to house various high commissions and society will be almost as fine

(Continued on Page 169)

FAITH
in the
WHITE PRODUCT

If the installations of White Truck fleets in commercial service were expressed in terms of money, they would furnish impressive evidence of the faith large truck users have in White performance. The following figures show some of the large investments represented by individual fleets.

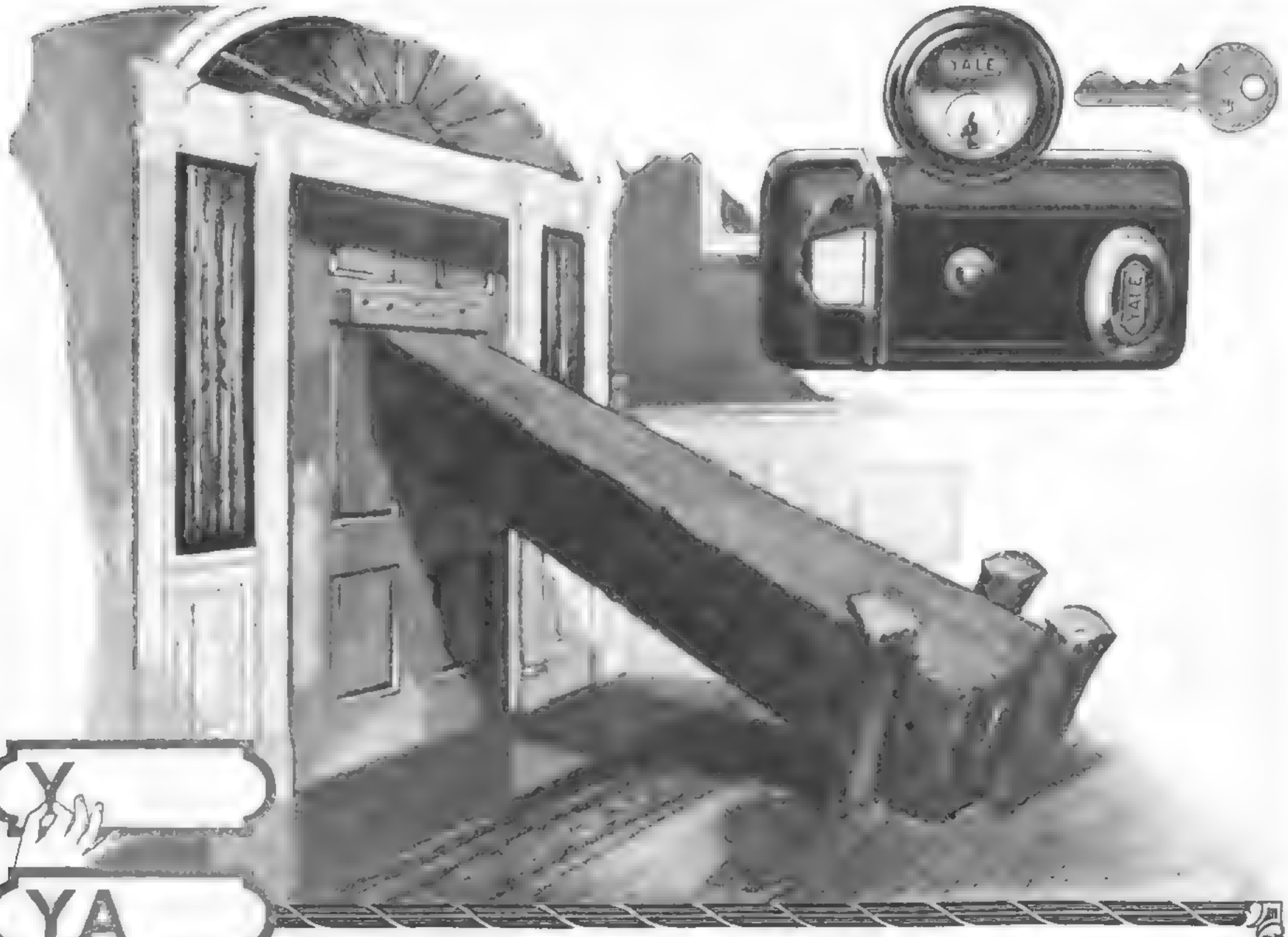
1	owner	has	invested	over	$2,000,000
2	owners	have	invested	between	1,000,000 and $2,000,000
5	"	"	"	"	500,000 and 1,000,000
6	"	"	"	"	300,000 and 500,000
15	"	"	"	"	200,000 and 300,000
41	"	"	"	"	100,000 and 200,000

These figures do not include any trucks owned by the United States or foreign governments

When the large user standardizes on White Trucks, acquiring more of them every year, he must *know* their operating merit. When he invests a quarter million, half a million, two to three millions, in White Fleets, he must have implicit faith in their investment value.

What safer example could be afforded the truck buyer who does not have a broad comparative experience of his own to guide him? Investment value in the case of a single truck depends upon earning power quite as much as in the case of a large fleet.

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND



YALE

Either one—

the ponderous, massive beam of staunchest oak or the simple, sturdy, convenient Yale Cylinder Night Latch will protect your home and family

BUT even the giant timber could not give you greater protection, greater dependability, greater security than the Yale Cylinder Night Latch.

Unobtrusive, compact and impassable, it stands watchful guard over your doors. It opens only to the command of its individual key.

Yale Cylinder Night Latches in millions are doing steadfast world-wide duty on doors that must be secure. Those doors in and about your house will let you rest easier when you have the easy conscience that comes from the certainty that you, too, are Yale guarded.

On your front and rear doors—on doors leading to cellars, on closets, on garages, on out-houses, on office doors—those are doors that will be *locked* when a Yale Cylinder Night Latch takes up its watchman task.

When in New York or Chicago visit our Exhibit Rooms. You will be cordially welcomed.

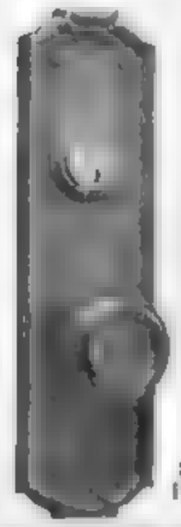
Go to your hardware dealer. He will show you the Yale Cylinder Night Latch — bearing the trade-mark "Yale". The same trade-mark that appears on Yale Padlocks, Door Closers, Builders' Locks and Hardware, Cabinet Locks, Bank Locks, Chain Blocks and Electric Hoists.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.,

9 East 40th Street, New York City.

Chicago Office: 77 East Lake Street. Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd., St. Catharines, Ont.

Some Yale Products


Yale Builders' Hardware

Yale Padlocks

Yale Dial Locks

Yale Chain Blocks

Yale Door Closers

(Continued from Page 166)

and formal as it ever was; the German Embassy and the Austro-Hungarian continuing for a generation or so to be mere mute reminders of days gone by and of crimes that nations may not commit.

Our embassy is about four blocks from the British Embassy, on the noisiest street in the city—a cobble-paved main artery of traffic about twenty feet wide with a street-car track down the middle of it. It is a rather small and not at all distinguished-looking building, close to the street and with no garden to speak of, whereas the British Embassy is the kind of structure that some persons would describe as a noble pile. Moreover, the British Embassy stands in the center of a large compound done in graveled walks, attractive gardens, tennis courts and all that sort of thing. Our embassy has no gates at all, but the British Embassy has very proud gates with sentry boxes outside and sentries pacing back and forth before them night and day. We refused to go to war with Turkey, so maybe we are not entitled to sentries, but not having them when everybody else has them makes an American feel that something important must have been omitted in the American procedure. We get along with a Turkish gatekeeper who spends his time inside our gateless gate in a little wooden house that is half hidden, fortunately, in some low bushes of a ragged and unkempt variety.

Our Bargain-Counter Mistake

The bright young men we send over to represent us and to superintend our interests do not mind their humble status as regards environment, however, but they do wish most fervently that we would provide for them some means of getting a little exercise. It is not the ambassadors and the high commissioners who should be thought of; it is the big staff of secretaries and clerks who do the work. They work very hard and very steadily, sometimes being confined to their offices for hours without limit, and if they are able to get off for an afternoon and happen to want a game of tennis or something they must depend on the courtesy of the British Embassy or the hospitality of the Dutch Legation. The British are tremendously generous with the privileges their government provides for them, and the kindness of our Dutch friends leaves nothing to be desired, but it is embarrassing for our boys to have to rely on them for nearly everything—as they do. They hate to ask, though they are never refused. Or rather they hate to ask because they are never refused. They are afraid all the time that they may be interfering with somebody else's plans.

Why should we not have tennis courts and other sports fields of our own? Why should we not be able occasionally to return the hospitality of our friends? Such considerations may not sound important; but they are; tremendously important. And anyhow, taking measures to preserve the health of our trained employees could hardly be called an extravagance. It takes some time and costs quite a lot to teach a recruit the Turkish language and our minor employees in Constantinople must read, write and speak both Turkish and French. There is a vacant lot next to the American Embassy that is now filled with unsightly rubbish. If it is for sale we ought to buy it. We need it.

The embassy was a mistake to begin with—a parsimonious mistake; a bargain-counter mistake—but it is a mistake we are bound to accept. It is neither large enough not sufficiently dignified for its original purpose or for the purpose it will have to serve if we become a party to an international administration of Turkey's affairs; but it is ours, and considering the reluctance of our Government to do anything for our representatives abroad we shall probably have to get along with it for a good many years to come. So any improvements we might make would surely be justified.

How do you go about getting Congress to move in a small and inexpensive matter like this? Or could the State Department do it without consulting Congress? The State Department should include in its next budget a million or so for the improvement of the living conditions of our representatives abroad, and I think if the country knew the facts the unanimous verdict would be: "Good business! Go to it!" We go walloping all over the earth giving away hundreds of millions to people who—in many instances at least—might just as well be earning their own way, while those who represent us do so at their own risk more or less. They are on meager salaries and without perquisites of any kind, and if they are poor men—as most of them are—they cannot take into consideration in their living arrangements the dignity of the service. It is not right. We are like the millionaire who wears shabby clothes, makes his family do likewise, and doesn't give a hang because he is sure everybody knows he is a millionaire. It is the I-am-rich-and-can-do-as-I-please attitude. Some persons think it is smart. Is it?

I found that our representation was made up of four separate and distinct divisions: a food commission, a relief administration, a naval mission and what amounted practically to a consulate. We had not, of course, reestablished a diplomatic relationship with Turkey, but our consul—called a commissioner in deference to diplomatic form—was on the job, occupying the old ambassadorial office and doing business with a large staff of clerks in the chancery as though nothing had ever happened. The American Chamber of Commerce in Turkey was taking a new lease on life without waiting for the establishment of a League of Nations or the ratification of peace treaties and was going on quite serenely with all kinds of plans and arrangements for future activities

Our naval mission, with Admiral Mark Bristol in command, was conducting its affairs ashore—when it was ashore—in what might be called the front parlor of the embassy, and the food commission occupied the upper floor. There must have been some mistake, by the way, when Admiral Bristol was sent to Constantinople. It is really very curious. He is the right man in the right place. He has taken a special interest in Turkey and Turkish waters since he was a youth in the naval academy, and he could teach Turkish history, geography and economics. To be in line with our usual policy he ought to be cruising up round Kamchatka or somewhere like that. But there he is, right where he belongs. Might this not reasonably be considered a dangerous precedent? First thing you know somebody will be putting a premium on special knowledge.

The relief administration had a house of its own—it had to have because there was no room for it in the embassy—and was busy setting up baby-saving organizations all over Asia Minor, the Caucasus and Armenia, while carrying on at the same time the program of general relief that had been adopted by the Committee For Relief in the Near East in coöperation with Mr. Hoover. A man who would be referred to by a business firm as our Major Arnold—he was that kind of a man—was directing these operations and was just beginning to see a few gleams of light in the darkness of universal disorganization and distress.

Good Work by Mr. Heinz

I have referred to the riotous extravagance of the rich refugees and the foreign element temporarily resident in the city, and to the fact that for them the cost of living was almost beyond belief, but that was only because they could be made to pay for the luxuries they demanded. As a result of the operations of the American food commission the population in general was enjoying greatly improved conditions.

Mr. Howard Heinz, of Pittsburgh, was our food commissioner, and Mr. Heinz is a business man. When he arrived in Constantinople in February he found that bread under government control was being sold to the people for fifty-four piasters a kilo. This normally would be about two dollars and thirty cents. The dollar loaf! The quality of it was awful, but at least it was made of cereal ingredients and had some food value. Not so the bread of the very poor. The fifty-four-piaster kind was quite beyond their reach, of course, so the government had baked what was known as Vesika bread for distribution at a price within everybody's reach. The government was supposed to supply the bakers with cereals for Vesika bread, but an analysis of a piece of it in the American food office disclosed the fact that it consisted largely of straw and other substances not usually eaten by human beings. It had a fearful smell and was like a lump of old dried fertilizer. The lower classes were in a terrible condition physically and what was being done to them was almost equal to Turkey's "white murder" of the Armenians.

The markets were fairly well stocked with all kinds of things and those who had money

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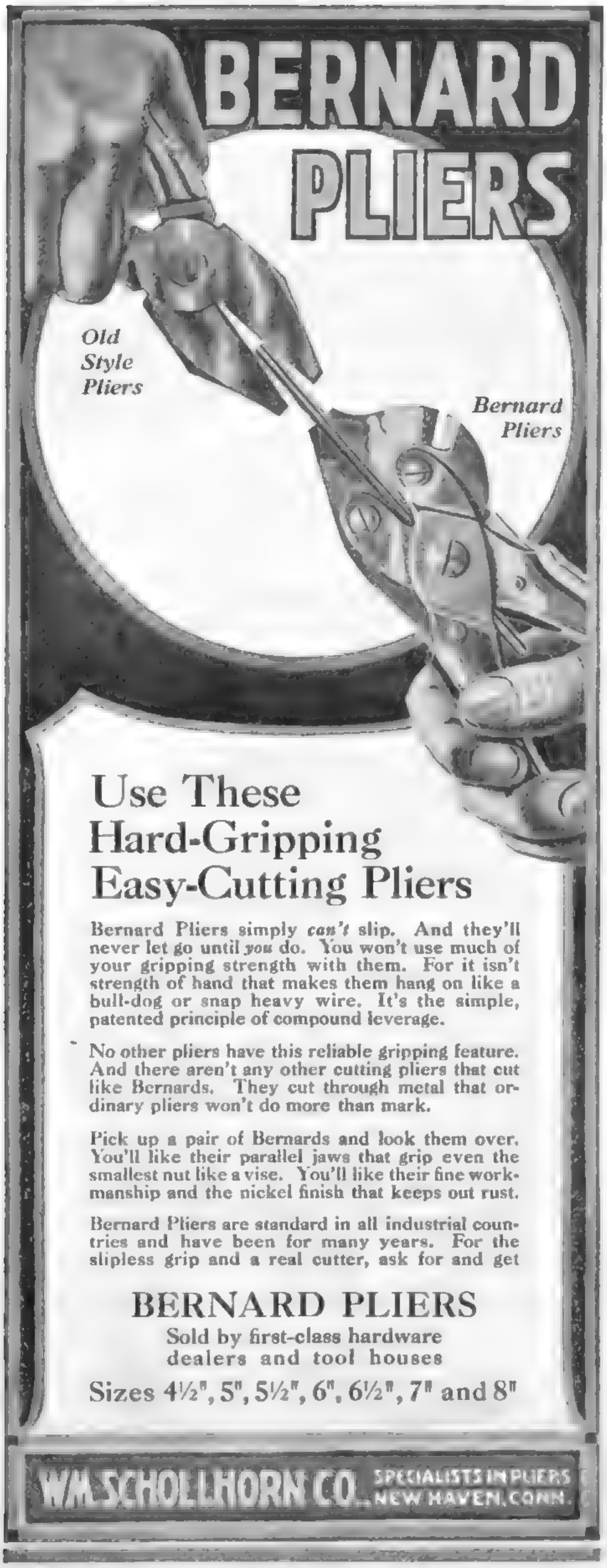
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to buy could live very well, but there was little or no work for the poor and therefore little or no money for them. And prices were outrageous. The Turkish standard of weight is the oka, which is approximately two and three-quarters pounds. In ordinary times an oka of sugar cost two piasters, but in February sugar was selling at three hundred piasters the oka. The normal price of potatoes was a piaster and a half an oka. They went up to twenty-five piasters an oka.

Flour, usually from three to four piasters a kilo, jumped to sixty piasters a kilo, while kerosene, with which a great majority of the Turkish population still light their way through life, soared from ten piasters a gallon to seven hundred piasters!

Mr. Heinz decided at once that he would bring down the price of bread in Turkey if there was any way of doing it. He had to sell flour, he could not give it away; and he had nothing but flour with which to attack the speculative prices. He figured that with a fall in the price of the people's principal article of diet all other prices would fall. He tried a piece of Vesika bread and concluded that it was not fit for human consumption, and he knew that somebody was reaping a vast profit out of the suffering of the people. There was a chain of profiteers, of course, but the difficulty was that the hook from which this chain was suspended was undoubtedly the Sublime Porte. The Sublime Porte, however, could be reached with a threat of economic boycott.

Mr. Heinz opened negotiations with government officials for the sale of his flour and proposed that it be sold direct to the retail bakers under a close agreement that would fix their profits on the sale of bread. One very large and public-spirited firm strongly approved of this proposal and helped to bring the necessary pressure to bear on the authorities. Then the bakers were approached, both individually and collectively through their trade associations, and after a certain amount of explanation most of them were persuaded to fall in line with the to them quaint idea of doing an honest business on an honest basis. The result was an immediate drop in the price of bread of about fifty per cent.

Tackled the Wrong Man

But the trouble for the time being was that there was not enough to go round, so the smaller profiteers began to reap their harvest. Bread has always been sold on the streets from baskets or small carts, and the bread venders saw no reason why they should not go on charging exorbitant prices when there were a sufficient number of buyers willing to pay what they asked. And the bakers began to do a back-door business. They would hold out on the public, close their shops at the hour fixed in the regulations, then receive customers in their houses or by back-stair routes. These practices were defeating the purpose which Mr. Heinz was bent on accomplishing, so he went again to the government and got an order forbidding the sale of bread on the streets and another order which made the private sale of bread by a baker an offense punishable by exclusion from the list of those privileged to buy flour.

These orders solved the problem and by the first of May the cost of living for the people had been reduced enormously. Bread—and bread of excellent quality—was twenty-two piasters a kilo instead of fifty-four piasters; potatoes had dropped from twenty-five to twelve piasters an oka; butter from four hundred and eighty piasters an oka—normally more than twenty dollars—to two hundred piasters; sugar from three hundred piasters to sixty piasters an oka, and so on down the whole list of commodities. Nothing was cheap by any means, but the movement was in the right direction. With flour Mr. Heinz had succeeded in breaking the Constantinople food market. And naturally he broke a good many profiteers in the process.

Just before his plans were completed one man came to him—a Turk he was, and very plausible—with an idea of halting him in his mad career by buying all the flour he had. He pretended to be tremendously interested in the welfare of the pee-pul, wished to carry out the plans proposed and to express his gratitude to the Americans by taking on his own shoulders the risk and the burden of tedious detail that would be involved. Mr. Heinz was anxious to sell flour, of course, and in view of the fact that he had to have gold or its equivalent for every pound he disposed of the prospect of going into the retail business himself was not particularly alluring. But after listening to the man's offer he refused to consider it. Then the man got fearfully excited; in fact he lost his head.

"But," he exclaimed, "you must not come to Constantinople and ruin Turkish citizens with your high-handed operations!"

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Mr. Heinz. "I thought there was something you hadn't come to yet. Just what do you mean?"

"I mean you will ruin me. I have a million dollars' worth of flour in storage. I have been holding it for a rise in the market, and now you come along and propose to sell direct to the people for less than I paid. It is too late for me to unload. You will ruin me."

"I hope so," said the American; "and I hope that after you are ruined you will starve to death. You are just the kind of hellhound I'm after. Did you ever eat any Vesika bread? And now, if you please, you will get out of my office."

Heinz's Fight Against Profiteers

That ended the interview, but Mr. Heinz discovered at once that he was in for a hard fight with hoarders, speculators, wholesalers and profiteers of all kinds. But it was not a very long fight. After his plans and his organization were completed it was only a matter of about twenty-four hours before the bottom dropped out for all such worthies and he was on the one hand the most cordially hated and on the other the most warmly approved-of man in Constantinople.

The city was very sad really. There were British soldiers and sailors by the thousand, and soldiers and sailors of all other nations mingling with the red-fezzed throngs coming and going at all hours; one constantly heard the honk of the horns of motors—military motors that tore swiftly, recklessly through the narrow streets; the clang of street-car bells; the rumble and rattle of wheels on cobblestones; the weird howls of hawkers crying their wares; all the sounds of a great Eastern city in a cheerful rush.

But there was a sadness always. The merchants, the hotel men, the cab drivers, the dealers in curious things in the bazaars and personal-service people of all kinds were reaping a rich harvest from the horde of foreigners, while the foreigners for the most part were letting everything go topsy-turvy and were indulging themselves solely in the pursuit of gayety.

All this as to mere outward aspect; underneath there was something different. The British and their Allies were tangled up in unpleasant political intrigues and engagements which made it impossible for them to deal with one another or with us frankly and in dignified harmony. It was not nice. Nobody seemed really to approve of what was being done to Turkey, yet each in his way was compelled to fight for his own advantage.

As for the Turks, one could not fail to realize their deep depression, but they were going their ways as usual. The muezzins were climbing the minarets at noon and calling the faithful to prayer, and the faithful were daily filling the mosques in customary unanimous obedience to the command of the Prophet. In spite of all their crimes one does not care to think that they may be turned out of the city they have made so beautiful and the soul of which is the Eastern soul they have breathed into it.

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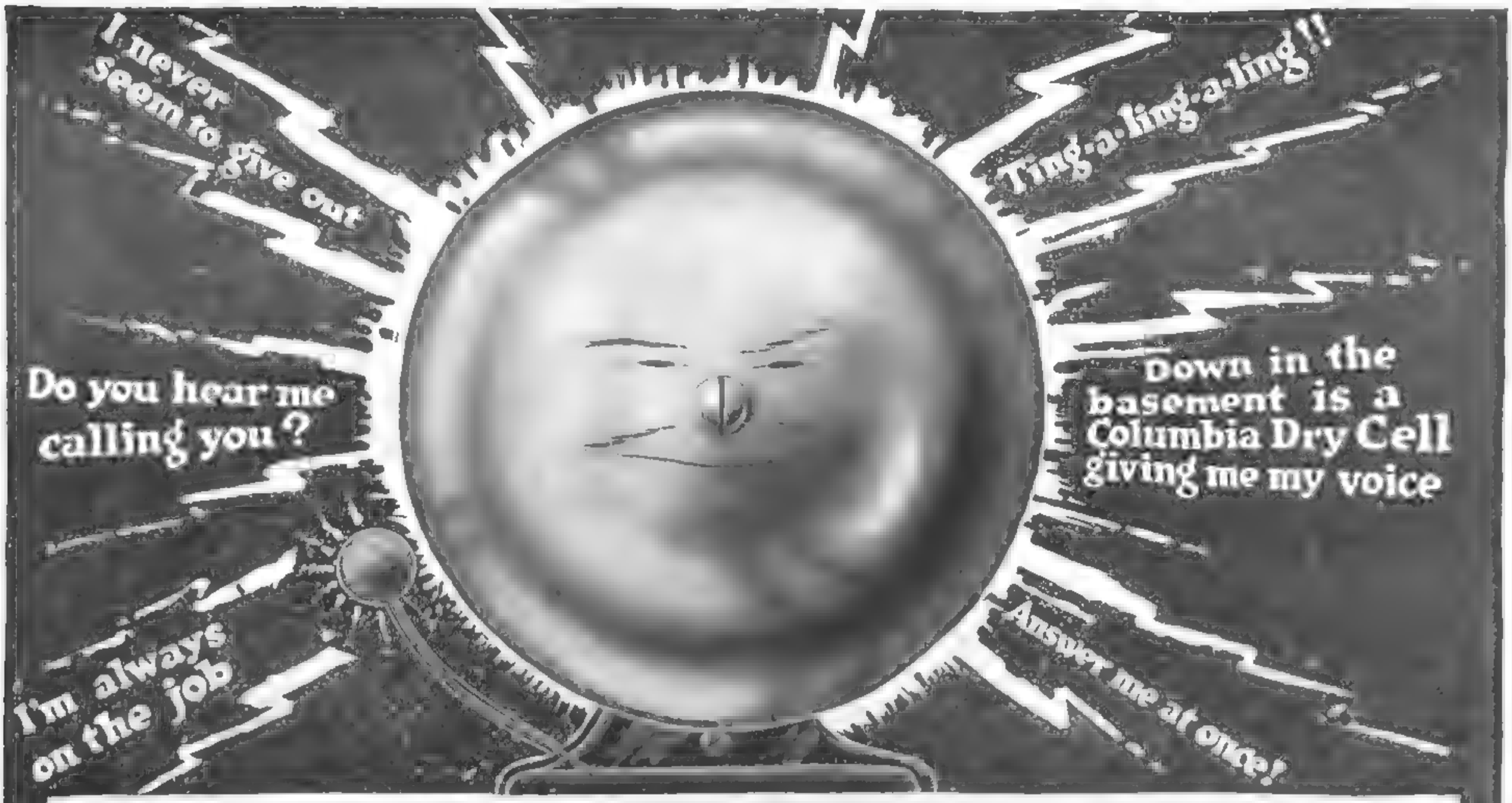
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J-19

WHITE-COLLAR MEN

(Continued from Page 5

iceman is getting $30 a week straight wages. That machinist works for a big plumbing-supply company and pulls down $39 a week himself. It looks to me as if I'm about due to swap my white collar for a pair of overalls. I just can't stand the gaff any longer. It's taking it out of the wife and kids at too stiff a pace."

"We don't want to lose you," responded the official to whom his appeal was made. "Here's a five that will hold you till pay day. Meantime, I'll take the matter up with the management. There's something better ahead for you here if you can only hold on. There's a lot of men in this concern better paid than you are who are not having any easy sledding to get past. Most of 'em haven't the physique to go into a jumper job and all of 'em hate the idea of shedding their white collars. But most of 'em are studying wage scales until their tongues are hanging out."

A Big Bank's Salary List

Before quitting the dignified white-collar atmosphere of the bank it is interesting to take a peep at the salary list. Here is one for an institution having a reputation for high consideration of its employees:

	1914	1919
Junior assistant cashier	$5000	$6000
Payer (commercial)	2600	3000
Receiver (commercial)	1500	1800
*Receiver (savings)	1000	1500
*Receiver (savings)	840	1200
*Payer (savings)	1080	2000
Bookkeeper (commercial)	900†	1080‡
Bookkeeper (savings)	900†	1020§
Bookkeeper (general)	1500	1620
Draft teller	1200	1500
Clearing House head and transit clerk	1200	1500
Clearing House clerk	540	840
File manager	1200	1500
File clerk	780	1000
Switchboard	1000	1500
Stenographer	1000	1300
Janitor	900	1140
Head messenger	1200	1600
Messenger	780	1200

* More responsibility, work heavier.
† Men, pen and ink.
‡ Girls on machines.
§ Girls.
‖ Younger man, shorter time in service.

Another large metropolitan bank under liberal management makes the following salary showing:

	1914	1919
Messenger	$ 300	$ 600
Teller	1100	1800
Janitor	780	960
Female clerk	624	960
Transit man	576	1200
Bookkeeper	600	1200
Bookkeeper to teller	936	1600
Teller	1260	1800
Transit	1140	1560
Bookkeeper	552	1100
Teller	1380	2100
Stenographer	1200	1600
Permanent messenger	780	1300
Bookkeeper	780	1080
Female clerk	540	1200
Watchman	900	1260
Transit clerk	720	1200
Secretary	1500	2000
Safety deposit guard	900	1200
Typist	540	720
Teller	1140	1600
Savings teller	1200	1800
Discount clerk	1440	2000
Receiver payer teller	1440	2100
Receiver teller	1440	2000

Though this shows an advance of round 50% in these positions over 1914 it must be apparent that even the tellers at $2100 a year are having plenty of mental exercise out of business hours in figuring on how to cut the corners of the H. C. of L. In commenting on salaries all bankers emphasize the fact that a bank's profits depend upon interest and that interest rates have not increased since 1914 nearly so much as wages have. It might also be observed that in the last five years banks have been obliged to do a heavy volume of unpaid work in connection with Liberty Loans and other war interests—work that has entailed expense without income.

No investigator digs far into the mysteries of the H. C. of L. without finding it necessary to go to a reference library. There he will find scholarly and well-dressed librarians ready to select for him the latest reports and the best authorities. These pilots in the field of printed knowledge are not only college men and women—most of them entitled to use a choice collection of fragments of the alphabet after their signatures—but they must have passed through a strenuous course of special training in the technic of library work.

To one of these scholarly men who had at a moment's notice placed before me a bewildering array of documents and statistics on the burning question of the hour I put the question: "Have the salaries of men and women in your profession been advanced in proportion to the increased cost of living?"

His serious face showed a momentary smile and his hand moved instinctively to his white collar as he answered: "Well—hardly. This library is considered one of the best of its kind in the country from the viewpoint of its treatment of employees and I think justly so. On a comparative basis we can have no complaint. However, the bald fact remains that we have had no advance in salary whatever since 1914—excepting by way of a bonus of one month's salary for the year to those receiving not more than $100 a month. And that bonus did not begin until about a year and a half ago. My salary was $150 a month in 1914, and it is still $150."

He laughed rather grimly as he continued: "If you're looking for the real irony of fate in connection with the high-cost-of-living problem you have certainly come to the right place for it. Professionally I'm able to tell you that the best authorities place the increase in living costs since 1914 at about 103%. That appears to be the favorite figure. Some conservatives are sticking for 80%, but they appear to be outvoted. Others declare that it is not under 108½. Personally I can testify that for the white-collar man 108 is not too high. I know it! No man can dress, eat and live like a gentleman and associate with gentlemen and not spend that much more than the same standard of living in 1914 exacted."

"Married?" I questioned.

"Yes," he answered; "but I couldn't be if it were not for the fact that my wife is a teacher in a public school of this city and earns as much as I do. Her salary is the same as my own, precisely. And the requirements of her position are almost as exacting as to appearances as are those of my own. She must not only have good clothes and a rather liberal assortment of them, but she must attend lectures, buy books, follow new lines of study, see a few of the best plays and keep up with the times generally, as the common expression has it. A failure to do this would reflect itself in her work and her standing as a teacher. If a limited amount of amusement is a necessity to anybody it certainly is to a woman who is doing heavy teaching work in a large city school. Also, she must have a moderate amount of social life—or break under the strain. All these things cost money, more money to-day than anyone not familiar with the facts at first hand would believe."

The Pay of Librarians

"Perhaps the work of a reference librarian is not quite so tense and exhausting as that of teaching—but it is certainly more monotonous and just as confining. It whets a hunger for recreation that must be satisfied. You can cover the whole situation by saying that it takes all we can both earn to live as we are obliged to live and carry a reasonable amount of insurance. There is nothing left out of the income and we feel we are fortunate if we play an even game these days. Meantime, we are hoping for an increase in salary. But here comes another man, who is looking after information on family budgets, and I must be excused."

The salary schedule in this library, one of the best of its kind in America, is as follows: Attendants start at $35 a month and may be advanced in the course of a few years of service to $60. Junior assistants get $70 a month at the outset and may ultimately reach $90. Senior assistants receive $75 as a starter and face a maximum of $100 a month. Department heads, the aristocrats of this highly trained corps of white-collar intellectuals, are entered at $1800 and may

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finally climb to $3400, but those who have made this steep grade can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

From the hushed and bookish atmosphere of a great library to stockyards is rather an abrupt change—but I made it because it seemed to offer a decidedly bizarre study in contrasts. Besides, I had just read in the library certain reports on a hearing, before a famous United States judge acting as referee, of a plea for a wage increase for the packing-industry workers. From the evidence offered by the workers in the hearing it seemed to me that I could smell a story. It was a good hunch, for I fell in with a reporter for an afternoon paper who had been sent out, as he put it, "for a bucket of tears." I trailed along with the sob artist, and as he appeared highly competent I anticipated that a pleasant and profitable time would be had.

He made it quite clear to the superintendent of the packing plant to which he had led the way that he wasn't on an especially friendly mission, and that he was looking "for a whole gob of juicy proletariat grief" that would draw tears from a stone image when properly fried in packers' fat.

"Help yourself," was the superintendent's answer. "If you want to talk with women workers this boy'll lead you to 'em."

We followed the boy to a group of women sewing bags and sacking. The sob artist selected the weariest-looking one in the room who could speak English, and explained that he was there to learn how hard they had to work and how little they got from their toil.

"You don't want to talk with me," she responded with a genial grin; "I'm quitting this week."

"What's that got to do with it?" he persisted.

"Nothing," came the quick answer, "excepting that when I draw my check I'll be able to make the last payment on my second four-flat building."

As the sob artist turned away without another question I asked him: "Are you buying any flat buildings just now out of your white-collar salary?"

"Come to think of it," he answered, "I rather think I am, but there's no contract for a deed involved. My landlord has just jumped the rent of my four rooms from $32.50 to $50. When I told him that as a practical pirate Captain Kidd was a piker he smiled, rested his case on the law of supply and demand and asserted that Chicago was just now short some 50,000 apartments; that I happened to live in a classy neighborhood that was much fancied by West Side munition workers with swollen bank accounts and that if I couldn't compete with them in the rental auction he would be compelled to bid me good-by, much as he disliked to do so. Of course I looked round but I couldn't better myself. I stood the raise and saved the cost of moving."

Money in Tripe-Cleaning

"The only way by which I can meet the rent raise and all the other raises is by rustling a job on the side. There are not three men on our city staff who aren't working two jobs. One does a publicity stunt, another edits a house organ, another writes for a syndicate, and another gets enough stuff into highbrow magazines to about equal his salary. And—you'd never guess it!—one is a preacher. His salary as a staff writer is, like my own, somewhere round $35 a week—rather under than over. As a preacher he pulls down $50 a month. Then he picks up a bit now and then by writing, for he's a postgraduate college man and a keen student of economics and public affairs.

"But what does this double-trick twin-job method of working mean? Overwork for one thing, and shutting someone else out of a job for another. We're nearly all doing it in our office and I don't imagine that you will find many afternoon papers that pay their reporters and city-staff men salaries that will keep their heads above water without doing something on the side to help out. There's a copy reader on our desk who has been there nine years and is still getting thirty-five a week. He's a good man too. But you can bet he's between the millstones these days. So is every married man on the staff excepting the topnotchers."

This disappointed searcher for pathos finally declared his conviction that he was carrying under his own hat and in his own experience a better sob story than could be found in all the stockyards, and that if he dared he would go back to the office and write it.

When I found the superintendent of one of the large plants I asked him: "What are your topnotch wage workers pulling down these days in packing-house jobs—the boys in greasy jumpers?"

"Well, we have one man working on a machine for cleaning tripe who has had no difficulty in making $175 a week. In another packing company, however, men on the same job have run their weekly wage up to $200. One man, I am reliably informed, pushed his wage up to $210 in one week. Naturally the wage workers of this class have big powerful cars of their own that can hold the road against any machines owned by minor officials of the companies.

"At a packing plant out in Oklahoma City the Sunday wage of a certain calf skinner was $37.25. Of course, like the tripe man, he was working on a piece basis and also at a double rate because of Sunday work. It is not uncommon for butchers on the beef-cutting floors to earn better than $100 a week. At the moment I recall that one of these men, a plate boner, recently made a score of $120 for a week's work."

Highly Paid Women Workers

"If you are looking for something that shows the spread between the salary of the white-collar man and the pay check of the wage worker I can give you just the ticket. The other day a foreman who was drawing $45 a week came to me and asked for $80. When I suggested that this was a rather steep percentage of increase he replied that as several of the men under him were pulling down $100 to $120 a week he would simply resign and go on the floor with the rest of the gang. He made it very clear that he did not consider the privilege of wearing a white collar and exercising a little brief authority worth $35 a week—not to him, anyhow!

"Floormen, whose work is classed as cattle cleaning, were paid 50 cents an hour in 1914 and now get 79½ cents an hour, with time and a half after eight hours. In the course of a week some of the men on the common cattle gangs, whose minimum rate is 54½ cents an hour, contrive to get in considerable time at other jobs paying very much more money. For example, they get an opportunity to put in quite a bit of time at the 84½-cent rate. Of course this boosts their total wage way above their basis rate. Our highest-paid women wage workers are on the hog-trimming floor. They run about $50 a week. Men who clean casings earn $40 to $45 a week. I am told on good authority that in another plant there are men who put their score up to $100 and even $120 a week at this work and come and go in their own cars—which are not flivvers either. One Polish woman on this job, who was accustomed to hard farm work in the old country, declared that she liked this work because it was so nice and easy.

"We had one little white-collar experience that almost disrupted our office. A kid who was holding down an office-boy position at $9.50 a week got wise to the spread between salaries and wages and suddenly quit to take an overall job out in the plant. The instant he had drawn his wages he came up into the office and almost started a riot by showing the boys there his new pay check. You can size up the whole situation out here by saying that common labor holds the heavy end of the pay roll in the packing industry and that this kind of labor has been raised from 17½ cents an hour in 1914 to 46½ cents an hour at present. A hearing is now on for another raise. The laborers are demanding 72½ cents an hour."

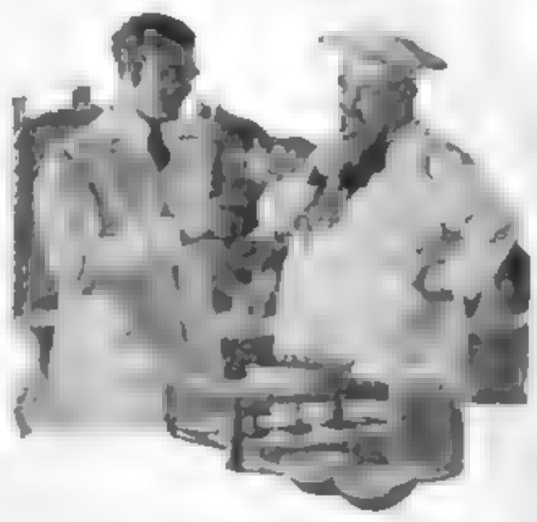
In Kenwood, a Chicago suburb, lives a bookkeeper who has worked in one place for fifteen years and is now drawing $107.50 a month. The squeeze of the shrinking white collar forced an economic council in this family, culminating in the decision of the wife to hire a maid to take care of the two children and do the housework while she took a stockyards job. She found light and comparatively easy employment there which brought her a weekly wage averaging $32.50, or better than $22.50 a month more than her husband was earning in his white-collar position.

Even a casual exploration of that territory commonly known as Back of the Yards is bound to develop about as many surprises for the visiting stranger as would

(Continued on Page 177)

Bean Troubles

Which the Van Camp Cooks Corrected



It took four years for our experts to perfect this dish. And it cost $100,000

Van Camp's Beans are mealy, tender, whole. And the sauce gives every atom a delicious tang

Ordinary baked beans had the following faults:

The dry beans varied vastly. So we buy beans grown on studied soils, and analyze each lot before baking.

The skins were tough, due to hard water. So we boil beans in water freed from minerals.

Beans were hard to digest. They were underbaked. So we built modern steam ovens, where Van Camp's Beans are baked for hours at 245 degrees.

The New Delights

Van Camp's Beans are baked in sealed containers. Thus none of the flavor escapes.

Baked beans were crisped or mushy or broken. With our modern steam ovens, all Van Camp's come out nut-like, mealy and whole.

Baked beans lacked zest. So our culinary experts perfected a sauce by comparing 856 recipes. And that zestful sauce is now baked with the pork and the beans.

Now in countless homes Van Camp's have changed the whole conception of baked beans. They are hygienic, easy to digest. They are whole and mellow. Every atom has a tang. And they are ever-ready.

In millions of meals Van Camp's are used to displace costly meats. And thousands of restaurants buy them, because men like these beans.

Buy a few cans and see what science has accomplished in this dish.

VAN CAMP'S Pork and Beans

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Soups
18 Kinds

Van Camp's
Spaghetti

Van Camp's
Peanut Butter

Can You Afford To Miss These Advantages

It is a fact, although often overlooked, that you pay as surely for advantages that you fail to make use of, as for those that you use.

■ ■ ■

The car owner who continues to discard tires merely because the rubber is worn thin, although the fabric, the foundation of the tire, is still sound, is **doubling** his tire costs.

It would be considered folly to throw away your inner tube every time a new tire is purchased.

■ ■ ■

And the over-a-million users of Gates Half-Sole Tires would consider it just as wasteful to discard tires, whose fabrics are sound, merely because the rubber is worn thin.

GATES HALF-SOLE TIRES

GUARANTEED PUNCTURE PROOF

COST ONLY HALF AS MUCH AS ORDINARY TIRES OF CORRESPONDING SIZE

Moreover, the users of Gates Half-Sole Tires are not only saving **half** in first cost, but in addition they are averaging far in excess of the standard mileage guarantee which goes with every Gates Half-Sole Tire —and they are getting **Puncture-Proof service,** which is also **guaranteed.**

■ ■ ■

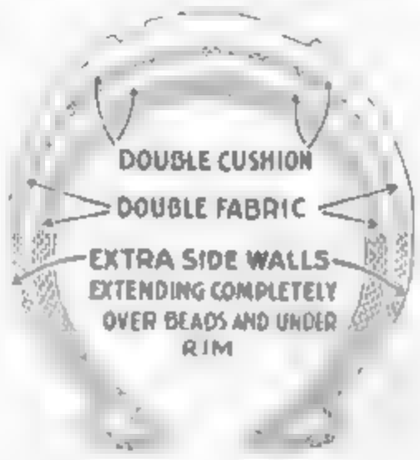
The Gates Half-Sole Tire is based on a new principle of tire construction, developed and perfected by Charles C. Gates, E. M., whose inventions have resulted in the greatest advance in methods of tire building in the past decade.

■ ■ ■

This new principle involves the incorporation of your casing within the new factory-built Gates Half-Sole Tire, making a tire as shown in the cross section illustration above.

■ ■ ■

The illustration shows clearly the advantage of



the Gates Half-Sole Tire. Note the **double fabric construction**—preventing puncture. Note the **added size and double cushion** — insuring greater resiliency and more riding comfort, and improving the appearance of the car.

■ ■ ■

The Half-Sole is a complete tire, built at the mammoth Gates factory at Denver, and its advantages are now obtainable at more than 1500 Gates Half-Sole Tire Service Stations throughout the country. If there is not a station in your town, check and send us coupon.

THE GATES RUBBER COMPANY
DENVER ∴ COLORADO

☐ Please send me details of how I can save Half the Cost of my Tires.

☐ If arrangements have not been made for Gates Half-Sole Tire Service in this territory, please send me particulars regarding the Dealership Franchise.

Name

City State

THE GATES RUBBER COMPANY, DENVER, COLO.

Gates Half-Sole Tires *Gates Fabric Tires* *Gates Tested Inner Tubes*

Eight Out of Every Ten Cars are GILMER Equipped at the Factory

APPEARANCE, weight or feel has nothing to do with the way a fan belt will *wear* in actual service.

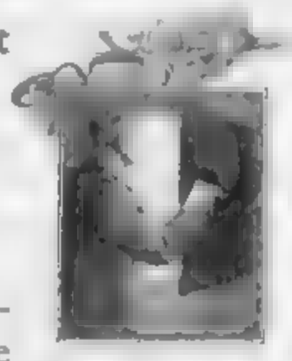
Heat, oil and moisture are a fan belt's worst enemies. Only a belt that can withstand them can give long and efficient service.

The big car manufacturers know this. They have conducted many hundreds of laboratory experiments and road tests to discover the belt that could best resist heat, oil and moisture.

The Car Builder's Choice

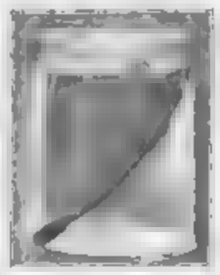
Almost without exception, those manufacturers who use flat type belts, have selected Gilmer for standard equipment. More than 8 out of every 10 cars being built today are Gilmer equipped.

This is because Gilmer woven endless fan belts contain no vulcanized ingredients or elements that cannot resist heat, oil or moisture.



THE HEAT TEST

The heat test quickly robs ordinary belts of their flexibility and causes the surface to become hard and brittle, thus proving that they will slip and disintegrate rapidly when in actual service under the hood.



THE OIL AND WATER TEST

The oil test will quickly detect the presence of any ingredients which affect its life. The water test will show the effect of heat and moisture.

WHEN so many car manufacturers all agree on one make of Fan Belt and that Belt more expensive for them to buy than any other woven or fabricated belt, the reason is very plain.

When buying a fan belt, follow the judgment of the big car manufacturers. *They know.*

You can always depend upon a Gilmer *Woven Endless* Fan Belt to grip the pulley snugly, never bind, stretch or shrink, lose its shape or grow hard and slippery in service. It can't jump or stick at the splice or joint—Gilmer Fan Belts are *woven endless*. Consequently they run evenly with no strain on pulleys or bearings.

There's a Gilmer Woven Endless Fan Belt for every car that uses a flat type belt. Every belt plainly marked with the name "GILMER" and marked for the car it fits

For sale by all good dealers and jobbers everywhere.

L. H. Gilmer Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Factories:
Philadelphia, Pa.
North Wales, Pa.
Millen, Ga.

Branch Offices:
Chicago, Ill
Detroit, Mich
Milwaukee, Wis.

Export Office:
136 Liberty Street, N. Y.

"A spare fan belt is as important as a spare tire."

If your fan belt should meet with accident when you are on the road, miles perhaps from the nearest garage, are you prepared to meet the emergency and avoid delay, trouble and possible damage to your engine and always "*Carry a Spare.*"

Gilmer WOVEN ENDLESS FAN BELTS

(Continued from Page 174)

an expedition into Darkest Africa. For example, in this densely inhabited territory of about a mile square there is a movie theater of almost unique magnificence, costing half a million dollars. The three savings banks of the district show significant prosperity. One, in 1912, had 9841 depositors, $2,670,022 deposits, averaging $271.32 to the depositor. June 30, 1919, the number of depositors was 22,043. Another started in 1914 with 2447 depositors, $337,179 deposits, and an average of $137.79 to the depositor. On June 30, 1919, the depositors numbered 4635 and the total of deposits was $1,900,106.65. The average deposit that comes in this savings bank was $409.95. Still another savings bank, also started in 1914, with 2321 depositors, $141,381 in deposits and an average deposit of $60.91, had June 30, 1919, 4013 depositors, $676,850.26 in deposits, averaging $168.66 to the depositor.

The merchants in this territory, which is almost exclusively given over to wage workers, admit that their trade has not only swollen in volume but has also passed through a startling change in character. In 1914 their aim was to buy cheap goods to be sold at a cheap price; to-day their trouble is to get a sufficient volume of merchandise of good quality to meet the demand. Once the belles of Back of the Yards were proud to display engagement rings costing $25; to-day these tokens of matrimonial intentions must cost at least $200 in order to raise a ripple of pride. As one merchant puts it: "The young chap who slips an engagement ring on the finger of his intended that is not set with a real sparkler puts himself down as a piker. The girls demand diamonds that are above suspicion—and they get them too!"

Deceptive Appearances

Merchants in the Chicago Loop District, and for that matter in virtually every city and town of industrial character, tell the same story. The head of the jewelry department of a famous store on State Street, Chicago, related this incident:

"Any man whose appearance indicates that he belongs to the working class gets instant and careful attention when he enters this store. Certainly we know that when a wage earner from the yards, the shops or the steel mills comes into this department it is with a serious intention of buying. The other day a man, plainly of the wage-worker kind, came in and bought himself a diamond stickpin costing about $500. Probably there have been other recent purchases of this sort much larger than this. The fact is, occurrences of this kind have become so common that they no longer make any particular impression upon the salesmen and are quickly forgotten. I happened to remember the sale I mentioned because the customer in question remarked at the outset of our conversation that he was either going to buy of us or another house which he mentioned, and that he was going to look at stones in both places before purchasing. He kept his word and went to the other house. When he returned he was boiling with rage and intimated that he had been received at the other place as an interloper.

"Any salesman to-day—no matter how wealthy and exclusive the clientèle of customers he is accustomed to serve—who has not learned to pay wholesome respect to the wage worker and to receive him with courteous attention is making the business mistake of his life. Possibly I might be making that mistake myself if I had not learned my lesson early. The very day I was taken on as a salesman in a San Francisco jewelry store a man, of the roughest appearance and who had evidently not shaved for a fortnight, entered the place. Suddenly all the salesmen excepting myself became conspicuously busy. In my inexperience all was grist that came to my mill, and I gave this man the best attention of which I was capable. The first article I sold him was a brooch of diamonds and emeralds at a price of almost $9000. Before I finished with him his purchases amounted to $22,000. He had just come out of Alaska with more than a million dollars in gold. The lesson that this experience taught me is applied every day in this department in these days of the bloated pay envelope."

One of the heads of a large Chicago department store makes this observation:

"The old middle-class customer has almost as completely disappeared as has the American passenger pigeon. Of course this is speaking slightly by way of exaggeration, but it is about the only way in which I can describe the situation with adequate force and clearness. As compared with prewar days we have two classes of customers the wealthy and the wage workers. The type of employee generally referred to as the white-collar crowd is conspicuously absent, from the counters of this store at least. The families whose heads are drawing small or moderate salaries are buying with great restraint. They are the ones that are shopping round, as the expression has it. The wage workers, generally speaking, are buying what they want, asking few questions, and are not bothering to hunt from store to store for bargains. The commonest mistake made by salesmen to-day in our store, and other places having a high merchandising standard, is that of showing wage workers merchandise of too moderate a price. It is necessary to drill our salesmen constantly that they must not take it for granted that the customer who evidently belongs to the wage-working class does not want to see the best merchandise in the store—and to buy it too! It is safe for the salesman to assume that the wage earner or his wife or daughter is able to buy the most expensive stock and pay for it in cash."

Recently a certain shoe dealer learned a lesson along this line that he will not soon forget. He happened to have quite a stock of shoes of a certain brand which he could afford to sell as a leader at $5 a pair and still make a scant margin of profit. According to his traditions this was good merchandising practice. Therefore he took liberal advertising space in the daily papers of this city, in which he heralded the advantages of this bargain. The reaction from this advertising was almost zero. He puzzled over the matter for several weeks and then decided to try a daring experiment—that of marking the same shoes up to $10 a pair and spending only a fraction of the amount of advertising which he had devoted to them at the $5 price. The result of his experiment in commercial psychology was the immediate sale of every pair of these shoes at twice the price at which they had been offered a few weeks before. You can't convince this merchant that the H. C. of L. is not like heaven—a state of mind.

And speaking of shoe stores, let me give a little direct testimony. Recently I was asked to buy a pair of slipper buckles in Chicago. They should cost, I was told, about a dollar. In response to my inquiry at the buckle counter of a leading State Street shoe store the saleswoman gave me a pitying smile and explained that such buckles were no longer carried in stock, that I would scarcely be able to find them at all and that ladies were now wearing cut-steel buckles. She had something very neat in that line, she informed me, for $36.

Ninety-Dollar Slipper Buckles

After presenting my best imitation of a poker face I asked: "Is that the best you have?"

"Oh, no," was her reassuring answer; "we have a perfect dear for $90."

"If you don't mind," I replied, "just let me hold the perfect dear for a moment. It will be a privilege that I've never enjoyed before."

Just then the manager of the store appeared and smilingly cut into the conversation.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "and the astonishing thing is that we're selling them—scads of them! I stand here day after day and wonder where all the flood of reckless dollars comes from—and also how long before it will begin to ebb. Our sales have increased 50% in numbers of pairs and 70% in volume of dollars in the last year."

A few minutes later I talked with another dealer in high-grade shoes and confessed to him my amazement at the story of the $90 steel buckles.

"He was telling you the truth all right," remarked this merchant, whom I have known personally for about twenty years. "Only a few days ago a woman came into one of our stores and bought two pairs of slippers with cut-steel buckles. They came to more than $200. In spite of the fact that we have a shoe factory of our own we have in the last year literally turned away more money from our counters than we have accepted. We simply could not get the goods to meet the demand. Of course this implies that hundreds of wage earners who used to buy inexpensive shoes—back in

ATHENA
UNDERWEAR
FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN

TO EXPERIENCE the luxury of perfectly fitting underwear, one must wear ATHENA.

The form-fitting qualities of ATHENA, its beautiful fabrics and dainty, durable trimmings are a delight to the woman of discriminating taste.

The lines of ATHENA underwear conform to the figure.

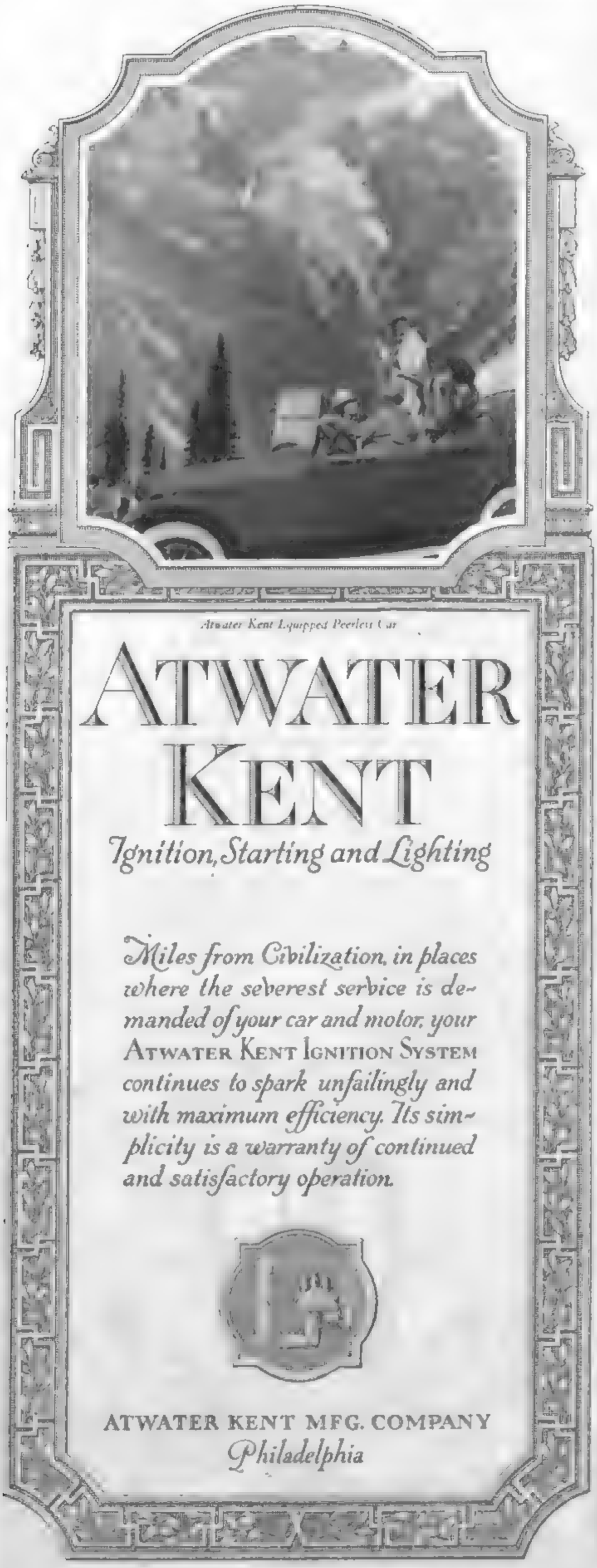
It clings easily, naturally and gracefully, without being *stretched* to fit.

Ask your local dealer to show you ATHENA'S seven special features

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY
CHICAGO NEW YORK

Note the striking contrast between ATHENA and ordinary underwear, as shown in illustrations of Women's underwear.

Copyright, 1919, by Marshall Field & Company


Atwater Kent Equipped Peerless Car
ATWATER KENT
Ignition, Starting and Lighting
Miles from Civilization, in places where the severest service is demanded of your car and motor, your ATWATER KENT IGNITION SYSTEM continues to spark unfailingly and with maximum efficiency. Its simplicity is a warranty of continued and satisfactory operation.
ATWATER KENT MFG. COMPANY
Philadelphia

1914—are now buying fine shoes, with comparatively little regard for price."

As public attention is now focused searchingly on footwear the following experience is too illuminating to be spared from the simple annals of the shoe store: Immediately after the outbreak of the European War two thoughtful white-collar men on meager salaries were discussing personal finances and the probable trend of prices.

One of them remarked: "I've managed to save an even hundred dollars and I'm going to chuck it in the savings bank as a sinking fund."

"All right," replied the other, "you deposit your hundred in the form of dollars at the receiving teller's window. I have a hundred saved and I'll deposit that downstairs in the same bank, but in shoes instead of dollars. We'll see who comes out ahead. You know I'm obliged to be on my feet from morning until night. So are my two sons, who have just taken walking jobs. This will mean a lot of shoes in the next few years. The boys have got their growth and therefore their sizes will not change."

This arrangement was carried out. After the signing of the armistice these two white-collar men compared notes on their deposits. The one who deposited dollars found that he had a trifle more than $120 to his credit. The shoes which the other deposited had cost $5 a pair, and his deposit was therefore twenty pairs.

"You see the make of these shoes," he remarked to his friend. "Now go into the store across the street and find how many pairs you can buy to-day for your $120."

"Oh, I've done that already," admitted the man with the bank balance. "My money will not buy ten pairs. As a depositor you are certainly a shark."

In a pleasant little country town of about 3000 inhabitants, a little less than fifty miles from Chicago, the superintendent of schools receives a salary of $3000 a year. In 1914 he drew $1800. He is a careful manager and at the end of that year he had just $200 saved above his expenses for a family of three. In the school year of 1918-19 his living expenses, pared down to the last possible degree, were $2700 and his salary was $2500. Some of the grade teachers under this superintendent were receiving $550. In a foundry in the same town molders are now and have been for some time receiving a regular wage of $40.50. In another manufacturing plant of much the same character in that town skilled workmen are making $45 a week. Quite a number of workmen doing much lighter and pleasanter work in another manufacturing plant of that village are drawing $50 a week, and a still larger number $30 to $40. One lately displayed a weekly pay check for $66.

The Plight of the Teachers

The most highly paid preacher in that community receives $1200 a year and donates at least $100 of it to the church. The city clerk gets $1500, the cashier of the larger of its two banks draws $150 a month, and the assistant cashier, $125. The assistant cashier of the smaller bank gets $25 a week and the assistant postmaster's salary was increased, last July, from $1100 to $1200 a year. In July of 1918 and 1919 he received a bonus of $200. The office manager of the foundry in which skilled men are earning $45 a week and semiskilled labor $35 a week receives $45.

One of the grade school-teachers in this town, drawing $550 a year, decided that the financial atmosphere of the schoolroom was a little too oppressive for her and therefore sought a job outside of her chosen profession. She is now drawing $1570 a year. This picture of the spread of incomes as between the white-collar crowd and the wage workers is duplicated in thousands of other towns.

Up to the fateful Monday of September 22, 1919, there were literally hundreds of skilled workers earning a weekly wage of $100 and up—with marked emphasis on the word "up." In 1914 the wage for common labor in the steel plants for the Calumet District was $1.95 for ten hours and $2.30 for twelve hours. The increase for the ten-hour basis has been 137% and for the twelve-hour basis 145%. In 1918 the average earnings of all the employees of this great corporation was $1685. The lowest daily wage paid to skilled help was $7 and the highest $80. The average pay of all rollers was $30 a day and the melters averaged $20. Last year the Steel Corporation had on its pay roll 268,710 employees. There are now more than 60,000 of its employees who own stock in the corporation.

For the sake of definiteness with regard to the difference between white-collar employees and wage workers the managements of several large corporations were interviewed. One of these, in Detroit, declares:

"In this city in 1914 first-class machinists were receiving 35 cents to 40 cents an hour, and first-class toolmakers 42½ cents to 45 cents. To-day machinists are averaging $7 to $8 a day and toolmakers $8 to $9 a day; in other words, the wages of these men in mechanical trades have increased at least 100%. Salaries of white-collar men, outside of important executive positions, have increased approximately 70%."

Where White Collars Fare Best

If this summary of the employment situation in Detroit is accurate the white-collar crowd in the famous automobile city have a decided advantage over their fellows in almost any other part of America. For example, the pay roll of a very large public-service corporation in Chicago shows quite a different situation. Since 1914 the pay of its wage workers has advanced 84½% and the compensation of its white-collar men 18.35%! Another big public-service corporation is justly proud of the fact that its salaried employees have been advanced 50% since 1914, as against a raise of 64% for its wage workers. One of the largest ice-and-coal companies in America makes the following comparative showing:

	[illegible] 1914	August 1919	Per Cent Increase
	Per Week	Per Week	
Ice drivers	$19.50	$30.00	54
Ice helpers	17.25	27.50	59
	Per Day	Per Day	
Coal drivers (2-horse)	3.00	5.00	66⅔
Laborers	2.00	4.00	100
	Per Month	Per Month	
Bookkeepers	$72.50	$115.00	59
Clerks	60.00	85.00	41⅔
Stenographers	60.00	85.00	41⅔
Car accountants	65.00	115.00	77
[illegible]	65.00	100.00	53⅓
Cashiers	75.00	120.00	60

In one of the large packing companies, where employment conditions and terms are undoubtedly typical of the industry as a whole, salary workers have been increased 43%, while common labor, working on an hour basis, has been boosted 167% since 1914. One of the largest corporations in the West has increased its pay to common labor 116% since 1914 as against an increase to salaried employees in its manufacturing department of 75%. Perhaps the white-collar crowd makes its best showing in a certain big industrial corporation of the Middle West where employee representation is in a high state of development. Here common labor has been increased 106% since 1914 and salaried employees about 100%. This company, however, is a brilliant, not to say startling, exception to the rule so far as the percentage of its increase to salaried workers is concerned.

No investigator can follow this line of research to any great length without being compelled to admit, at least to himself, that as a general rule the increase of pay to salaried employees has been greatest in those companies commonly classed as big business, not to say "malefactors of great wealth." Also he cannot escape recognition of the fact that the white-collar employee fares best in those industrial organizations in which the principle of employee representation is applied with the most sincerity and practicality.

But to return for a moment to the overshadowing and persistent presence of the H. C. of L., one national authority tells me that it has climbed since 1914 to the dizzy altitude of 117% and a fraction. Another equally distinguished and dependable authority puts its altitude at 103% above that of about five years ago. If you happen to be a white-collar man you would probably prefer, as I do, to believe that those who have to maintain a white-collar front are entitled to believe the worst and accept the higher figure.

If the reader persists in asking the pointed question: "What is to be done about it?" the answer is as simple as it is obvious: "Increase production and practice individual thrift." Here lies the only way out. And to the innocent bystander it appears to be pretty much up to the wage worker.

In view of these facts, Mister Salaried Man, how would you like to swap your white collar for a suit of jumpers and a snuff-colored work shirt?

What will Your Ford *be after* 25,000 *miles?*

WILL it be the same good car that it is today? Will it be ready to go when and where you wish to drive it? Will it look well? Will it sell for a fair price, allowing for the service you actually have had?

Right now, when your Ford is in good condition, is the time to make sure that you do everything in your power to prolong its life of service and the character of service it gives.

You can decrease depreciation thirty per cent; you can reduce up-keep and tire expense thirty per cent; you can make it ride like the highest priced cars; you can make it stand up under 25,000 miles of service and still be ready for 25,000 miles more—

—if you equip it now with Hassler Shock Absorbers.

The cost of Hassler Shock Absorbers is small and they are easily and quickly applied by dealers and garagemen everywhere.

Hassler Shock Absorbers do not require the changing of any parts, or the mutilation of the car in any way. They are sold with a written guaranty that if you do not like them they will be taken off and every cent of your money refunded.

A million sets are in use today—giving perfect satisfaction—prolonging the life of a million Ford Cars saving millions of dollars for Ford owners.

Look for the Hassler dealer in your town; there should be several. If you don't find Hasslers, write us and we will see that you are supplied quickly.

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER

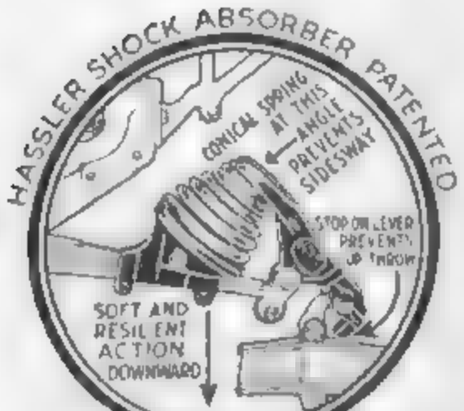
Find out for yourself what Hasslers mean. We do not ask you to risk your money. The Hassler dealer in your vicinity will put them on—let you use them for ten days—and if you are not pleased they will be taken off and your money refunded in full. Write for descriptive folder—name of the nearest dealer and trial order blank.

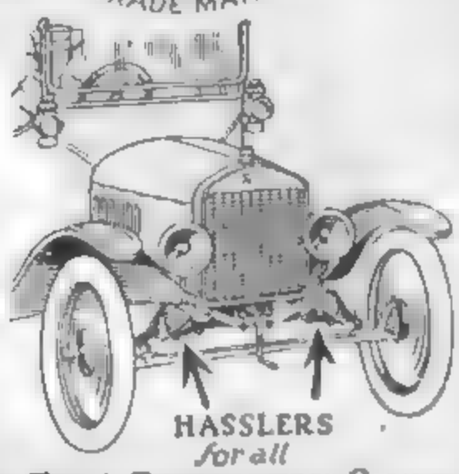
The Hassler Guarantee: "Absolute Satisfaction or Your Money Back"

ROBERT H. HASSLER, Inc., 1375 Naomi St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Canadian Factory: Hamilton, Ontario

A Standardized Quality Product—Worth the Price


HASSLER SHOCK ABSORBER PATENTED
CONICAL SPRING AT THIS ANGLE PREVENTS SIDESWAY
STOP ON LEVER PREVENTS UP THROW
SOFT AND RESILIENT ACTION DOWNWARD
TRADE MARK



HASSLERS *for all* Ford Passenger Cars

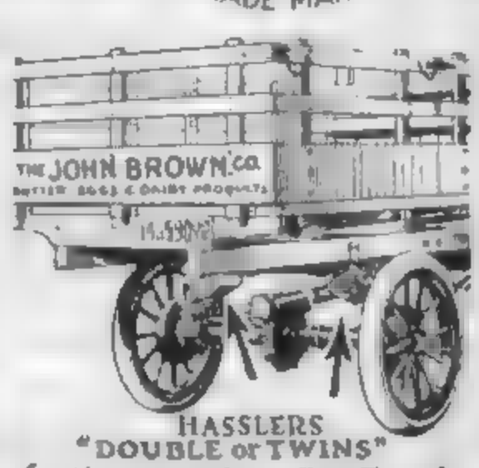
HASSLER

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Shock Absorbers

PATENTED

THE conical springs set at the angle shown prevent sideway and allow for the most resilient downward action. The springs compress on either upward or downward movements—do not stretch out of shape—do not allow up-throw. Hasslers last as long as the Ford and make it last.



HASSLERS "DOUBLE or TWINS" *for the* Ford One Ton Truck

MARLIN-ROCKWELL INDUSTRIES

Production Multiplied Over Seven Times

SRB

Single Row Double Row

ANNULAR BALL BEARINGS

BY January, 1920, capacity of production of S. R. B. Ball Bearings will be seven times as great as in January, 1919, at which time production had been already restored to a normal and satisfactory basis after the curtailment of manufacture during the war.

STEP by step in anticipation of the fast mounting requirements of automobile, truck, tractor and other industries, S. R. B. production has been and is being aggressively brought up, as results of improved facilities, plant extensions and increased equipment. All this with every care to maintain the quality which has made S. R. B. Bearings integral parts of those passenger and commercial vehicles and tractors whose names are instantly thought of as leaders in their respective fields.

IN view of the great proportions which the manufacture and sales of S. R. B. Bearings are assuming, it has been determined to combine the various properties engaged therein into a new company to be known as Standard Steel and Bearings Incorporated. This company consolidates into one operating unit the Braeburn Steel Company, Pittsburgh, where all the High-Chrome-High-Carbon Steel for S. R. B. Bearings is made; the Standard Roller Bearing Company, Philadelphia, and the Plainville and other New England plants which are producing and being brought into production on S. R. B. Bearings.

STANDARD STEEL AND BEARINGS Incorporated

Standard Roller Bearing Company — Braeburn Steel Company

Owned and Operated by

MARLIN-ROCKWELL CORPORATION

Executive Offices:
347 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK

BLACK SHEEP

(Continued from Page 38)

together three days aren't very formidable. I have Doctor Dill's affidavit about the scar on the man's chin and so on. You can examine my chin with a microscope if you like. I'll tell you, if you care to know, I was never in Billingtown, Nebraska, in my life. I pensioned William Pomeroy for my own reasons. You two can get out now. If you ever lift a finger against me I'll smash you if it breaks me."

He spoke coolly, looking straight at them, and as they still stood paralyzed, he added after a brief moment, "That's all! Get out!" He moved to the table and pressed a call button on the corner of it.

Quite mechanically McMurtry and Morden turned to the door. As they stepped into the anteroom the guard came up, answering Dinsmore's ring, and they heard Dinsmore say to him, "Thank you; it's no matter now."

They found themselves on the broad sidewalk. It was the same thronged busy street, the same towering buildings, the same June sunshine up above; nothing had changed—hardly even the Board of Trade clock which showed only two minutes past three. But for all that, it was an utterly different world, in which the two pedestrians couldn't find themselves.

"Purcell sold us out," Morden muttered ominously.

But the lawyer's mind was not so stunned as that. He perceived that the crux of the matter lay in an entirely different direction.

"That damned smooth chin!" he said blankly. "He has got Dill's affidavit—about the scar and so on. The scar's all through it. I don't make it out—yet."

They moved automatically up the street, suddenly shipwrecked and vaguely groping for a new bearing. But they found none.

"That damned smooth chin!" McMurtry muttered again as they entered his office building.

Meanwhile Dinsmore had turned to Purcell saying: "Of course they would have swindled you. You're a young man. You can do better than tie up with blacklegs. I'm willing to drop this where it stands. But this thing started with you—I know that. Pomeroy went to you with his story. I'm going to hold you responsible. If the thing ends here, very well; I've nothing more to say. But I meant exactly what I said when I told them I'd stand no more nonsense about it. I shall look to you. You're young; you must have ability or you wouldn't have that newspaper position. Go straight and you've nothing to be afraid of."

Half paralyzed, Purcell, heart in boots, could only stammer abjectly: "I shouldn't have got into it, Mr. Dinsmore. I was tempted ——"

"Of course," said Dinsmore, not unkindly. "Buck up now! Go straight! You've nothing to be afraid of if you do. But you started this. I'm going to hold you responsible for the other two. Keep your eye on them."

"I will," said Purcell shakily.

Dinsmore smiled and replied: "Good luck to you. That's all."

So Purcell also found himself out in a familiar yet quite strange street; but somehow—unlike McMurtry and Morden—feeling tremendously grateful, as though he had barely escaped a dire peril.

As Purcell left, Dinsmore started to follow, but he paused on his way to the door and put his hand up to his face; then smiled as he realized the beard was gone. Taking up the telephone from the table he called his house. The butler answered and Dinsmore gave him this message:

"Tell Mrs. Dinsmore and Louise that I'm coming home at once and bringing them a surprise."

The two women were expecting him therefore when he drove up to the house an hour later and as he stepped into the living room his wife uttered a prolonged note of amazement.

"Why, Al-fred Dins-more!" She sprang up and ran to him, laughing in a joyous excitement and exclaiming: "Why, Alf! When did you do it? Why didn't you tell me you were going to? You know I always wanted you to!" And she fell upon him, shaking him and hugging him, feeling his smooth cheek with her hand, still bubbling happy laughter and exclamations. "You might have told me! Oh, I'm so glad you've got that old beard off! I told you it would make you younger—and handsomer! Doesn't he look just a boy again, Lou?" She turned her shining face to her daughter and at once gave a new note of surprise: "Why, Louie! Silly child, what are you crying for?"

Mysteriously the tall young woman seemed transformed back into a small child as she stood looking at her father, tears running down her face.

"I don't know," she murmured, and gave a helpless little laugh through her tears; "only I'm glad!" She silently put an arm round her father's neck and laid a cheek against his. Then she rubbed her hand over his chin and kissed it and murmured again with a helpless little laugh through her tears, "I'm glad!"

"Foolish Louie!" said her mother, herself sympathetically moved almost to tears by something mysteriously childlike in her daughter's emotion. She turned to her husband, bubbling again, "I told you it would make you years younger! Why didn't you tell me?"

Smiling, Dinsmore explained that he'd been thinking of shaving his beard for sometime, but he hadn't told her, because he wished to surprise her; and as husband and wife talked a moment in that strain Dinsmore was furtively regarding his daughter.

"Come! Let's show your mother—and Cousin Elliot too!" Mrs. Dinsmore cried, slipping a pretty hand under her husband's arm.

From where they stood in the living room they could see Mrs. Dinsmore, Senior, and Cousin Elliot sitting out on the lawn looking at the lake—the aged woman so blanched and frail she seemed a barely embodied spirit, and Cousin Elliot gravely happy in a new brown-linen suit.

"No, wait a bit," Dinsmore replied. "I want her to be prepared a little beforehand. Mother's too old for any shocks You find a way to do it, Nell."

So a little later Mrs. Dinsmore left them. Through the east windows they saw her move across the lawn toward the older pair—a pleasing, gracious figure.

"So you approve it?" Dinsmore said to his daughter in a light tone, smiling a little, but watching her closely.

"Yes, daddy," she murmured, and leaned against his shoulder, her eyes downcast.

He considered a moment—recalling the evening before—dropped the light tone and asked soberly, "Perhaps you've heard something, Louie—something about that beard."

"Yes," she answered.

He waited a moment again and said: "It occurred to me last night—though I couldn't imagine how."

"I've been thinking of it all the time," she said, low, with downcast eyes, "whether or not I ought to tell you. Maybe you ought to know. My maid, Jenny, left to-day."

He could make nothing coherent out of those disjointed hints, but he could form a vague surmise. He took her hand, kissed it and tucked it under his arm, saying, "Let's go upstairs."

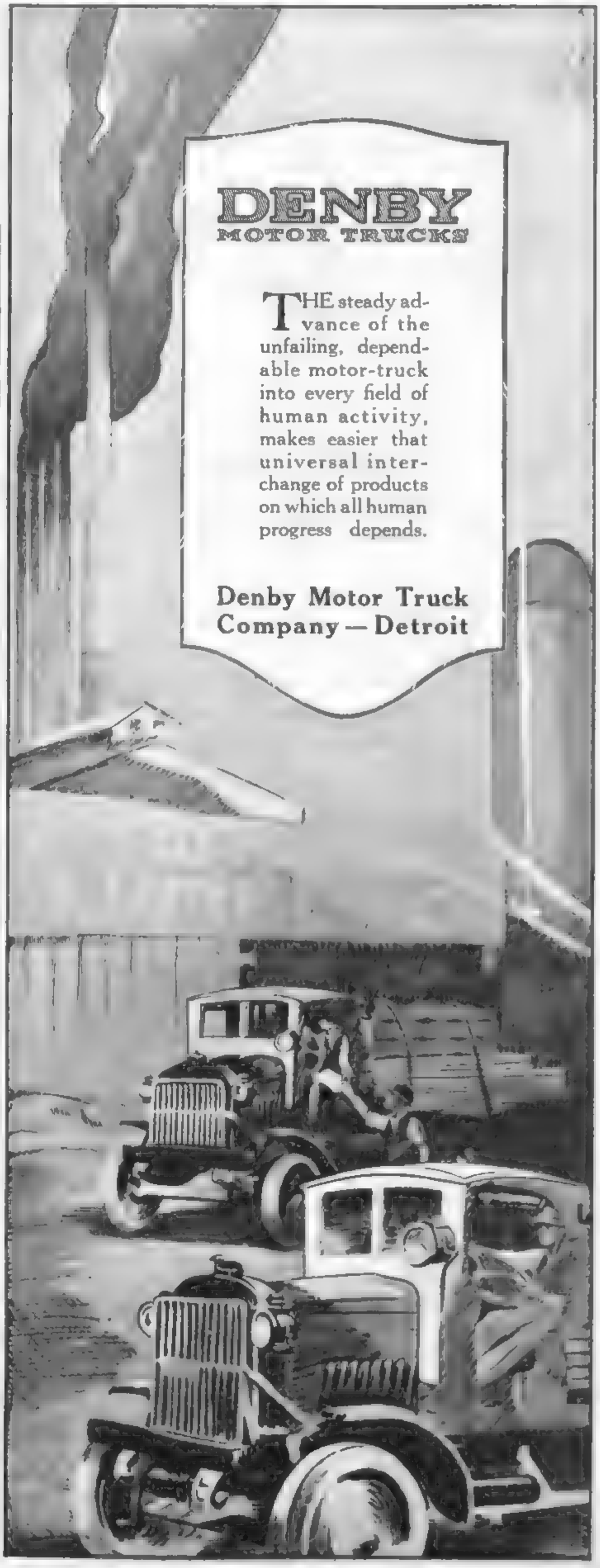
Up in his den she preferred to sit at his feet, where—looking steadily out at the lake—she repeated Jenny Dupee's story, concluding—in the same hushed voice, "I've been thinking of it ever since—whether I ought to tell you. It seemed you ought to know."

He had listened to the recital without comment or motion and was silent a moment after she had finished.

"I see," he said. "Well, it was high time. I should have cleaned this thing up long ago. I didn't kill that man, Lou. I was never in Billingtown, Nebraska, where he was killed—but maybe I wasn't very far from it in one way. I wasn't very steady as a youth. I played poker and did plenty of other fool things.

"Suppose, now, I'd got into a great mess at home and struck out at random, without any money to speak of, and so on. Suppose I had fallen in with a certain gang of older men.

"I've wondered a thousand times, if all the circumstances had been right, just how much I would have balked at a proposition to rob a country bank—all easy and safe, a lark. I hope to God I would have balked! I think I would. Yet I've wondered a thousand times—if all the circumstances had been just right and it had struck me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MOTOR TRUCKS
THE steady advance of the unfailing, dependable motor-truck into every field of human activity, makes easier that universal interchange of products on which all human progress depends.
Denby Motor Truck Company — Detroit

BEEMAN'S

ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

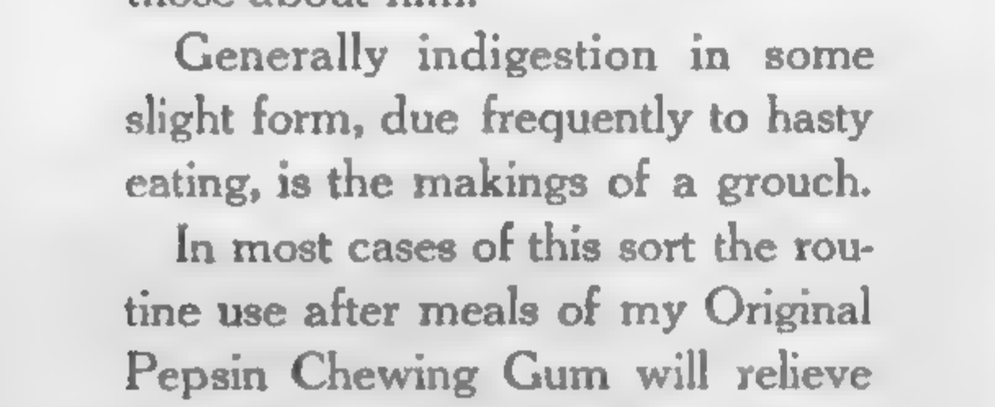
Increases Efficiency

WHEN a man is irritable and annoyed by little things his efficiency is greatly diminished, because under these conditions he cannot do his best work, nor can he get the best work out of those about him.

Generally indigestion in some slight form, due frequently to hasty eating, is the makings of a grouch.

In most cases of this sort the routine use after meals of my Original Pepsin Chewing Gum will relieve the indigestion and restore the temper of the individual to a calm, normal condition.

Beeman



AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

New York Toronto Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

like robbing an apple orchard on a bigger scale. I've got a great fault, dear girl—I'm not enough afraid.

"Four men robbed that bank. The leader was named Colby—a county-fair faker and great rascal. There was a negro named William Pomeroy who was a sort of man Friday and bodyguard of his. And there was a man who lived out there in Billingtown named Sykes. Then there was a young man whom they called Tom Wilson. The cashier surprised them at it—came on them suddenly, it seems. Wilson fired—in sheer panic, no doubt—and killed him. But the cashier wounded Wilson and he was taken to Sykes' house where a Doctor Dill attended him.

"Years afterward Colby and Pomeroy concluded that I was Tom Wilson. I let them think so. I paid them money. Pomeroy came here to the house every month and got six hundred dollars. I don't know just why, but Pomeroy, the negro, got dissatisfied. He was afraid of Colby—with very good reason. No doubt Colby kept most of the blackmail money—gave Pomeroy what he judged the negro ought to have. Pomeroy got dissatisfied; he wanted to get hold of some money for himself and get away. That must have been running in his head a long time—how he could manage to do that without Colby finding it out until he'd got the money and disappeared.

"It's hard to tell just what goes on in the mind of a man like Pomeroy—a good deal like trying to dig back into the mind of a monkey. He was childishly ignorant in a good many ways, yet with a kind of simian shrewdness too. Well, he saw in the newspapers about my libel suit against the Leader. He thought the Leader would be anxious to get any kind of a hold over me. So he actually went up to the Leader office and asked for the editor and was shown in to a sort of amateur rogue named Purcell, the managing editor. This fellow Purcell got him to tell his story, but the negro demanded some sort of bond first, so Purcell—gauging his man—wrote out an absurd promise to pay him a hundred thousand dollars in case he felt like it, for that's what it amounted to, and signed J. Wesley Tully's name to it.

"You see, it was two blockheads and amateur rogues, but one with a better education than the other.

"So Purcell went with the story to a blackleg lawyer named McMurtry, who called in a blackleg detective named Morden, and the two proposed to blackmail me for a few millions. The detective went out to Nebraska and found Doctor Dill—a sad old wreck, all shot to pieces with drink and drugs—and brought him here. He cheerfully identified me as Tom Wilson. Then McMurtry came up here and demanded a quarter of a million dollars and I agreed to pay him seventy-five thousand the following day, which I did. I had to gain time to cast round and see how I could protect myself.

"You see, Pomeroy—with that curious kind of ignorant shrewdness of his—had said that John Colby was dead. I gathered from what McMurtry said, he even charged me with having killed him in some way or other. Pomeroy was mortally afraid of Colby and was shrewd enough to know that if these other fellows knew Colby was alive they'd probably insist on bringing him into it. So he told them Colby was dead. Of course he wasn't at all. He was living here at Luke's Hotel under the name of James Collingwood. Probably he'd got into a very bad scrape somewhere and thought it best to keep an assumed name. I don't know anything about it, but that's the reasonable presumption. When McMurtry began talking to me I saw he must have been talking to Colby or Pomeroy. When he said Colby was dead I concluded it must have been Pomeroy and that Pomeroy was keeping it dark from Colby.

"Well, I wanted to shut Pomeroy up and get him out of the blackmailers' reach, and I was satisfied he was acting behind Colby's back. So, soon after McMurtry left the house—as soon as I had studied it over and come to that conclusion—I went downtown and looked up Colby. I knew where he was apt to be found—a poker joint, in fact—and I changed my clothes, for I didn't want to attract attention in that neighborhood. Well, I found Colby and told him what had happened, and was more than ever satisfied that Pomeroy was acting on his own hook. I said he must find Pomeroy at once and get him out of town where the blackmailers couldn't reach him and then we'd think of a counterstroke against them. He agreed to that.

"It would take some money of course, for they would be cut off from the base of supplies for a while. I said I would go over to a hotel and engage a room and wait for him there, while he found Pomeroy and got ready to leave town. This was half past ten or eleven at night, you know—not a very good time to raise cash. I went over to the club and got what little cash they had there and found a young chap who knows the way about town at night. He went out scouting for me. The upshot was I got twenty-three thousand dollars. Then I went over to the hotel and waited for Colby. It was sometime between two and three in the morning when he appeared. I noticed that he had changed his clothes and seemed shaken and had been drinking a good deal.

"He said it had taken him a good while to find Pomeroy and Pomeroy had been disposed to bluff him off at first, but finally had confessed and agreed to leave town. Pomeroy had told Colby about his deal with Purcell and given him that strange document which pretended to promise a hundred thousand dollars. Colby showed it to me and I kept it. That's how I knew of the part Purcell was playing in it.

"That was Colby's story. He and Pomeroy were all ready to leave town then, he said. I gave him the money and he went out. The talk took some time and I wanted to think a while. When I looked at my watch it was twenty minutes past three and too late to go home, so I slept at the hotel and had some different clothes sent down to the office in the morning."

He laid his hand on his daughter's head and was silent a long moment and cleared his throat.

"Louie, dear, Colby must have killed Pomeroy that night."

She gave a sharp little gasp, lifting her face on which the shock was registered, and clutched his hand.

"He must have killed him," he repeated. "It must have been Colby. From the circumstances, I'm satisfied he found Pomeroy and talked to him just about as he told me and made him agree to leave town. They must have left Pomeroy's lodging house together by the back door—Pomeroy's suitcase packed ready to travel. It seems there's a dark area back of the lodging house—next the alley. Pomeroy must have tried to break away there. There must have been a fight. I tell myself that Pomeroy suddenly attacked Colby to throw him off and break away. Colby struck him with a knife. I must have it that it happened in a sort of self-defense. When it happened I've no idea. Colby changed his clothes and came to me and got the money and left.

"The blackmailers traced that out and charged it up to me. How much I'm chargeable with it, I'll know at judgment day; but I know I never thought of it beforehand.

"Well, Pomeroy and Colby were gone. There remained Doctor Dill. I contrived that he should make an affidavit identifying me as Tom Wilson and describing the scar on Wilson's chin. Then I shaved my beard and showed them my chin. I calculate that checkmates Doctor Dill. They're checkmated all round and know it. As I told them this afternoon, if they ever wag a finger against me again I'll smash them. I'm going to be done with it for good and all. I ought to have been done with it long ago. If I had cleaned it up long ago I wouldn't have this bad thought of how much I'm to blame for the poor devil, Pomeroy. I ought to have done it long ago.

"Of course you're wondering why I didn't. You've got to know it all now. You know I had an older brother, Arthur."

The fact of her dead uncle had been in her mind as far back as she could remember—a fact to which only the faintest, most vicarious sort of emotion attached, as she had never seen him. But with a sudden prickling of the nerves now she breathed, "Yes." Her father pondered a moment before resuming.

"Some day science will know what to do with beings like him, but it doesn't now. He was two years older, and as far back as I can remember I knew there was something wrong about him. There was something wrong in his brain—a grounded circuit. Looking back at it now, I'd hardly say he was vicious. It was hardly that. There was a patch somewhere in his brain that was hardly more than idiotic. A bad boy was what they said about him then—what they would say about him now. Yet in many

(Concluded on Page 185)

Makes Your Face Feel Fine

How the Double Bevel Blade Gives You a New Idea of Shaving

by A·C·Penn

DO you know why you're dissatisfied with your shaving? Do you know why you go on trying razor after razor?

Do you know why you try to cultivate resignation each day when your roughened skin shrinks away from your harsh razor edge?

I am going to tell you why.

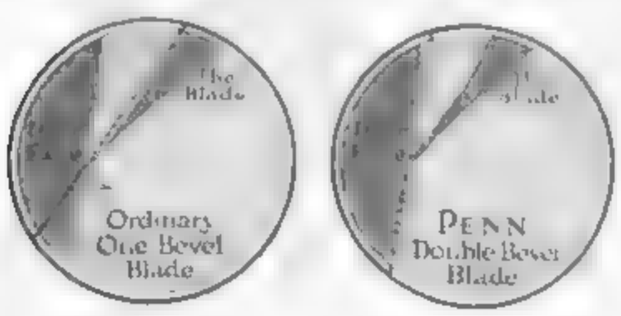
▣ ▣ ▣

It's because you have not yet used a razor blade which shaves off the beard *and nothing else.*

▣ ▣ ▣

The difference between a cut, a scrape and a shave is less than 1-1000 of an inch!

The Double-Bevel on the Penn Blade takes care of this 1-1000th.



Comparison showing the reason why the Penn Double-Bevel Blade does not dig into the skin.

One day, some years ago, in a little side-street shop in a European city I bought a hand-ground razor.

When I shaved with it, I could hardly feel the edge.

After I had finished, my face actually felt better than before I shaved.

And when I touched my face, the skin felt so smooth that I kept running my hand over my cheek.

I went back to that small shop

A. C. Penn, who found and developed the Double-Bevel Blade

and asked the owner how he produced such a remarkable edge. This is what he told me:

"When a razor scrapes and leaves your face sore, that's because it is taking off some of the skin along with the beard. The blade is carried into the surface of the skin by the pressure necessary to go through the beard.

"In grinding my razors, I add an *extra bevel*—very narrow—you can hardly see it—right close to the edge.

"This bevel lifts up the edge, keeping it *flat* against the face, so that it shaves the beard evenly but does *not* sink into the skin."

"That's why you got a shave that left your face feeling so good."

▣ ▣ ▣

I saw immediately that this was the razor edge that thousands of men were looking for.

When I came home, I started the work of applying this double-bevel principle to the safety razor blade—which has to be very thin and has to be machine ground. It was no easy problem.

Now, after years of study and painstaking experiment, I have it.

▣ ▣ ▣

Unless you are willing to get a Penn Razor and try the Penn Double-Bevel Blade, you will not believe that any razor edge can actually make your face feel *fine* after shaving.

But when you do do this, you'll be the happiest shaver going. And—like every other Penn shaver—you'll go around telling all your friends about your discovery.

▣ ▣ ▣

Penn Double-Bevel Blades fit all models of Penn Razors. The new Penn *Adjustable* Razor and ten Double-Bevel Blades in leather case, $5. Penn Shaving Sets, including Adjustable Razor, ten blades and Honing Strop, in leather case, $7.50 and $10.

If the store where you usually trade has not stocked Penn Adjustable Razors, write us. We'll tell you where to get one.

New Model Penn Razor, instantly adjustable to all types of beard.

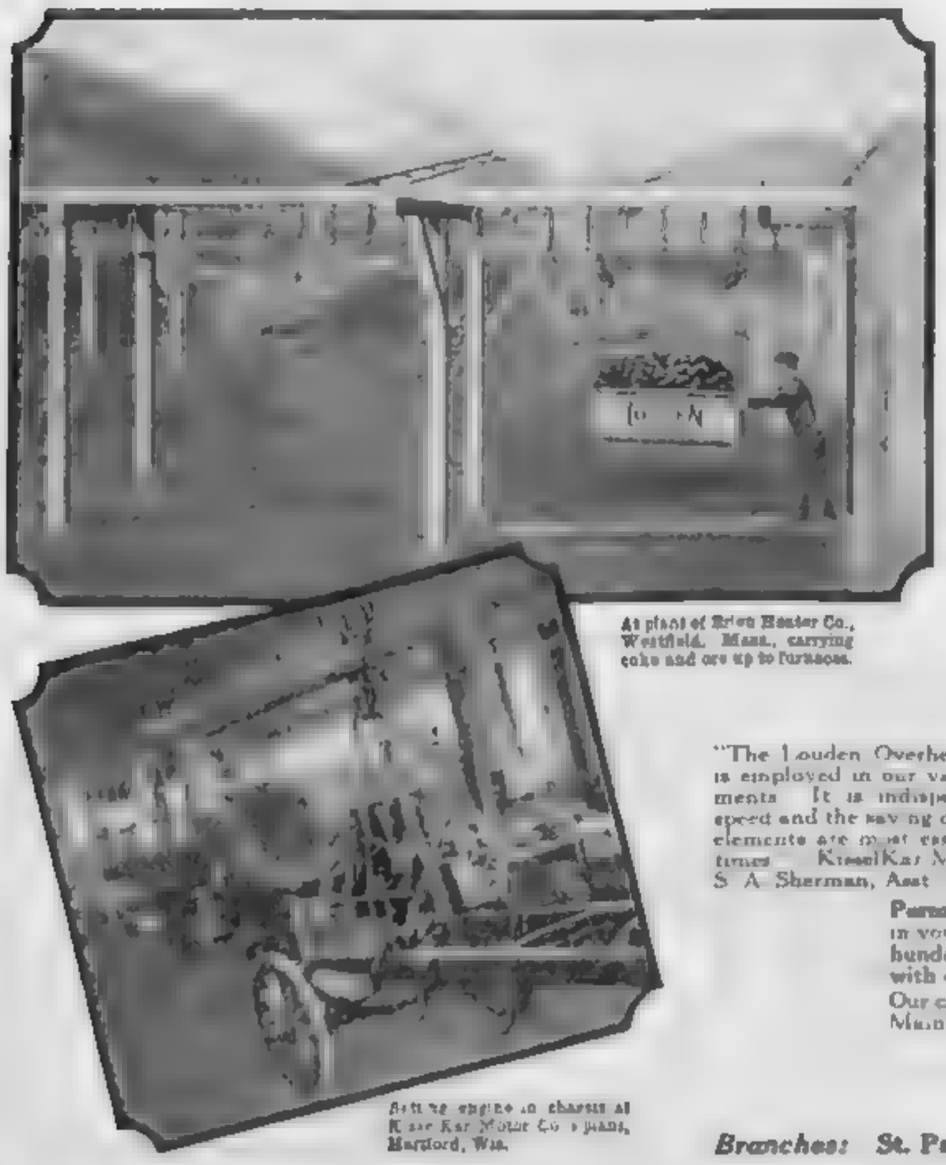
Penn Razor ADJUSTABLE

"With the Double Bevel Blades"

A. C. PENN, Inc., Singer Building, New York

LOUDEN

OVERHEAD CARRYING SYSTEM



At plant of Brien Heater Co., Westfield, Mass., carrying coke and ore up to furnaces.

Setting engine on chassis at Kissel Kar Motor Co.'s plant, Hartford, Wis.

For Any Kind of Lifting and Conveying Work From 40 to 4000 Pounds

Regardless of whether it is for conveying rolls, crates or bundles of paper in printing plants, paper mills or store rooms, or adapting itself to lifting and carrying requirements in tire plants, foundries, automobile factories, machine shops, assembling plants, textile mills, flour mills, canning factories, packing houses, tractor plants, railroad warehouses, or garages, Louden Overhead Carrying Equipment shows the same big saving of man power, the same speeding up of work and the scores of other advantages that make it so popular. It lifts and carries any kind or any shape of material equally well and equally economical.

Big Advantages Which Make Louden Overhead Carrying Equipment So Popular

1—Remarkably low initial cost—pays a dividend of from 50% to 300% every year.

2—Quick and easy installation—track bent cold on the job to meet any service requirement—no engineering

3—Leaves floors and aisles entirely clear—prevents congestion, accidents, breakage.

4—Takes up little space on ceiling.

5—Has a wide range of usage—accommodates itself to any existing condition or carrying requirement.

6—Goes where trucks can not go—solves conveying problems difficult of solution by any other method.

7—As efficient and profitable carrying coal or ashes in boiler room as it is handling raw material, machinery parts, or finished product in factory or warehouse.

8—Handles 40 pounds or 4000 pounds with equal safety—picks up load anywhere, carries and deposits it exactly where wanted.

EXPRESSIONS OF APPROVAL FROM LEADING MANUFACTURERS

"The Louden Overhead Carrying Equipment is employed in our various assembling departments. It is indispensable where efficiency, speed and the saving of labor are desired which elements are most essential in these strenuous times.—KisselKar Motor Co., Hartford, Wis. S. A. Sherman, Asst. Purch. Mgr.

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(Concluded from Page 182)

moods he could be kind and fond—kinder and fonder than most boys.

"Arthur struck out at random and fell in with Colby and helped rob the bank and shot the cashier—a child or a moral idiot with a gun. And after a while—being terribly frightened, wanting comfort and protection, and with the same sort of mental incompetence—he confessed the whole thing to his mother. Only the crooked brain that made him really irresponsible as a child could have made him do that. But he did it."

In the silence a great sigh escaped him.

"You can imagine partly how it was with her. When you have borne a child and cuddled it against your breast you can imagine it all. He had been her cross—to which she clung. Always to her, you see, he had been her crippled child—her hurt babe—with that terrible wrong thing in his brain. My mother has loved me, Louie, as normal mothers love their children, but not with that poignancy of love which she felt for him. When she found out what he had done she could see only one thing—her afflicted flesh and blood bound and led to a gallows, a rope tied round his neck and the life choked out of him. It was a thought she could not endure. There is a passion to shield him which she has lived on for thirty years.

"Colby was partly right, you see. The name was Dinsmore. In time he found her and blackmailed her—an easy prey, with her overwhelming terror. He blackmailed her for years before I knew about it. When I did know I would have defied him and fought it out right there, but she simply could not bear that. As we talked it over—I insisting—I saw that the idea of fighting it out—standing a trial if necessary—was just death to her. She simply could not endure the risk. Though that shot had been fired many years before, the thing hadn't at all died down in her mind. Her conscience wouldn't let it. A murder had been done.

"The hangman stood at her door day and night. It was an overwhelming terror. Of course I had to yield—and have paid blackmail ever since."

"Even when he was so long dead?" she said in wonder.

"He was sent away to a sanatorium and we said he was dead," her father replied; "for that trouble in his brain grew—mercifully, no doubt—until he became altogether childish. Look!"

He was pointing to the window. Looking downward she saw her gracious mother, her white grandmother and Cousin Elliot, sedately happy in his new linen suit. Her startled eyes came back to her father's face.

"Not——" she began incredulously, but could not finish.

He nodded, saying: "If he shaved his beard you would see the scar. As long as he lives she will have the same terror and the same passion to shield him. When I first heard of the blackmail I tried to show her there could be no danger—beyond a terribly unpleasant newspaper sensation, and so on—for he was then just as he is now. But she could not endure having it brought up. You see, my brother really is dead, Louie. Whatever there was of a responsible being at the time the shot was fired died long ago. For many years there has only been an overgrown infant—with once in a while a shadowy sort of recollection. But she couldn't endure having it brought up at all. And as I looked at it, there was, after all, only the disagreeable little business of dealing with an old rascal of a blackmailer. The money didn't matter at all. I said Colby should have his dirty money and she should suffer no more shocks.

"You know, he is her flesh and blood. She takes the sin to herself—if it was a sin for a being with his crooked brain. I think when she has shielded him here she means to offer herself in expiation hereafter. I think, too, Hereafter says she has already expiated whatever sin there was.

"I'm confident it's settled now for her. All these blacklegs wanted was money out of me. With me showing a smooth chin, they have no trail to follow, for their whole story hung on a scarred chin. Of course my wearing a beard just happened at first; then I kept it because I was used to it. Maybe it pleased me to wear a beard when most men went smooth faced. But afterward, when I heard about the blackmail, I kept it purposely, because it was a red herring across the trail. As long as they were looking to me they wouldn't be looking for another Dinsmore. In that way it protected her.

"They had me in a disagreeable place. I played a game with them and at what I thought the right moment shaved my beard for checkmate. I'm confident they are too discouraged now to go further. They might possibly try to find Colby; but he has three days' start and is an old hand at dodging. Of course they've no interest in finding him unless they can get me, and their case against me has collapsed. I'm not afraid of them.

"You see, when I learned about this blackmail I said that, after all, it was only a question of some little annoyance and paying some money that didn't matter to me in the least. Seeing how my mother felt, I said I'd just buy Colby off and have done with it. But probably it's only grocery bills that money will really settle. It finally let me in for this bad Pomeroy affair.

"I'm chargeable with something there. My hands aren't really clean. You can't do dirty business and keep clean."

She saw that he was moved, and said, "But you never meant it, father."

"No, I never meant it; but it happened all the same. I'm chargeable with something. There's a smudge on my hands—and a bad thing to think of. I haven't been a good man, daughter. I've been too headstrong and confident—too reckless, I suppose. I came up here to Chicago and went on the Board of Trade. Of course the grain business was what I knew about. It was my father's business. I liked the excitement and the risk. I liked to win. Your mother can tell you that I got my name in the newspapers as a daring operator and all that. It wasn't very good for me."

She saw that he was moved, and he laid his hand on her head.

"When you were a little girl, four years old, I gave up all that. On your account I didn't want it. I said I'd get into something steadier. But finally I had to quarrel with you over young Proctor, who's probably a very good fellow too. I might have done a lot better than I have done, Louie."

"It was my fault that we quarreled, dear," she said contritely, and kissed his hand. And for a little while they talked in happy reconciliation. Presently, clasping his hand and looking toward the window, she said: "I have a little story to tell too—I love Ned."

Having told that much, she looked up at him and told the rest—her mistake about Lowell Winthrop; how fine and steadfast Edward Proctor had shown himself in adversity; how with that miserable old misunderstanding in her mind she had suspected her father of hiring a spy and Edward Proctor had defended him. Then they talked further of that most intimate subject father and daughter could talk about. Finally she said—coaxing, half doubtful, but with a precious hope:

"Do you think, father—I might make him a beautiful present—might bring him a very beautiful marriage gift?"

"And what would that be?" he asked.

"To pay off those savings-bank depositors. It's about seven hundred thousand dollars."

He smiled at her upturned face and replied: "We'll talk that over with him."

(THE END)

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A tire that has all of the advantages of the pneumatic with none of the disadvantages. *Its wonderful resiliency saves the truck—saves the load.*

It *wears*—and *wears*—and *wears* because it does not burn itself up.

The cellular construction of this tire keeps it cool; gives it pneumatic qualities; prevents skidding.

There isn't a tire made, solid or pneumatic, that will do more for you or your truck.

Let us explain these practical, scientific features.

Dealers to Serve you Everywhere

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AKRON, OHIO

Dealers:

A Swinehart agency is the banner proposition of them all. Fewer comebacks, glad customers, and an absolutely A-1 tire. Better get our proposition at once.

When the bones in your arches drop down—

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Fallen arches, commonly called *flat foot*, cause pain in the feet, ankles, calves, thighs, and sometimes in the back. This condition, *also nearly every other form of foot trouble*—such as run-over heels or callouses on the sole—is the result of a weakness in the structure of the foot.

The large illustration above shows the proper formation of the arch in your foot. And in the smaller X-Ray view, you see the extreme stage of flat-foot. As the arch falls, the undue pressure of the displaced bones produces a painful strain on ligaments and nerves. Foot pains are *signals* of foot weakness. At the first indication of foot discomfort, you should have your feet examined by a qualified Orthopraxic expert. He will give you immediate relief—and remove the *causes* of your foot trouble.

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The Wizard method of foot relief is entirely and exclusively *different*. With Wizard soft leather inserts in overlapping pockets—flexible, feather-light a comfortable support is built under the displaced foot bones, holding them up in their natural formation. Your foot structure regains its proper conditions. All pain *stops*. Whatever your foot trouble, get *Wizard foot relief*. It is complete and lasting.

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Write us for Free Booklet explaining the exclusive principle of the Wizard Foot Relief Method

Wizard Foot Appliance Co.
1687 Locust St. St. Louis

THE WATER'S FINE

(Continued from Page 17)

to the Wyalusing, Pennsylvania, Rocket. You're goin' to make all the rest of them look like shrinkin' violets on a foggy afternoon when I finish up with you. You just wait and see."

"How long have I got to wait, Jimmy?" ventured Lolita, who was adrift in the realms of fancy, carried thither by the soothing cadences of Jimmy's voice.

"Only until some afternoon when this June Delight person fails to show up. I hear she's talkin' of layin' off for a few days. If that doesn't happen by the middle of next week I'll get to her chauffeur and frame it so that she misses the show. Then we'll pull the big act. If you'll promise not to talk about it even in your sleep I'll hand you a little advance information on the subject."

Only the silent stars and the discreet moon shared Jimmy's confidence with Lolita. Its general tone and tenor lifted that despairing daughter of the plains out of the rut of hopeless striving into which she felt she had fallen and filled her with such anticipatory delight that when she said good-by at the door of her boarding house she impulsively reached forward and kissed him full on the mouth.

"You're a darling!" she murmured.

"I'll take an encore on that, girlie," he replied.

And he did.

II

MISS JUNE DELIGHT summoned Manager McClintock to her dressing room just before the Saturday-night performance and successfully simulated the classic symptoms of impending nervous prostration while she sniffed at a vial of smelling salts and submitted to the ministrations of a tired maid who gently massaged her forehead with her finger tips. Miss Delight in a voice that was barely audible informed the manager that she could not possibly endure the trying ordeal of further performances after that evening without a brief period of rest and that she was leaving for a week's stay at a sanitarium on the following morning.

McClintock gave voice to low moans and flew other signals of distress, but Miss Delight was obdurate to his more or less frenzied expostulations and remarked that though she was disturbed at having to disappoint her dear, lovely, friendly public she felt that her health was the prime consideration. The manager was in a surly mood when he left her to seek out the stage director.

"Who's the understudy?" he inquired.

"She calls herself Lolita Murphy," replied the director, "but I understand there's a certain party connected with the publicity department who calls her even flossier names than that."

"Jimmy's gal, eh?" commented the manager. "Well, she's there with the looks anyway. Has she had a rehearsal?"

"She's been through the thing roughly with the rest of the understudies, but I can have the whole troupe called for to-morrow morning and we can run straight through. We'll get out the dirigible and go through with the rescue stunt. We mustn't fall down on that. The little lady seems to be there with the nerve, but I'd like to try it out."

Jimmy was permitted to break the news to Lolita. He met her after the performance that night and imparted the glad tidings. When he left her he gave her a final word of caution.

"Keep the little old nerve up, girlie," he said earnestly, "and we'll wake up the whole country on Monday morning."

"I'll try, Jimmy," she whispered. "You're just the—well, just the dearest boy I've ever known."

On the following morning Lolita, athrill with excitement and a little nervous, assumed the title rôle in Secret Service Sally at a rehearsal, to the complete satisfaction of McClintock, the stage director, and Jimmy Martin. The latter watched her with adoring eyes and when she successfully essayed the sensational rescue scene he was moved to wild and clamorous applause, which sounded a bit startling in the great empty auditorium. Under Bobby Wilkins' expert direction the big clumsy dirigible was maneuvered round the edge of the roof and Lolita was lifted into the car by the former ace with such adroit ease that the whole thing seemed to be simply part of a casual everyday occurrence. When it was over and Lolita had been safely landed back on earth and had received the congratulations of everyone concerned she drew Jimmy aside and clutched at his arm for support.

"I'm ready to faint," she said weakly. "I believe I would have up on the roof when I saw that big thing coming toward me if that fellow hadn't grabbed me off so quickly."

"You need a little nap," responded Jimmy soothingly. "The worst is over and the best is yet to come. Don't forget that young Mr. Arthur H. Opportunity has a date with you this afternoon and that the big splash is due to-morrow morning. Now you go in and get a little sleep and I'll have a talk with my friend the handsome lieutenant. I fixed things with him last night, but I've got to go over some details again."

A few minutes later the press agent was closeted with Bobby Wilkins in the hangar in which the dirigible was housed. The park gates had just been opened for the day and crowds of holiday merrymakers were surging through them in quest of the fifty-seven varieties of feverish and hectic entertainment which Jollyland provided for those in search of diversion.

III

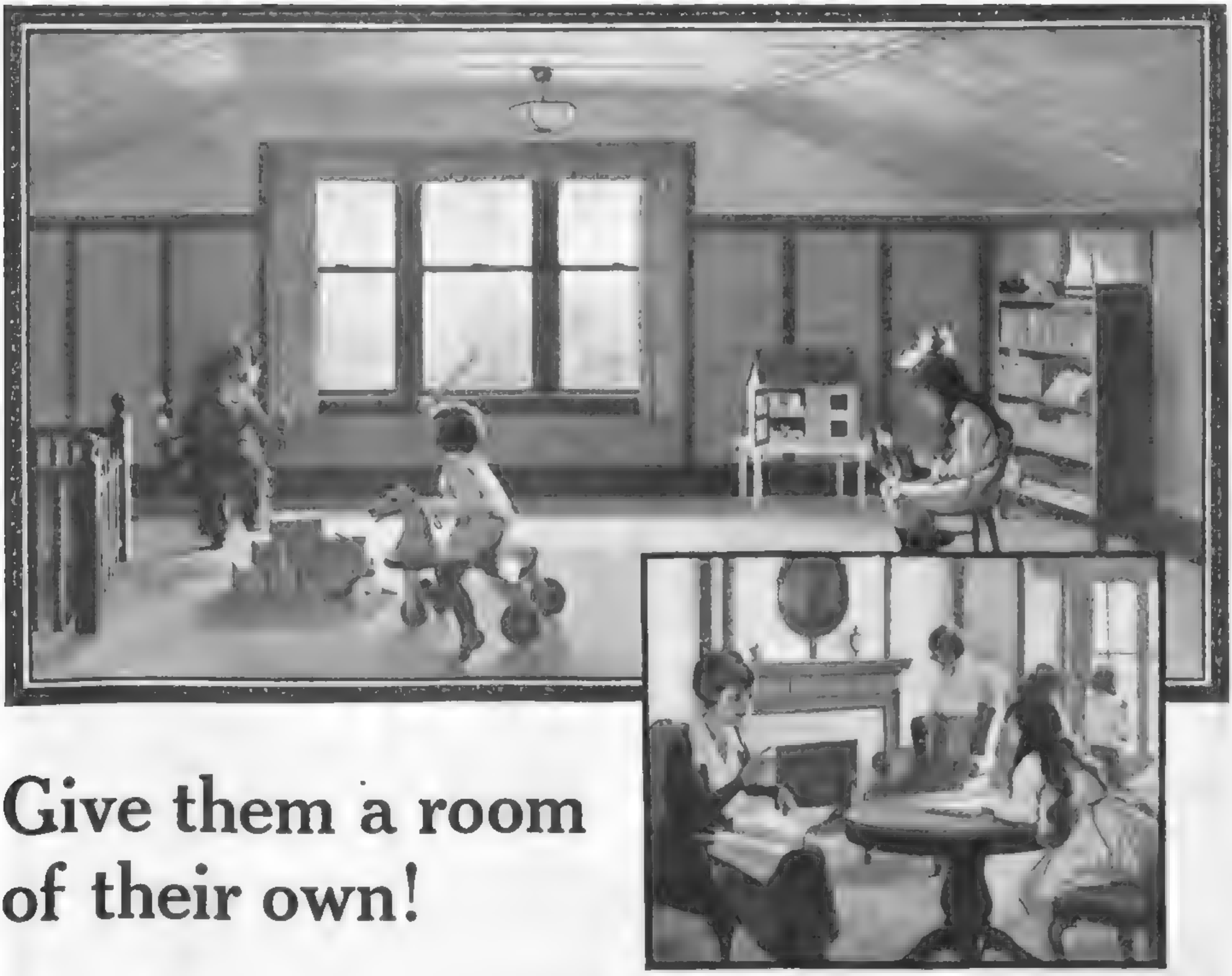
IF ANYONE had called Jimmy Martin a psychotherapist he would promptly have denied the soft impeachment first and then asked for a dictionary and an explanatory blue print. And yet as a direct result of a random idea which had bobbed into his active mind a few weeks before he was unconsciously serving in that capacity for a large and ever-increasing throng of metropolitan society women of varying ages who flocked to Jollyland in search of a new thrill which he had provided. The winding up of war-charity work which had followed close upon the return to these shores of the larger part of the American Army had turned many of these women back upon their own resources; and their innate restless activity, which had found such an altruistic outlet in new channels for several years, now imperiously demanded fresh excitement, and it was this that Jimmy offered them.

On the occasion in question Jimmy had overheard a coy young débutante who was watching a performance of Secret Service Sally remark to a group of friends who accompanied her that she'd just love to go up on the stage and mix with the crowd! That was enough for the press agent. Ten minutes later, during the intermission, he escorted the entire party behind the scenes, and under his guidance they participated in the London episode which concluded the show. They mingled with the crowd of supernumeraries and entered into the proceedings attendant upon the thrilling dirigible rescue with such gusto that the stage manager gave Jimmy carte blanche to encourage the idea.

It happened that in this particular party were several of the socially elect and the papers next morning carried extensive stories chronicling the event, coupled with the announcement that the park management would, throughout the season, be pleased to extend the privilege of participating in the entertainment to other groups who might wish to take advantage of the opportunity for this unusual form of entertainment. Society seized upon the idea voraciously and Jollyland parties gave a new fillip to the summer season at all the Long Island resorts. Elderly matrons of ample girth vied with the members of the younger set in setting the pace, and in many instances came again and again to become a part of the great spectacle. For the first time in its history Jollyland began to figure in the society columns of the daily press, and great was the prestige which Jimmy enjoyed in McClintock's eyes as a result.

The particular luminary of the Long Island season at the moment and the prospective lion of the month of August at Newport was none other than the Hon. Betty Ashley, daughter of the second Lord Norbourne, and the most talked about young woman in English society for a period the beginnings of which antedated the war by several years. Before the great European conflagration the Honorable Betty, though then still in her early twenties, was a European celebrity. Spirited, impulsive and headstrong by nature she had early rebelled against the ultraconservative traditions of her family and had so thoroughly

(Continued on Page 189



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That's what the children hear from morning till night as soon as cold weather begins.

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Give them a room of their own.

A place where they can make all the noise they want to. Where they can play to their hearts' content without danger to walls, floors or furniture.

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In a word, Beaver Board is "manufactured lumber" built up from wood fibre into sturdy substantial panels without a crack, knot or blemish. Weather and moisture proofed by patent *Sealtite* sizing.

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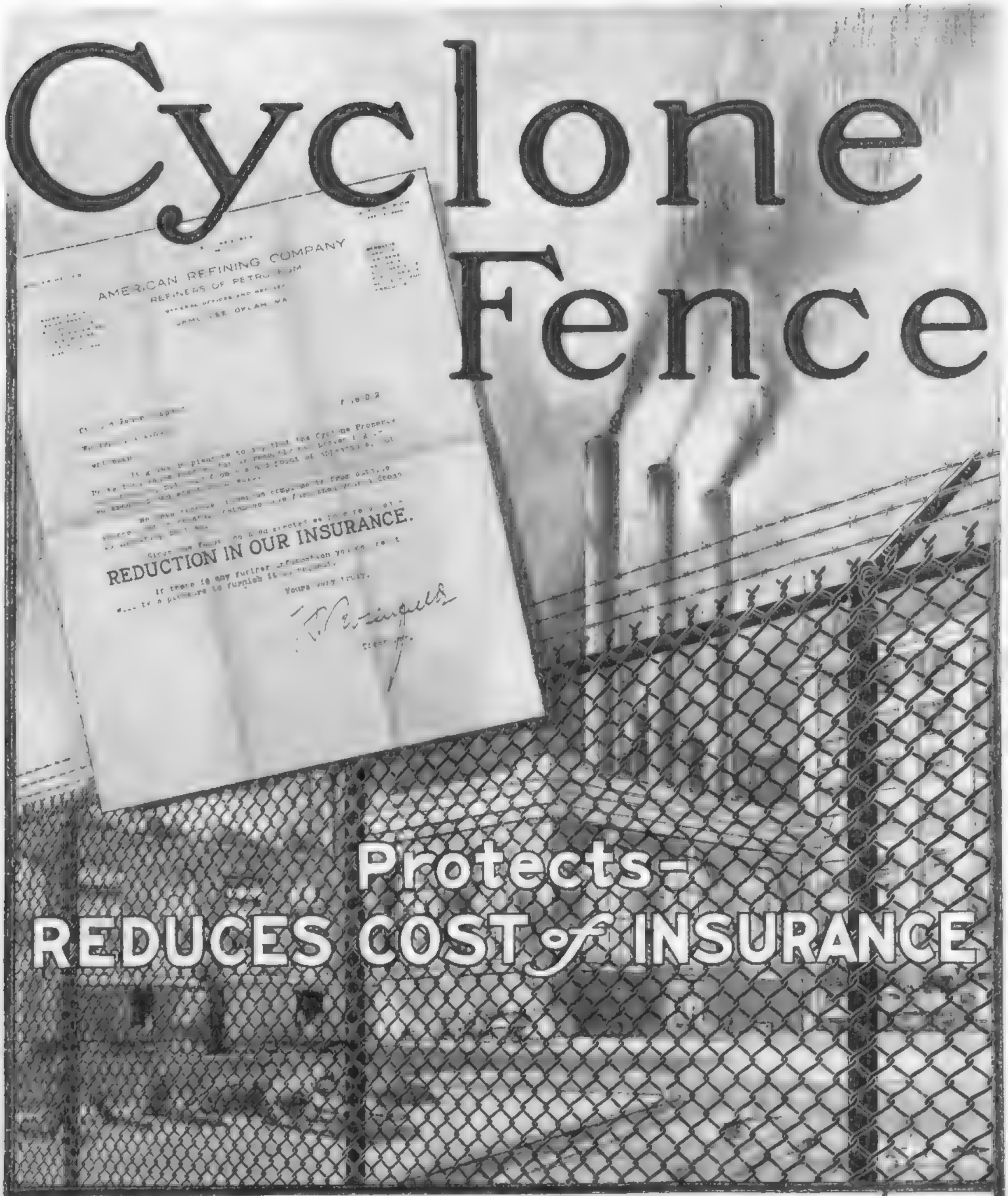

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(Continued from Page 186)

flouted convention that her name was on the tip of the tongue of everyone in the tight little island. She began it by publicly slapping the face of a certain deposed kinglet who had sought refuge and a safe haven in England and whose sole offense had been a mild protestation of love, made at a fashionable garden party.

There had followed her sensational and entirely unarranged presentation of a petition for woman's suffrage to England's monarch himself at a formal court reception—an incident which sent her dignified father to his bed for two weeks; her arrest on suspicion of being implicated in a militant attempt to set fire to the House of Parliament and her subsequent acquittal after she had refused to make any defense against a damaging array of circumstantial evidence; her jilting of the Earl of Maidsley in an explanatory and derisive letter to the Times; her winning of the amateur tennis championship; and a host of other incidents of an unconventional nature

Then the war had come and she had gone over to France in the first months as a motor driver and had still managed to keep in the public eye for five years despite the somewhat considerable amount of attention devoted in the newspapers to the great struggle. She had, for one thing, won a D. S. O. for bravery under fire in the First Battle of Ypres; and she had, for another, been reprimanded in orders for organizing a ball at a certain château occupied by the staff of a certain corps during the absence of the commanding general at a conference at G. H. Q.

Now she had come to the United States for the first time and had materially assisted in putting zest and punch into a round of festive house parties on Long Island given by prominent members of the swiftest-moving coterie of the so-called smart set. Small wonder that when she heard of the expeditions to Jollyland which were enjoying such a vogue she should elect to organize one herself.

"I'm not entirely a rank amateur, my dear," she confided to her hostess when the party was preparing to depart. "I went on for two nights running in the chorus at the Alhambra last winter on a five-pound wager and I'd have stuck it out for a whole week for the fun of it if the pater's blood pressure hadn't been running abnormally high. The old dear would have gone all to smash if he had found out, and he might have if I'd kept on."

The Honorable Betty, her dark beauty set off by a rose-pink silk sweater and a tam-o'-shanter to match, was in the first car of the string of six which disgorged a laughing crowd of merrymakers in front of Jollyland on Sunday afternoon. They made for the big arena immediately, as it was within a few minutes of the advertised time for the ringing up of the curtain on the great spectacle. The Honorable Betty let it be known to an usher, who was duly impressed by her air of authority, that she craved an immediate interview with the manager. McClintock, still disturbed at the defection of the capricious Miss Delight, responded grudgingly; was apprised of the identity and mission of the distinguished visitor, and sought out Jimmy Martin in great excitement. He found the press agent back on the stage.

"Say, young fellow," he said enthusiastically, "I've got a Monday-morning story for you all ready-made and ready to try on! This Betty Ashley who's been grabbing off space all over the world for a long time and who's the big noise with the real folks over here this summer is out in front with a crowd right out of the Social Register and she wants to go on in the London scene. I told her she could. Get busy now and prepare for a general assault on the press."

Jimmy received this intelligence with a glumness that rather annoyed McClintock.

"What did she want to pick out to-day for?" he inquired uneasily.

"What's the matter with to-day? It's the best day possible for a good break for us. The papers are always glad of anything that makes a noise like a story on Sunday. What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothin'," replied Jimmy absent-mindedly; "only I wish she'd waited until the middle of the week. I was kinda figurin' on —— Oh, never mind; it'll be all right."

IV

AN ACUTE observer would have detected signs of suppressed excitement in the general demeanor of Jimmy Martin during the progress of the early scenes of the great spectacle in which Lolita Murphy was essaying the leading rôle for the first time on any stage. He had exchanged his customary cigarette for the solace of a particularly formidable-looking cigar, which he puffed at nervously as he sat in the manager's box with his cap pulled down over his eyes. His whole body was tense and rigid, and though there was a look of adoration in his eyes there was something more—a vague something that seemed to spell apprehension.

Justice compels the admission that Lolita was doing herself proud. She moved through the thrilling situations of Secret Service Sally with the ease and calm assurance of a veteran and more than merited the applause which the vast holiday audience showered on her. When the curtain rose on the final scene—the one depicting the streets of London the audience, keyed up to expectant excitement by the gaudy promises of the program, held its collective breath and Jimmy sank his teeth viciously into what remained of his cigar. McClintock slid into the seat alongside of him.

"That gal of yours is sure making good!" he remarked good-naturedly. "If she goes through to the finish as nicely she'll find a surprise in her envelope on Saturday night. There's that English society dame and her party strolling along just as if they were back in dear old Lunnon. I had Lawrence, the assistant stage manager, go on with 'em to put 'em wise to all the business."

The mimic street on the stage was thronged with a motley crowd of supernumeraries who were supposed to represent the populace of the British metropolis out for an airing on a bank holiday. The rose-pink sweater of the Hon. Betty Ashley was the most conspicuous object in view. That patrician lady bobbed in and out among the others, apparently having the time of her life and urging her friends, with violent pantomime, to enter into the festivities with something akin to her own enthusiasm.

Presently the audience heard a murmur pass through the crowd on the stage and Jimmy's acute ear detected the muffled purr of the motor on the dirigible, which was at that moment maneuvering for position and awaiting its cue two hundred feet in the air just behind the backs of the last row of spectators. The press agent grabbed the railing in front of him and leaned eagerly forward. He was watching the right side of the stage.

A motor car shot out of the wings through a lane in the crowd. In it sat Lolita Murphy in the rôle of queen of the American Secret Service. It was plain that she was simulating great anxiety and that she was being followed. She looked apprehensively over her shoulder and the audience could catch excited shouts of "Stop her! Stop her!" A gigantic bobby stepped directly in the path ahead of the car and drew his revolver. The chauffeur pulled a lever and the car stopped abruptly. A man on a motorcycle came dashing up.

"Arrest her!" he shouted and he sprang from the saddle. "She's a German spy from the Wilhelmstrasse."

Lolita looked about furtively, poised herself for just a moment and then leaped out of the car, overturning an athletic super and making for a doorway as the crowd broke into frenzied cries of "Kill her! Kill her!" The incident had been rehearsed with the utmost regard for actuality, and as the mob surged after the suspected spy the vast throng of spectators swayed with excitement like a field of tall grass in a breeze. Lolita reached the safety of the doorway by almost the fraction of an inch and disappeared. The crowd poured in after her and McClintock caught Jimmy's arm as he caught sight of a vanishing flash of rose pink.

"Damned if that English dame isn't right in at the death!" he said excitedly. "She's going up on the roof."

Jimmy didn't reply. He was watching the roof of the make-believe building with eyes that were strained and staring. As Lolita emerged from the hatchway and plunged forward with a fine gesture of despair, he looked back over his shoulder for a moment and noted that the N-24 was slowly swinging forward and that the alert and eager face of Bobby Wilkins was visible over the edge of the car which hung from the rear of the big balloon.

Lolita held out appealing hands and gave voice to cries for assistance. The crowd, in the vanguard of which was a lady in a rose-pink sweater, with cheeks that were flaming and with eyes that were dancing, swarmed

Keep this in your inside pocket-

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Smoke 1 about 10:30 A. M.
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2 from 7 P. M. (after meal) to 10 P. M.

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If you smoke 4 cigars a day—
Smoke 1 about 10:30 A. M.
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1 about 7 P. M. (after meal).

If you smoke 3 cigars a day—
Smoke none in the morning.
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1 about 4:30 P. M.
1 about 7 P. M. (after meal).

If you smoke 2 cigars a day—
Smoke 1 about 1 P. M. (after meal).
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If you smoke 1 cigar a day—
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(1) Don't smoke continuously.
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up through the opening and surrounded the suspected spy. The supernumeraries' voices became a blended bubble of inarticulate cries and 3467 spectators watched the developments in a tense silence.

Nearer and nearer swung the great dirigible. Lolita was now in the hands of the mob, with which she struggled fiercely. As the N-24 swung round the corner of the roof she turned as per instructions, but Jimmy noticed with a gasp of concern that she had turned in the wrong direction and that she was making her way to the wrong side. She was evidently bewildered. Bobby Wilkins was leaning out of the car with his arms outstretched and was beseeching her to run toward the other side of the roof. In another five seconds the dirigible would have passed on and the spectacular finish of the big show would be ruined. McClintock swore softly. Jimmy sat as one entranced.

Some of the supers were pushing Lolita to the other side, but she seemed to be in a panic and struggled with them as if still acting the earlier scene. At this juncture Jimmy noticed that a lady in a rose-pink sweater had run to the edge of the roof, just above which the dirigible was moving, and that she was holding up her arms. His cigar dropped from his mouth a second later when he saw Bobby Wilkins grab her outstretched hands, swing her clear of the roof and pull her into the car as the great dirigible finally cleared the scenery building and in quick response to the hand of the pilot in the front car nosed her way upward at a higher rate of speed. The curtain fell and the repressed excitement of the great audience found vent in tumultuous applause. The thing had happened so quickly that there were apparently few who had noticed that the wrong young woman had been saved from death by the timely arrival of Lieut. Thurston Turner, U. S. N.

"What a whale of a story!" chortled McClintock, gripping Jimmy's arm so fiercely that the press agent winced with pain.

"Yes, isn't it?" responded Jimmy dreamily as he watched the N-24 winging her way over the park and out toward the sea. The spectators had risen from their seats and were applauding again as a big American flag was unfurled from the rear car of the dirigible.

The balloon kept on its way toward the ocean, and as McClintock noticed that it didn't make the turn it usually did when it reached the giant roller coaster that ran along the shore a puzzled expression came over his face. If he had looked at Jimmy sharply just then he would have observed the first beginnings of a pleased smile tilting the corners of the press agent's mouth. A minute passed and the great yellow gas bag receded farther and farther in the distance. McClintock stepped down and borrowed a field glass from a spectator. He glued his eyes to it for a few moments and then dropped his arms. His face had gone pale.

"His motor's dead," he said weakly, "and he's drifting out to sea. The propeller's stopped and he's being carried out by this land breeze. We've got to do something—we've got to get help of some kind."

The manager was plainly worried. He pressed the glass on Jimmy, who had followed him out of the box, and the latter watched the clumsy balloon, now at the mercy of the stiff breeze which had blown up, slowly but surely disappearing in the opalescent haze which hung above the line where sky and ocean seemed to meet. The owner of the glasses had overheard McClintock's remark and had passed the word on to his neighbor. In two minutes the news had spread through the great crowd, and thousands of eyes were focused on the drifting speck, which presently vanished. McClintock pushing Jimmy before him started for the main office and found himself surrounded by an excited group of men and women. An upstanding chap in a British major's uniform who wore a cap on which was the red-velvet band of a staff officer stepped forward.

"We're Miss Ashley's friends," he said with a touch of feeling in his voice; "and we'll do everything we can to assist you. She's a bit untamed, sir, and she shouldn't have done that wild foolish thing, but she's the best woman alive for all that, and now that she's in danger we're going to help you see her out of it. Has that dirigible got a wireless on board?"

"No," replied the manager. "There wasn't any need for one. Since it's been here it's never been more than a mile or two away from the hangar before."

"That's bad—damned bad," responded the officer. "Of course maybe they'll be able to fix the engine, but we can't take chances on that. If you'll let me use your telephone I'll call up our embassy in Washington and get them to get in touch with the Navy Department. We'll have all the ships in range of the Arlington station on the lookout in an hour."

The thoroughly sobered group of pleasure seekers who had accompanied the Honorable Betty to Jollyland two hours before followed McClintock and Jimmy Martin into the offices in the administration building and talked in low voices while the major began to fuss in the telephone booth with the long-distance operator. Some of the women were weeping.

V

IN THE seclusion of his private office Jimmy telephoned a press syndicate, the police and the nearest United States life-saving station, in the order named, while McClintock, who was plainly tremendously worried, paced restlessly up and down the floor, pausing occasionally to glance out of the window at the broad expanse of sky and sea, in the vain hope that some sight of the lost dirigible might greet his eye. Just as Jimmy began calling up the metropolitan newspaper offices in a fine frenzy of excitement both men heard the office door slam violently. They turned in unison and found themselves confronted by Lolita Murphy. Gone were the shy manner, the demure smile and the air of coy ingenuousness. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were blazing, and her whole manner indicated that she was in what is generally referred to as a "state of mind."

"Hello, girlie," Jimmy called out pleasantly. "What's the matter?"

"Don't you dare girlie me, Mr. James T. Martin!" retorted Lolita in a voice that she was palpably trying, with a great effort, to keep at an even and menacing tone. "Don't you dare to speak to me again! I came in to tell you that and to let you know that even if I do come from a small town I can't be fooled by any New York—by any New York—bunko man!"

Her voice broke on the last word and tears came into her eyes despite the struggle she was making to hold herself in hand. Jimmy came toward her, but she waved him off hysterically. McClintock watched the proceedings in amazement.

"What's the idea, Lolita?" began the press agent beseechingly. "I don't get you. I don't understand."

"Don't try to tell me that," ran on Lolita, who was now half sobbing. "Don't try to tell me that you didn't turn me down when that English girl came into the park with all those society people and that you didn't get together with that Wilkins fellow to have me left there so you could get a better story out of it with her. You fixed it all up and you can't tell me that you didn't because I just know, that's all. I have a sweater on under my dress so's I wouldn't catch cold and I had milk chocolate in my pocket and I'd written home to mother about its going to happen and telling her not to worry about anything she might read in the papers the first day, and now nothing's happened at all to me and I've been made a fool of and it's all your fault and if you ever try to come near me again or speak to me I'll slap your face, Mr. James T. Martin, I'll slap your face. Do you hear me, Mr. James T. Martin, I'll slap your fresh little face!"

She was gone before Jimmy could remonstrate. The door closed behind her with a more reverberating bang than the one which had heralded her entrance. Jimmy dropped into the nearest chair and gazed vacantly into space. McClintock shook him roughly by the shoulder.

"Say," he shouted, "what in the name of glory is this all about?"

"She handed me the mitt, Mac—she's handed me the mitt, and she wouldn't even let me explain," responded Jimmy brokenly. "It's the real heart-throb stuff this time, Mac, the real heart-throb stuff. I had everything framed up for her, and this English jane just drops in like a joker runnin' wild and wins the hand."

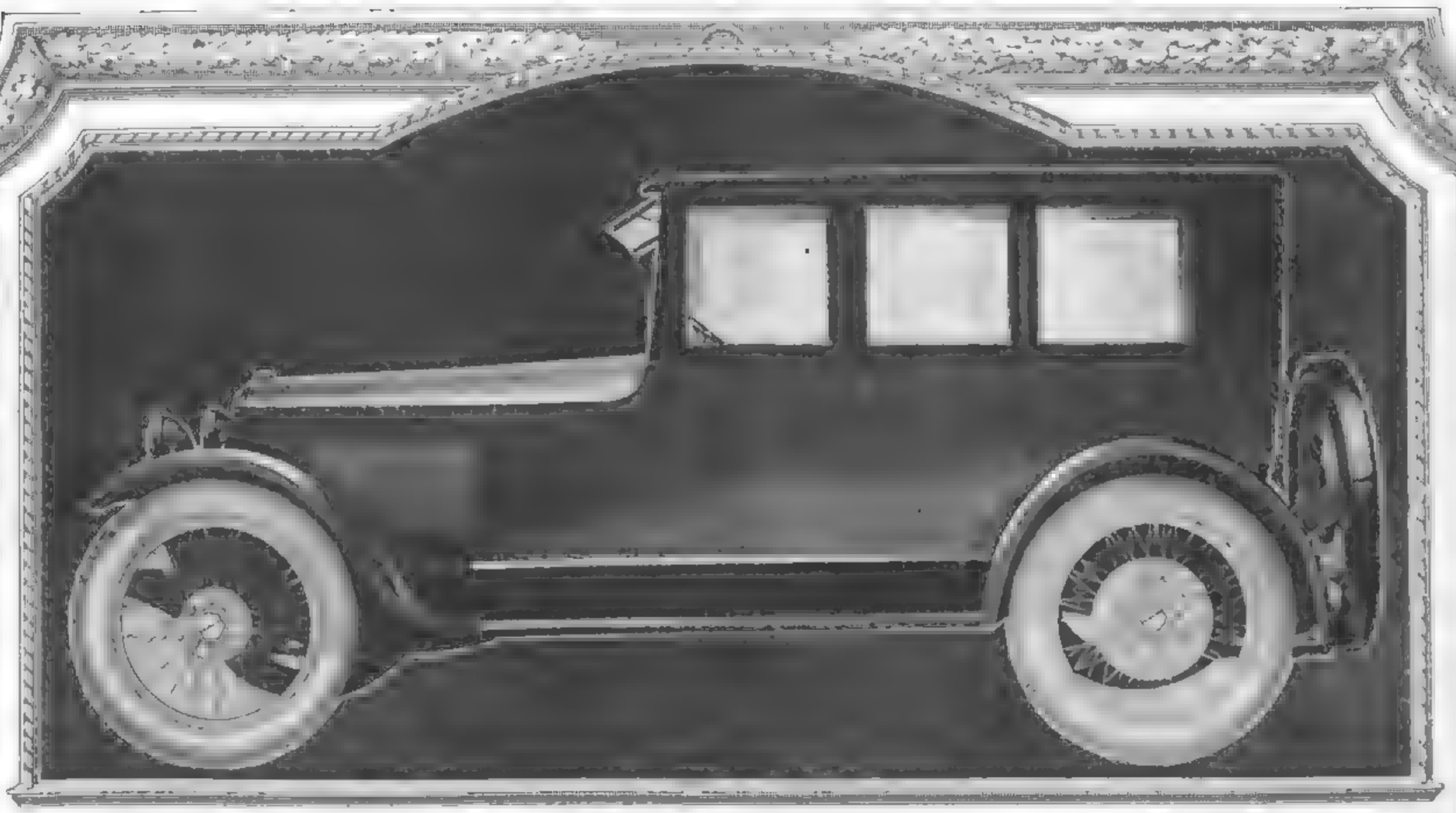
"You had what framed?"

"Why, this drifting-out-to-sea stunt," replied Jimmy in a dead voice.

"This drifting out to sea—— You don't—you can't mean that this thing is a plant!" gasped the manager incredulously.

"Of course it is!" returned the press agent with something of the old note of

(Continued on Page 193)



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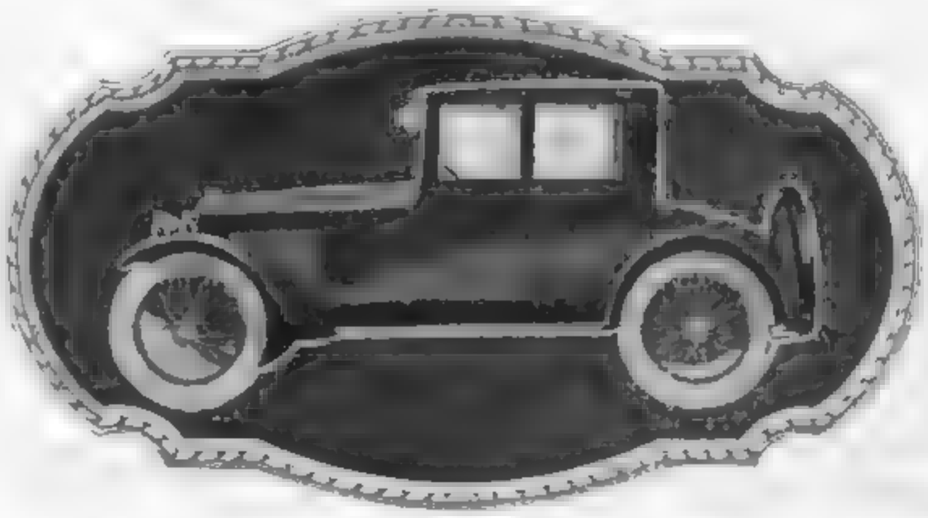

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(Continued from Page 190)

self-assertiveness in his voice. "I had it all fixed up for Lolita, and now this society dame is goin' to get away with all the headlines. When I saw Wilkins pull her into the car I didn't think he'd go all the way through, but it looks as if he's decided to. There's no use worryin' about it. Every little thing is comin' out all right—and, say—don't forget to remember that it's goin' to be some story now—some story!"

"Just let me get this big idea through my head," persisted McClintock. "What happens next?"

"Of course his motor hasn't really gone dead," replied Jimmy. "He's just ordered his engineer to shut it off so they can drift with the wind. That was all framed up between us. He'll probably turn on the gas again and cruise round out of sight of land for a couple of hours and shut off his engine every time he sees a ship comin' in sight. That'll be an alibi for the story. When the little old sun starts to sink in the west he'll turn that gas bag toward the Jersey coast and he'll make a landing just before dark at a place we picked out yesterday morning. He's goin' to lay under cover there, and we'll keep the country guessin' all day to-morrow."

"But someone will see him land," criticized the manager.

"I don't think there's a chance of that," replied Jimmy jauntily. "We picked out a spot that's as lonesome lookin' as an iceberg. There isn't a house within two miles and there's nothin' but marshland all round. There's one little place right in the center that's high and dry. That's where he lands. Wilkins has got his car planted a couple of miles away and his chauffeur is goin' to be right on the job in a rowboat—you see there's a little creek that runs through the swamp—and the girl is goin' to be taken away in the boat and slipped away to a hotel—that is, Lolita was goin' to be slipped away and was goin' to keep dark until she got the signal to appear again. Maybe this society queen 'll be game enough to go through with it just for the fun of the thing.

"We were goin' to keep the agony up until to-morrow night at the earliest, and maybe until the day after to-morrow. Then Wilkins was goin' to telephone that he'd just landed after bein' tossed about in the air and all that, and Lolita was goin' to have a nervous collapse and be interviewed in bed by a flock of reporters with a couple of trained nurses and three doctors hoverin' round in the offing. You can fill in the other details yourself. Anyhow, it's a grand little notion for a story, even if this Betty Ashley person doesn't come through. We'll know about that to-night."

"How so?"

"Why, the chauffeur has instructions to telephone me the minute he gets to the hotel. That ought to be not later than nine-thirty."

"Why didn't you tell me all about this beforehand?"

Jimmy smiled a bit guiltily before replying.

"I had a hunch that maybe you'd put the kibosh on the whole scheme because I was featurin' a certain party too much," he responded. He grew serious again for a minute and a far-away look crept into his eyes. "Say, Mac," he went on, "I had a number that called for the grand prize and I've lost the ticket. It's rotten luck. From the way she spoke a few minutes ago I'll bet I don't ever get out again, not even on probation."

"That'll be all right," consoled McClintock. "I'll fix that part of it for you. It's a great story even if the Hon. Betty Ashley doesn't go through, and if she does—why, if she does it'll be the biggest thing ever pulled off in this country. Think of that for a little while."

The press syndicate and the metropolitan newspapers were inclined to be a bit skeptical of the facts which Jimmy telephoned them at the outset, but outside confirmation was forthcoming promptly and within two hours after Maj. Bobby Wilkins and the Hon. Betty Ashley had disappeared in the general direction of the open sea the story was the sensation of the summer in journalistic circles.

A squad of picked feature writers invaded Jollyland in quest of detailed particulars concerning the events leading up to the beginnings of the ill-fated balloon trip; seven sob sisters motored to the palatial home at which the Honorable Betty was a house guest and interviewed a weeping and distraught maiden aunt of that lady, who had been acting as a submissive chaperon and who was certain that when "dear Ned, her father, hears the news he'll froth at the mouth and have a stroke"; cables were frantically dispatched to London instructing correspondents to break the news to dear Ned and watch the results; city editors pawed over assortments of photographs of the beautiful heroine and conferred with art-department heads as to the most suitable ones to use for decorative layouts; dozens of leg men were sent out to points along the Jersey and Long Island coasts with directions to watch for any possible news of the return of the balloon and to keep on the lookout for any pleasure-yacht owner who might have seen the dirigible after she passed out of sight of land; the Washington offices were instructed to post a man in the Navy Department all night long to watch for any wireless news that might come flashing back from the torpedo-boat destroyers which at the urgent solicitation of the British Ambassador were to be sent out to scour the sea in search of the missing airship, and it was unanimously decided at editorial councils in every office to let the story lead the paper the following morning unless some great unforeseen national or international calamity transpired in the meantime.

Jimmy Martin became the focus point of more importunate news gatherers than he had ever fancied in his wildest dreams would assail him for information, and when a delegation of correspondents from a half dozen London papers looked in on him at eight o'clock and told him that they had been instructed to rush as much stuff as the cables would carry he almost passed into a trance.

"Mac," he confided to the manager when the English correspondents had gone, "I feel like the fellow who looked at the giraffe and said, 'There ain't no such animal.' There ain't no such story. It's a dream."

"Well, I've left instructions that we're not to be called," returned McClintock. "Let's dream a little more."

In the star dressing room on the big stage of the open-air auditorium Lolita Murphy was getting ready for the evening performance of Secret Service Sally and was making a brave effort to control herself. She was as forgotten as yesterday's newspaper, and the realization of it sent great tears of bitter disappointment coursing down her rouged cheeks into the make-up box on the little table in front of which she sat.

VI

IT WAS nearly midnight when Bobby Wilkins' chauffeur reported over the telephone to Jimmy Martin and McClintock, who had been keeping anxious vigil in the office all night.

"There ain't a sign of him," he said hurriedly. "I waited right where you told me to wait and if he'd been anywhere within a couple of miles I could have seen him after it got dark. The moon has been shining bright for a long time and I had a pair of glasses with me. I'm afraid it's all up with him if he hasn't landed some place else along the coast. It's tough for all of us if anything's gone wrong, ain't it?"

The chauffeur was instructed to make another trip to the selected landing place and to stay there until dawn, when relief was promised. Jimmy was pale and overwrought when he hung up the telephone receiver and turned to McClintock.

"If he had landed any place else," he remarked, "he'd have made every effort to get to a phone. He'd know we'd be worried. Gee, Mac, supposin' somethin's happened to 'em. If there has, little old Robert B. Remorse 'll be my side partner for life. He told me he'd be prepared for all emergencies and he's there with the nerve, but maybe they ran into a squall or something. Why 'd I ever think of this stunt? I've got too much imagination, Mac. I've got to teach it to lie down and behave."

The two sat up all night, smoking incessantly and discussing the variety of fates which they fancied might have overtaken the adventuresome Bobby Wilkins and his distinguished fellow passenger. Jimmy called up one of the newspaper offices every fifteen minutes for news, but there wasn't any worth mentioning. The dirigible had not been sighted by any ship with which the navy wireless had been able to get into communication and the half dozen destroyers sent out to search for it were reported to be without definite information.

The entire country seethed with the story in the morning. The press syndicate

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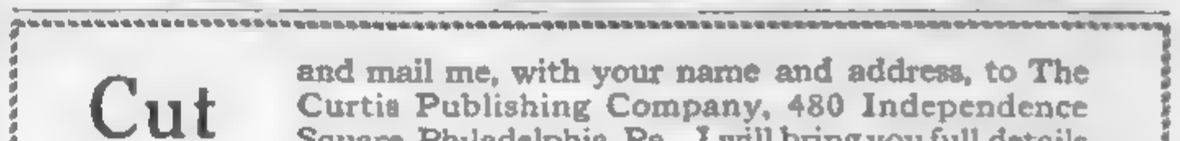
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had carried fifteen hundred words into every newspaper office in every city of importance from coast to coast, and the big dailies in Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston had three and four column stories from their metropolitan correspondents, liberally illustrated with pictures of the Honorable Betty, who was one of the most photographed women of her time. McClintock, who had no knowledge of Jimmy's promise to keep Bobby Wilkins' real name out of print, had blurted it out to a group of reporters in the evening, and the salient facts concerning the modest wearer of six war medals were incorporated in all of the accounts. Robert Wilkins, Sr., forgot that he was a mere business machine, wiped a few tears out of the corners of his eyes, looked tenderly at a picture of a curly-headed boy he always kept in one of the drawers of his desk, and started East on a special train.

The total haul in the New York morning papers was seventy-six columns of solid reading matter and thirty-eight photographic illustrations. Every angle of the story was covered in great detail and in addition to the main narrative there were extended biographical sketches of the Honorable Betty and of Bobby Wilkins. There were cabled stories from London concerning the festive career of the former which contained an expression of deep concern from the British premier. There were also cabled eulogies of the one-time ace from personages no less important than the American commander in chief in France and the generalissimo of the Allied Armies. All in all it was the most spectacular feature story in years and the greatest achievement in the history of American press agentry. McClintock admitted that much when the first editions came in.

"Jimmy," he said, "it's a dog-goned shame that you've got to lie low and never get any credit for this. Still, you've got company. I was reading in the paper the other day that there's a well-defined rumor that the more or less celebrated covenant of the well-known League of Nations was finally framed up by a clerk in the British Foreign Office. You can drop over later on and take a little drink with him and cry it all out on each other's shoulders."

Jimmy's only response was a mournful attempt at a smile. He lit another cigarette, jerked out of his chair and began to swear softly as he walked up and down the room. He made a vicious lunge with his foot at a wastebasket and kicked it through the door into the next office. Then he took off his soft hat, rolled it into a lump and slammed it down on the floor with a wide sweeping gesture.

"I don't mind that so much," he said testily. "After landin' a smear like that, though, I'd kinda like to have a good time with myself for a few minutes. I'd kinda like to throw a few assorted flowers up in the air and let 'em drop on me, but I'm so gosh-darned worried about what's actually happened that I can't have even that much fun."

His anxiety increased as the day wore on and the early editions of the evening papers, which played up the story even more extensively than the mornings, failed to buoy him up. There was still no word of the N-24 and Navy Department officials in Washington were reported to be gravely alarmed at the possibilities.

At noon the British Embassy gave out the announcement that a "distinguished person" had cabled for detailed information and had begged to be kept in hourly touch with the developments. Flaming headlines carried the legend: King Anxious About Lost Dirigibles. Upon reading this three rival publicity promoters, who had suspected the presence of the fine Italian hand of Jimmy Martin in the proceedings from the beginning and who had forgathered for lunch in their favorite club, simultaneously started out on a joint jamboree that was to become a memorable minor historical incident in the turgid annals of the White Way. It offered the only means of escaping from the tragic feeling of profound and passionate envy that surged up from the very depths of their beings.

At three o'clock as Jimmy, red-eyed and haggard, nodded at his desk between telephone calls, a messenger boy dropped a cablegram in front of him. He tore it open and gazed at this cryptic message:

"HAMILTON, BERMUDA.
"JAMES T. MARTIN,
"Jollyland Park,
"Coney Island, N. Y.

"Come on in—the water's fine—give my regards to Lolita but can't say I'm sorry it happened as yet. BOBBY WILKINS."

Jimmy gave a second look at the heading and rushed into the next office, where McClintock was snoring sonorously on a sofa. He shook the manager savagely and waved the cablegram in front of his eyes.

"All's right with the world, Mac!" he shouted joyously. "They've landed in Bermuda. Can you beat that fresh son of a gun doin' a thing like that? What's the big idea, I wonder?"

McClintock grabbed the message and read it hurriedly.

"I guess maybe he's mailing the answer," he remarked. "It beats me. You'd better get a wire off to him asking for particulars."

The shrill summons of the telephone brought Jimmy back into his own office the next moment. The voice of his friend, Lindsay, the day desk man of the press syndicate, came over the wire in crisp staccato sentences.

"Got some news for you," he said. "It's going to make this morning's headlines look sick. Here's the way our first bulletin reads:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., July 7—The British Ambassador has just given out the following cablegram received from the Governor-General of the Bermuda Islands: 'Please announce to press the marriage this morning in St. John's Chapel, Hamilton, of the Hon. Elizabeth Ardsley Ashley, eldest daughter of the Earl of Norburne, of London, England, to Robert Benjamin, Jr., only son of Robert Benjamin Wilkins, Sr., of Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. The ceremony was entirely informal.'

"I'm ordering three thousand words from our Bermuda correspondent," went on Lindsay, "and I'm having London break the news gently to dear old dad. I suppose if I come down on Sunday with the wife and the kiddies you could slip us into a few of your side shows?"

"Say," responded Jimmy exultingly, "you're goin' to get a life pass good for each and every attraction within the big inclosure. Excuse me, won't you? I've got to write out a request for an armistice to a certain party. You see I've just figured out what the bridegroom meant in a wire I got five minutes ago."

As he hung up the telephone and swung round in his swivel chair the door leading into the hall opened ever so gently and the pale and tear-stained face of Lolita Murphy peered through the opening. Jimmy gazed at her, open-eyed, as she came slowly into the room. He noticed that she had a crumpled bit of paper in her hand.

"Jimmy," she said timidly as she held out her arms in appealing suppliance, "I'm just a—just a foolish small-town kid. I didn't understand, I didn't understand."

Jimmy in a daze took the paper which she held toward him. It was another cablegram. He smoothed it out, and the peace that passeth understanding settled down upon him as he read these words:

"HAMILTON, BERMUDA.
"LOLITA MURPHY,
"Jollyland Park,
"Coney Island, N. Y.

"Won't it ease your disappointment a little to know that the mad impulsive thing I did yesterday and the rash act I have just committed in the chapel have transformed me into quite the happiest woman alive? Bobby has told me all about everything and he fears that you may think your friend Mr. Martin had a finger in the pie. He had nothing to do with it, my dear—it was just fate. Bobby is wiring some advice to Mr. Martin. See that he heeds it. Our best regards to you both.

"ELIZABETH ASHLEY WILKINS."

McClintock coming into the room just then tiptoed out again and closed the door softly behind him, thus proving himself to be a gentleman of singular tact and discretion.

Christmas Gifts and a Bank Account

MISS OLYMPIA ROBERTS
of California

"I had never earned my own money before"

Wrote Miss Roberts. But she found it easy to make money the Curtis way from the very day she began the work. All about her were opportunities that she easily turned into the cash that she needed.

After her Curtis earnings had bought beautiful Christmas gifts for her circle of friends, she began building a bank account—to buy a runabout! And her plan is not by any means over-ambitious. Other Curtis representatives have used their earnings for pianos, launches, houses, farms—no goal seems to be too high.

Do you want MONEY?

If you do, here is your chance to get it. Subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* have an ever-ready source of profit on which they can draw. If you have only a few hours a week to spare, you can easily turn them into as many extra dollars. And for full-time work your earnings may run up as high as

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The Dependability of your Brakes *starts* in an Asbestos Mine

BRAKES are dependent upon their lining for resistance to the tremendous *friction-heat* that they must stand. Therefore the material from which that lining is made is of prime importance to the safety of every motorist.

No other material than *Asbestos* supplies those qualities of heat resistance and imperviousness to the action of oil, water, and grease, that *dependable* brake-lining must have.

So Asbestos, for years, has been accepted by engineers as a necessity to good brake-lining and the constant effort has been to obtain just the right character of asbestos fibre and to weave it in combination with the other materials to give the very highest percentage of resistance and dependability.

Why Non-Burn Brake Lining has *Extra* Dependability

Many years before the advent of the automobile, the Johns-Manville Co. were making asbestos brake-linings for all sorts of industrial machinery, the brake requirements of which were far greater than those of even the heaviest of trucks or motor cars.

This wide experience developed a knowledge of both raw material and production processes that had become a veritable brake lining science before the present day automobile brake lining manufacturers had come into existence.

Added to this fund of experience is the fact that Johns-Manville, owning their asbestos mines rather than purchasing in the open market, have absolute control over the quality and character of every yard of fibre that goes into Non-Burn and can select from tons of material only the exact type and quality that meets the Non-Burn standard.

So in the Non-Burn you are protected against the "run-of-mine" fibre that manufacturers buying asbestos in the open market must often be content with. Both in raw material and in facilities of production, therefore, Non-Burn has advantages that assure superiority.

Non-Burn is quickly obtainable through any dealer or garage. Isn't that *extra* factor of safety worth specifying when you have your brakes relined?

Other Johns-Manville Automotive Equipment — Clutch Facings, Industrial Brake Blocks, Speedometers, Odometers, Recorders, Speedometers with Instrument Board for Ford Cars, Fire Extinguishers.

A Selling Policy as Popular as the Brake-Lining

Non-Burn is distributed through jobbers all over the country, and our "fair-trade" policy of protecting the jobber in his legitimate discounts is rigidly maintained.

The benefits of this policy are apparent not only to the trade, but to the consumer as well, in added convenience of supply.

Wherever you buy Non-Burn, Johns-Manville Service and Johns-Manville Reputation stand squarely behind it.

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10 Factories — Branches in 63 Large Cities

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and its allied products

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

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Going Strong

YOU'RE all lathered up and going strong in less than one minute—if you use Williams'. The rich cream is out of the tube, into the brush and on the face in the form of thick, velvety lather in hurry-up time. And then you can ply the razor as fast as you like, for Williams' softens the beard quickly—or as leisurely as you like, for Williams' does not dry on the face.

Williams' has been going stronger and stronger ever since it started seventy-five years ago. Take home a tube tonight and you will understand the reason.

Your choice of four forms

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Shaving Liquid
Shaving Powder

Send 20c in stamps for trial sizes of all four forms, then decide which you prefer. Or send 6c in stamps for any one.

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Dept. A Glastonbury, Conn.

Williams' Shaving Cream

THE J B WILLIAMS CO. GLASTONBURY, CONN.

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If you want work, either for full time or for a few spare hours each day, we have just the right opening for you, because:

1 Curtis work is easy.

Mr. L. L. Hinton

"It was so easy," is the note that Mr L. L. Hinton of Oklahoma, sent with one order on which his profits amounted to $57.10. "The easiest money I ever earned" is a frequent comment from others. You, too, can make money without previous experience.

2 Curtis work is pleasant.

Miss Stella Williams

Miss Stella Williams of Tennessee, whose Curtis earnings run as high as $100.00 a week says, "My work is healthful, wholesome, out-of-doors. It brings me into contact only with people of culture." And from the start you are your own boss.

3 Curtis work is profitable.

Mr. David Duff

In one month Mr David Duff of Ohio earned $500 00 Others of our workers have—some of them with only part-time work—built up Curtis incomes that pay them $5000.00 or more a year. Your opportunity to build a thriving business is as good as theirs!

4 Curtis work is permanent.

Mr. Edwin Kohl

"I can safely bank on securing ninety per cent of my renewals," says Mr. Edwin Kohl of Wisconsin, who has secured four hundred and fifteen new and renewal subscriptions in a single week. This renewal value widens each year to build up a permanent business.

We Want You

Right now we need more representation in every locality in the United States. Just send your name and address to The Curtis Publishing Company, 482 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., if you want to learn how you too can earn as much as

$100 a Week

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Continued from Page 18

the regeneration of man through the grace of God and not the winning of office or the exploitation of parties and newspapers. Journalism is yet too unripe to do more than guess at truth from a single side. The statesman stands mainly for political organism. Until he dies he is suspect. The pulpit remains therefore still the moral hope of the universe and the spiritual light of mankind

It must be nonpartisan. It must be nonprofessional. It must be manly and independent. But it must also be worldly-wise, not artificial, sympathetic, broad-minded and many-sided, equally ready to smite wrong in high places and to kneel by the bedside of the lowly and the poor.

I have so found most of the clergymen I have known, the exceptions too few to remember. In spite of the opulence we see about us let us not take to ourselves too much conceit. May every pastor emulate the virtues of that village preacher of whom it was written that—

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.

. . . . . .

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

. . . . . .

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by the fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

IV

I HAVE lived a long life—rather a happy and a busy than a merry one—enjoying where I might, but, let me hope I may fairly claim, shirking no needful labor or duty. The result is some accretions to my credit. It were, however, ingratitude and vanity in me to set up exclusive ownership of these. They are the joint products and property of my dear wife and myself.

I do not know just what had befallen if love had failed me, for as far back as I can remember love has been to me the bedrock of all that is worth living for, striving for or possessing in this crosspatch of a world of ours.

I had realized the meaning of it in the beautiful concert of affection between my father and mother, who lived to celebrate their golden wedding. My wife and I have enjoyed now the like conjugal felicity fifty-four—counted to include two years of betrothal, fifty-six years. Never was a young fellow more in love than I—never has love been more richly rewarded—though not without some heartbreaking domestic bereavements.

I met the woman who was to become my wife during the War of Sections—amid its turmoil and travail—and when at its close we were married, at Nashville, Tennessee, all about us was in mourning, the future an adventure. It was at Chattanooga, the winter of 1862–63, that fate brought us together and riveted our destinies. She had a fine contralto voice and led the church choir. Doctor Palmer, of New Orleans, was on a certain Sunday well into the long prayer of the Presbyterian service. Bragg's army was still in middle Tennessee. There was no thought of an attack. Bang! Bang! Then the bursting of a shell too close for comfort. Bang! Bang! Then the rattle of shell fragments on the roof. Though on the other side of the river the Yankees were upon us.

The man of God gave no sign that anything unusual was happening. He did not hurry. He did not vary the tones of his voice. He kept on praying. Nor was there panic in the congregation, which did not budge.

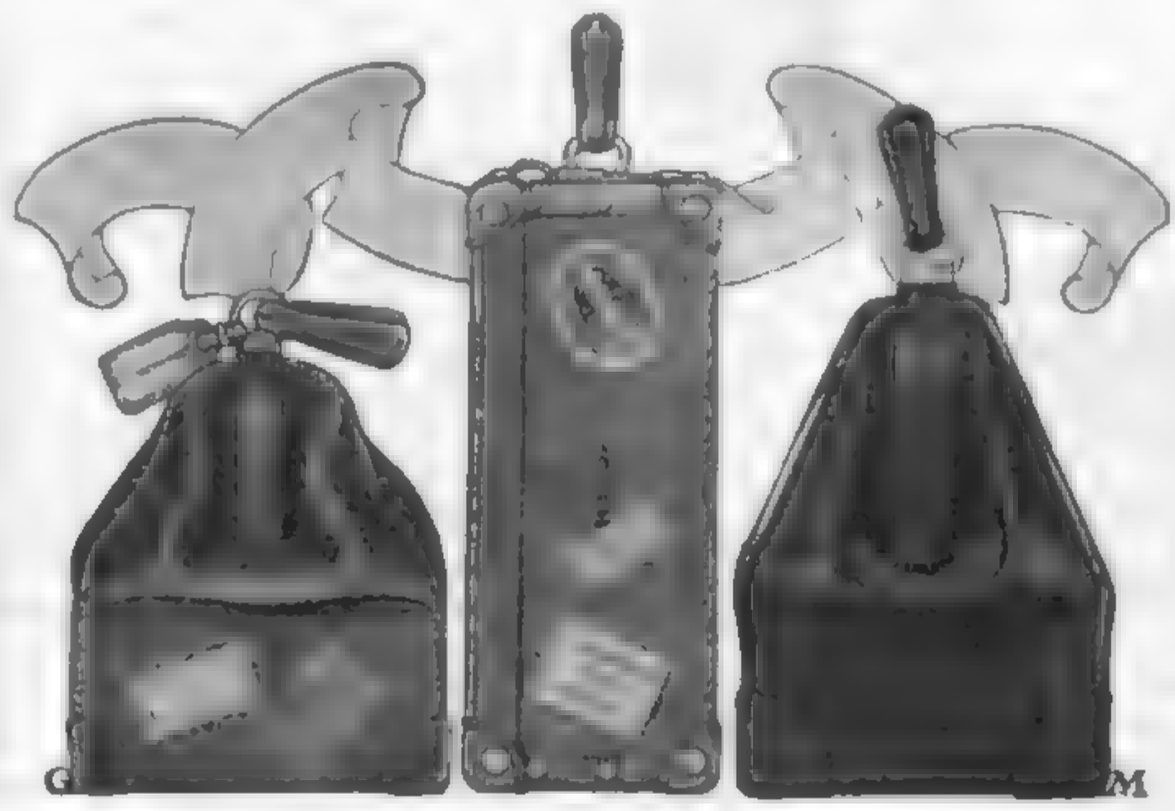
That was the longest long prayer I ever heard. When it was finally ended and still without changing a note the preacher delivered the benediction the people in the most orderly manner moved to the several doorways.

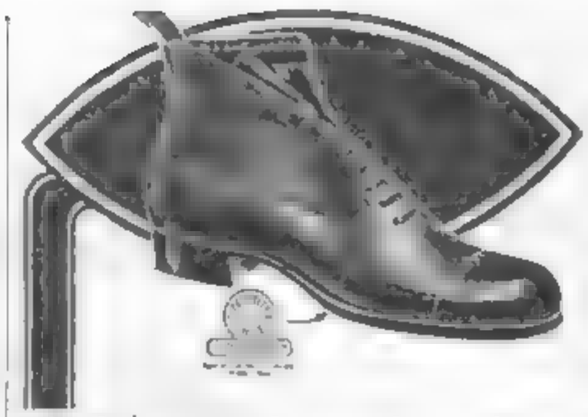
I was quick to go for my girl. By the time we reached the street the firing had become general. We had to traverse quite half a mile of it before attaining a place of safety. Two weeks later we were separated for nearly two years, when, the war over, we found ourselves at home again.

In the meantime her father had fallen in the fight, and in the far South I had buried him. He was one of the most eminent and distinguished and altogether the best beloved of the Tennesseeans of his day, Andrew Ewing, who, though a Democrat, had in high party times represented the Whig Nashville district in Congress and in the face of assured election declined the Democratic nomination for governor of the state. A foremost Union leader in the antecedent debate upon the advent of actual war, he had reluctantly but resolutely gone with his state and section.

The intractable Abolitionists of the North and the radical Secessionists of the South have much historically to answer for. The racial warp and woof in the United States were at the outset of our national being substantially homogeneous. That the country should have been geographically divided and sectionally set by the ears over the institution of African slavery was the work of agitation that might have attained its ends by less costly agencies.

How often human nature seeking its bent prefers hard to easy. The North, having in its ships brought the negroes from Africa and sold them to the planters of the South, putting the money it got for them in its pocket, turned philanthropist. The South, having bought its slaves from the





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They need no "breaking in."

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OUR ANSWER:

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Hundreds of thousands of extra dollars are earned every year by the representatives of The Saturday Evening Post—The Ladies' Home Journal—The Country Gentleman.

You are invited to share in the earnings.

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$606.40 in 2 Months

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$350.00 a Month

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$87.50 His First 15 Days

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You will find the work easy and pleasant, and, above all, profitable.

Commissions

On every subscription that you secure you will be paid a generous commission.

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In addition you will be paid a monthly salary, based on your production. This alone may run as high as $100.00 a month.

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Or, if you prefer, and if you can guarantee and produce a definite monthly quota, you may receive a weekly salary—up to $100.00 a week—in addition to commissions.

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Every order that you receive will bring you additional profits year after year. The same commissions and salaries are allowed on renewals that are paid for new orders.

Territory

There is no restriction on the territory in which you may work. Unlimited territory spells unlimited opportunity.

Your Profits

The table that follows will give some idea of extent of the monthly profit on only part-time work:

Average Production	Total Earnings, About
Less than 3 a week	$4.50
Less than 4 a week	7.50
Less than 1 a day	12.00
Less than 8 a week	16.00
Less than 10 a week	20.00
Less than 2 a day	27.00
Less than 16 a week	37.00
Less than 3 a day	50.00
Less than 4 a day	67.00
Less than 6 a day	80.00
Less than 6 a day	101.00
Less than 7 a day	130.00
Less than 9 a day	160.00
Less than 10 a day	200.00
Less than 2 each working hour	275.00

ACT NOW If you want to take advantage of this money-making opportunity, and lay the foundation of a successful subscription business, send, now, the coupon below:

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The Curtis Publishing Company
461 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:

The offer you describe looks good to me. Please rush full particulars.

Name Street

Town State

slave traders of the North under the belief that slave labor was requisite to the profitable production of sugar, rice and cotton, stood by lawfully acquired property, rights recognized and guaranteed by the Constitution. Thence arose an irrepressible conflict of economic forces and moral ideas whose doubtful adjustment was scarcely worth what it cost the two sections in treasure and blood.

On the Northern side the issue was made to read freedom; on the Southern side, self-defense. Neither side had any sure law to coerce the other. Upon the simple right and wrong of it each was able to establish a case convincing to itself. Thus the War of Sections, fought to a finish so gallantly by the soldiers of both sides, was in its origination largely a game of party politics.

The extremists and doctrinaires who started the agitation that brought it about were relatively few in number. The South was at least defending its own. That—what it considered its rights in the Union and the Territories being assailed—it should fight aggressively lay in the nature of the situation and the character of the people. Aggression begot aggression, the unoffending negro, the provoking cause, a passive agent. Slavery is gone. The negro we still have with us. To what end?

Life indeed is a mystery—a hopelessly unsolved problem. Could there be a stronger argument in favor of a hereafter than may be found in the brevity and incertitude of the present? Where this side of heaven shall we look for the court of last resort? Who this side of the grave shall be sure of anything?

At this moment the world having reached what seems the apex of human achievement is topsy-turvy and all agog. Yet have we the record of any moment when it was not so? That to keep what we call the middle of the road is safest most of us believe. But which among us keeps or has ever kept the middle of the road? What else and what next? It is with nations as with men. Are we on the way to another terrestrial collapse, and so on ad infinitum to the end of time?

V

THE home which I pictured in my dreams and projected in my plans came to me at last. It arrived with my marriage. Then children to bless it. But it was not made complete and final—a veritable Kentucky home—until, released from the all-round, all-night work which had kept my nose to the grindstone, I was able to buy a few acres of arable land far out in the county—the County of Jefferson!—and some ancient brick walls, which the feminine genius to which I owe so much could convert to itself and tear apart and make over again. Here, indeed, "the sun shines bright" as in the song, and—

The corn tops ripe and the meadows in the bloom,
The birds make music all the day.

They waken with the dawn—a feathered orchestra—incessant, fearless—for each of its players—from the sweet trombone of the dove to the shrill clarinet of the jay—knows that it is safe. We have with us, and have had for five and twenty years, a family of colored people who know our ways and meet them intelligently and faithfully. When we go away as we do each winter and sometimes during the other seasons—and come again—dinner is on the table, and everybody—even Tigue and Bijou, the dogs—is glad to see us. Could mortal ask for more? And so let me close with the wish of my father's old song to me come true—the words sufficiently descriptive of the reality:

In the downhill of life when I find I'm declining,
May my fate no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow chair can afford for reclining
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea—
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when my friend needs to borrow;
I'll envy no nabob his riches, nor fame,
Nor the honors that wait him to-morrow.

And when at the close I throw off this frail cov'ring
Which I've worn for three-score years and ten—
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hov'ring
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again.
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow—
That this worn-out old stuff which is threadbare to-day
Shall become everlasting to-morrow.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson, who desires to say that in using Mr. Edward Bellamy's delightful "Looking Backward" he had no purpose to carry the appropriation beyond the columns of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, quite another title having been arranged for the issue of the series in book form.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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FADING INK COSTS BURTON FIRM $15,000

Record of Mortgage disappears, and victim sues.

The use of a poor quality of ink several years ago in recording a mortgage in a title abstract resulted in a $15,000 verdict against the Burton Abstract & Title Co. in Judge Hunt's court Wednesday afternoon.

The plaintiff showed that the abstract of a $75,000 property at Hastings street and Davison avenue, failed to contain reference to a $15,000 mortgage. The mortgage came due six months after he bought, and as he was unable to meet it, he lost the property.

The Burton Company's defense was that the mortgage had been recorded in such poor ink that it had faded and other writing had been superimposed over the faded space. The jury returned a verdict of $15,986.50, being the amount of the mortgage and interest.

The defense was the first of the kind in the history of the Wayne County courts. —Detroit News, January 17, 1919.

LePage's Glue is the strongest adhesive known. There are many uses for *the strongest adhesive obtainable* in offices, banks, or wherever records are kept, for attaching labels, bookbindings, index guides, etc. Get the handy tube—"it's never too late to mend"—15c—all dealers

The Executive's Choice

The superintendent is talking to the electrician. And in giving his own experience he is also voicing that of hundreds of other representative concerns that owe no small part of their leadership to efficient operating equipment. He says:

"I was the shop messenger boy when our first Robbins & Myers Motor was installed eighteen years ago. Today it is as good as ever. The first dozen R&M Motors we bought at that time have resulted in the hundreds you see here today."

Wherever the need for dependable motive equipment is imperative, there you will find Robbins & Myers Motors, whether in the small shop or great factory. They keep machines busy; keep workers on "full time"; speed output; minimize operating costs; convert raw material into Accounts Receivable.

You will find R&M Motors also on the better electrically driven labor-saving devices for the factory, office, home and store. Makers of such quality devices see to it that the operating efficiency of their product is in full conformity with their own manufacturing ideals.

For twenty-two years Robbins & Myers have specialized in the making of motors from 1-40 to 50 horsepower, growing from a small shop to a great manufactory with branch offices throughout the world and in every principal American city.

Power users, electrical device manufacturers, and dealers find that Robbins & Myers Motors bring profit and prestige through dependable performance.

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For Twenty-two Years Makers of Quality Fans and Motors

Branches in All Principal Cities

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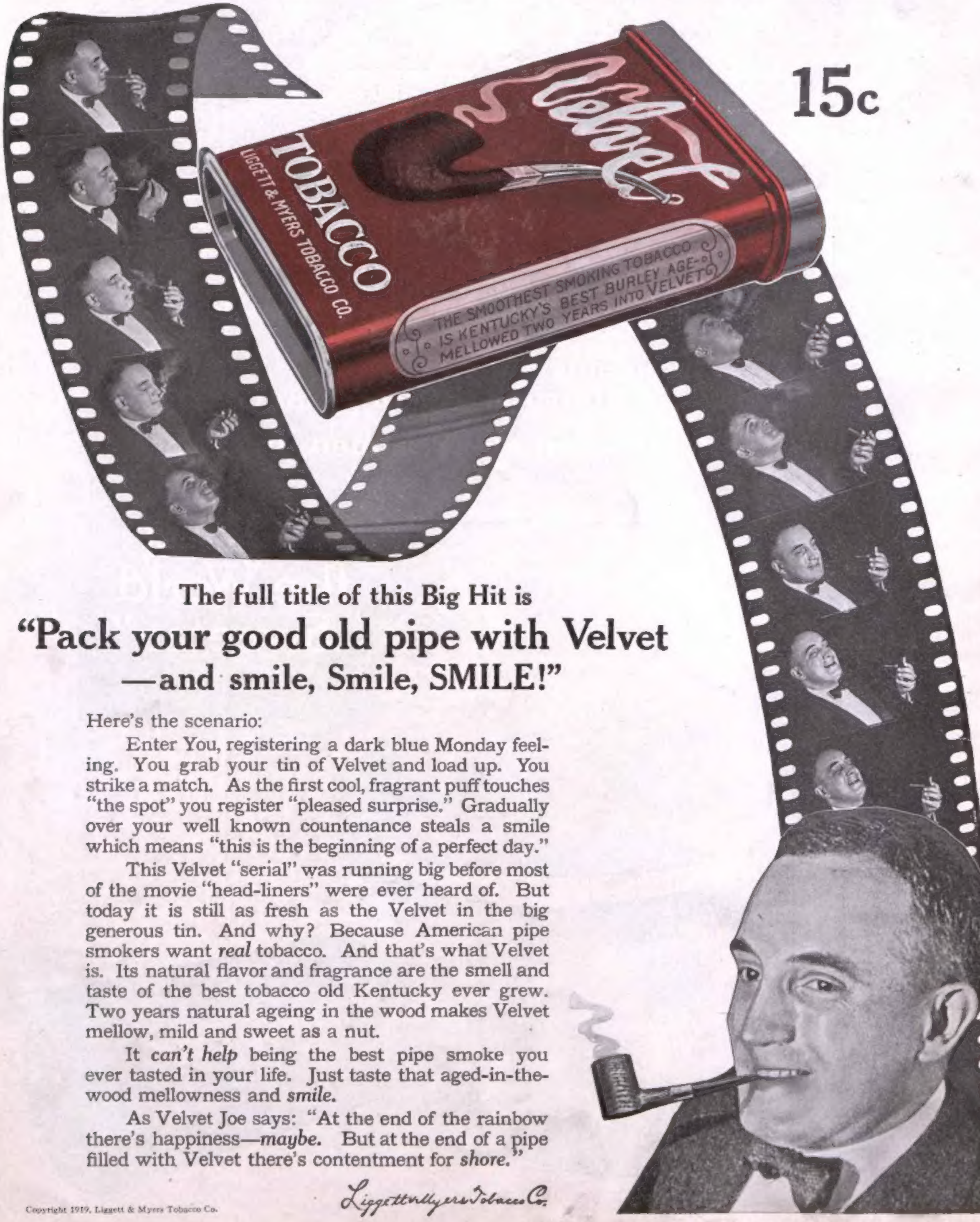
NUT Tootsie Rolls

Delicious chocolate candy
Mixed with fresh roasted peanuts

Made clean – Kept clean – Wrapped dustproof

"Making the World Sweeter"

"—And smile, smile, smile!"



The full title of this Big Hit is

"Pack your good old pipe with Velvet —and smile, Smile, SMILE!"

Here's the scenario:

Enter You, registering a dark blue Monday feeling. You grab your tin of Velvet and load up. You strike a match. As the first cool, fragrant puff touches "the spot" you register "pleased surprise." Gradually over your well known countenance steals a smile which means "this is the beginning of a perfect day."

This Velvet "serial" was running big before most of the movie "head-liners" were ever heard of. But today it is still as fresh as the Velvet in the big generous tin. And why? Because American pipe smokers want *real* tobacco. And that's what Velvet is. Its natural flavor and fragrance are the smell and taste of the best tobacco old Kentucky ever grew. Two years natural ageing in the wood makes Velvet mellow, mild and sweet as a nut.

It *can't help* being the best pipe smoke you ever tasted in your life. Just taste that aged-in-the-wood mellowness and *smile.*

As Velvet Joe says: "At the end of the rainbow there's happiness—*maybe.* But at the end of a pipe filled with Velvet there's contentment for *shore.*"

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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